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"HE IS RISEN."

(Plockhorst.)

THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. VII (XXVII). APRIL, 1892. No. 4

THE LAST SUPPER.

By the Rev. Henry K. Woods, S.J.

Now there was leaning on Jesus' bosom one of His disciples whom Jesus loved. St. John, xiii. 23.

SWIFT to its glowing western bed
Curtained with red
And golden clouds, its course full run,
Down sinks the sun;
And soon the last pale gleam of cheerful light
Dies out before the rising shades of night.

But, though the earth be wrapped in gloom,
That upper room,
Where on his Master's gentle Breast,
A welcome guest,
The loved disciple leans, no darkness knows;
For there for a brief hour of radiance glows

That Sun, Whose uncreated ray
Can ne'er decay;
Whose mild effulgence renders bright
With purest light

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That City of our God, whose sapphire sky
Changeless endures through all Eternity.

So when our life's short, restless day
Must fade away;
When all around grows faint and dim,
May we, like him,
From darkness free rejoicing find our rest
In that dark hour upon our Saviour's Breast.

"HE IS RISEN."

THE disciples who walked to Emmaus on the evening of the first Easter Day did not understand how their unknown companion could take it for granted and as a natural thing that it behooved Christ to suffer all these things and so enter into His glory. Their minds were too shocked by the death of their Master and by the sudden reports of the disappearance of His Body from the sepulchre where it had been laid.

It was not to be expected that they should immediately recall how, during the life of Christ, His great manifestations had all been preceded or accompanied by some humiliation on His part. Even though they could have done so, would it have enabled them to see the reasonableness of His suffering unto death, when as yet they did not know or realize what Resurrection meant? Nowadays we know that the Death of Christ was necessary not only to merit our redemption, but also to give us the Resurrection, the great confirmatory argument of our belief. Whilst the

CHRIST'S BURIAL.
(Fra Angelico.)

Emmaus pilgrims were discoursing, the Jews were declaring that the Body had been stolen. Our unbelievers declare that Christ arose, but refuse to admit that He was ever dead.

If it behooved Christ to die, it behooved Him also to leave us convincing proofs of His Death. Now the cruelty and mockery of the leaders and soldiery knew when Christ was dead, and showed it by their shamefaced withdrawal from the scene of their blasphemies. The watching soldier and the centurion accountable to the Roman governor knew death well, and they attested the death of Jesus. Love knew it, the love of a mother and devoted friends, and love proved He was dead by consenting to yield the Body of Christ for burial. Joseph of Arimathea, a disciple, with Pilate's permission to bury the Sacred Remains, brought his fine linen, and Nicodemus another disciple came with myrrh and aloes. *They therefore took the Body of Jesus, and taking it down bound it in a clean linen cloth as was the custom of the Jews to bury.* It was no longer Jesus, but His Body. The Soul of Christ, the Spirit He had commended to His Father, had already gone to console the spirits of the departed awaiting His Redemption. Though still united to the Godhead, and therefore ador-

able, the Body of Christ was separated from His Soul, as every body is by death parted from its spiritual tenant. It was a lifeless Body, not consigned to decay, but awaiting a glorious rising. And so holy and adorable was it, as to make even the tomb of its repose a glorious tomb.

All of His acquaintance and the poor women who afar off had beheld Him die were still there to follow His Remains to the tomb. Among them were the three Marys, only one, the Magdalene, from near Jerusalem, the others, the mother of the sons of Zebedee and the mother of James and of Joseph and of Salome, with many other women from far off Galilee, strangers from His home seeing Him die in the land of His enemies. A mournful train it was under the evening shadows of a day whose noon had been a veritable night of darkness! Sad beyond words for the mourners who have had to proceed with so much haste that they could not even anoint the Sacred Remains. Fortunately Mary long since *hath done it for My burial!* Now they are eager to secure at least the entombment of what they held so precious against the implacable hatred of the Jews, who would have consigned the Body of their Crucified King to Hinnom, the Valley of Corpses.

They did not even recall that: *Thou wilt not give Thy Holy One to see corruption.* They meant to come again with spices to embalm Christ's Body against decay, and hence they made sure to see the sepulchre and how His Body was laid. That very night they prepared the spices; the second day they rested, for it was the Sabbath; and all this time the Body of Jesus was lying behind the great stone which had been rolled to the door of the monument.

Although we are not so informed, we may not doubt that the garden about that tomb was closely watched that first night; not by the friends, but by the enemies of Jesus, who feared His disciples should come and steal the Body away. As the watch grew wearisome, and as their anxiety grew more painful, not to speak of their shame at the derision their uneasiness invited; as the second day drew on and the third, the day of His promise to

"THEY TOOK, THEREFORE, THE BODY OF JESUS."
(Giotto.)

TO THE TOMB.
(Overbeck.)

rise approached, they demanded a civil guard, and they set a seal upon the heavy stone, and went away, if not altogether at ease, at least satisfied that they had overreached the disciples of Jesus, when in reality they were only adding link to link in the proof of the great miracle which was to follow.

The Gospel says: *But Jesus rose early the first day of the week,* as though a man were to rise up from a night's slumber. It must have been very early in the morning of the third day; for afterward the earthquake occurred, and the stone was rolled back, and the guards swooned away so terror-stricken that they became as dead men. All this took time. There was no sign of their presence when already at early dawn or sunrise, it being yet dark, the holy women came with their spices to anoint Jesus.

The Angels pointed out to the holy women Christ risen, as they had pointed out to the shepherds where they would find Christ born. Their ministry was of common occurrence throughout the life of our Divine Lord. They announced His coming; they waited on Him after His fast and encounter with the Evil One; they consoled Him after His Agony; they heralded His Resurrection.

He is risen, He is not here! How naturally they might have met the inquiry of the holy women by inverting the order of their statements. *He is not here, He is risen,* would have been the logical order; but would such order declare as well the main fact? They did not say, His Body is not here; for it was no

longer true to speak of His Body as separate from His Soul: both are now united, Jesus is risen; He lives again; He has come back to life;—*Why seek you the living among the dead?*

Many more things the Angels added, appealing to His own prophecy: *The Son of man must be delivered into the hands of sinful men, and be crucified, and the third day rise again.* And the women remembered His words. Yet so bewildered were they that they fled with fear and great joy, running to tell His disciples, and their report to Simon Peter before an hour was over was not, *He is risen;* but, *They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre, and we know not where they have laid Him.*

What excitement that first message caused! It was the excitement of zeal, not of confusion, in the Apostle John at least. Notice how coolly and how narrowly the simple fisherman pried into every trace of the miracle that had been wrought. He *saw the linen cloths lying. And the napkin that had been about His head, not lying with the linen cloths, but apart, wrapt up in one place.* Peter, too, saw and believed that the Body had been taken away. *For as yet they knew not the Scripture, that He must rise again from the dead.* They went away wondering and musing at that which had come to pass. Magdalene stood by the sepulchre, weeping.

HE IS RISEN.
(Guffens.)

Where was Jesus during all this trouble and excitement? Had He lost interest in His chosen ones? St. Ambrose formulates the pious belief of all holy

souls that Jesus was with His Mother. It needs no Scripture to say to us what all would naturally expect of the risen Saviour, that the Woman who had been His last concern before death should be also His first concern when alive again; that Mary, who had taken the most bitter share in His Redemption, should receive the most enviable share in His consolations.

What did Jesus say to Mary? *Mother, behold thy son!*

And what was Mary's answer? MAGNIFICAT! *He hath regarded the humility of His handmaid.*

Jesus was disposed to linger in paying this debt of filial love. His disciples and friends were troubled and sad at the loss of His Body. But why hasten to relieve them all? Those who had least deserved His Presence would be slow to believe in His Resurrection. Those who mourned His death the most were not to be left too long without His consolations.

So Mary the Magdalene kept shedding her "funeral tears," as Southwell sweetly calls them. "Alas, shee weepeth for the losse of him, without whom all joy is to her but matter of new griefe. While hee lived, every place where she found him was to her a paradise; every season wherein hee was enjoyed a perpetuall spring; every exercise wherein hee was served, a speciall felicity: the ground whereon he went, seemed to yeeld her sweeter footing; the aire wherein hee breathed, became to her spirit of life, being once sanctified in his sacred breast. In summe, his presence brought with it an heaven of delights, and his departure seemed to leave an eclipse in all things."[1]

"And this, O Mary, I guess to be the cause why the angels would not tell thee thy Lord's estate. For if it had been to thy liking, thou wouldest have died for joy, if otherwise, thou wouldest have sunk downe for sorrow. And therefore they leave this newes for him to deliver, whose word if it give thee a wound is also a salve to cure it, though never so deadly."[2]

"When Jesus is present, all is well, and nothing seems difficult; but when Jesus is absent, everything is hard. . . .

[1] Marie Magdalen's Funeral Tears, Part 1st, p. 87 (Reprint of 1823).
[2] Ibid, p. 112.

Did not Mary Magdalen instantly rise up from the place where she wept when Martha said to her, *The Master is come and calleth for thee?* Happy hour when Jesus calleth from tears to joy of spirit."[3]

"Doe not, sweet Lord, any longer delay her. Behold shee hath attended thee these three dayes, and shee hath not what to eat, nor wherewith to foster her famished soule, unless thou, by

THE HOLY WOMEN.
(16th Century Fresco.)

discovering thyselfe, doest minister to her the bread of thy body, and feed her with the food that hath in it all taste of sweetness. . . . *Jesus saith unto her, Marie; she turning, saith unto him, Rabboni.*"

"And then, though words would have broken out, and her heart sent into his [Heart] duties that she ought him, yea, every

[3] Following of Christ, Book II., Cap. viii.

thought striving to bee first uttered, and to have the first room in His gracious hearing, shee was forced to be an indifferent arbiter among them, to seal them up all under silence by suppressing speech, and to supply the want of words, with more significant actions. And therefore running to the haunt of her chiefest delights, and falling at his sacred feet, shee offered to bathe them with teares of joy, and to sanctifie her lips, with kissing his once grievous, but now most glorious wounds."

The risen Lord had a mission as well as consolations for Mary. Once He had let her sit at His feet, and had said: *Mary hath chosen the better part, which shall not be taken from her.* For a time at least she is bidden: *Touch Me not,* that is, cling not to My feet; *I have not yet ascended to My Father,* so that you will see Me again; *Go to My brethren,* and tell them I have risen and am alive again.

And thus opens the new life of Christ, and that series of His appearances by which the Gospels narrate His dealings with men, now that He is in a glorified state. We need not suppose that the Scriptures set down a complete list of His manifestations in this state. The eleven or twelve enumerated in the Gospels and in the Acts and Epistles are quite enough to reveal to us what manner of life Christ led in Body and Soul before ascending to His Father; and the revelation is in every way worthy of our close study. A mere passing curiosity in the life of Christ after His Resurrection, denotes a lack of interest in what our own future lives are to be, and in what our present lives should be in virtue of the presence and influence of Christ in us even now, of Christ Who lives in us.

When St. Paul speaks of the body of our lowliness, or when St. Ignatius reminds us that the body is the workhouse or penitentiary of the soul, they mean that the lofty, spiritual nature of our soul is tied down to the lowly and material powers of our body. The body is practically a prison of the soul, limiting its movements through time and space and hiding its light and beauty under the gloom and chill of the walls of flesh. In the Resurrection, Christ's Body did not as yet display all the power

MARY! RABBONI!
(Plockhorst.)

and beauty that were to be inseparable from it in a glorified state. The fulness of its glory broke forth at times, as in the Transfiguration, in the sun-like countenance and crystal brilliancy of His frame which, shining through His garments, made them whiter than driven snow. Ordinarily, however, the light of His gaze is softened to suit the weakness of mortal eyes; He moves from place to place, penetrates the stoutest wall at will, in a twinkling. He can pass unseen and impalpable, as He passed once out of sight from the Jews when they thought to make Him king; or He can stand in the midst of His Apostles and show them His Hands and Feet, and break down their hard-hearted incredulity by having them touch the Wounds in His Hands and Side. He has lost none of the principal bodily powers that belong to our present state; for He can talk, and walk about, and even eat with them. His Body has acquired new and singular properties, which make it no longer the cell of His Soul, but the fitting framework itself resplendent with the marvels of the life which breathes within.

And what was that life of Jesus during those forty days, the life of His Soul in which His Body took so honorable a part? We are apt to think only of His appearances, frequent enough, but brief, and at good intervals. We overlook the other occupations of those days, of the times He spent in undisturbed enjoyment of the Vision of His Father, those prayers and those incessant communings, pleadings with the Father in behalf of the only object of His Coming and Death,—the Will of His Father and the salvation of men. He was putting the last hand to the foundation and foundation stones of His Church during those days. If each of His visits to the disciples was for that great work, we may not doubt that His unrecorded and invisible doings were all concerned with this great absorbing interest of His Heart.

In those days, then, He was preparing the souls of His Apostles, as so much crude material for the coming of the informing and vivifying Spirit, Which would make them live of His own life. All life is quickening, and every order of life gener-

ates life like unto its own. The living plant and the living body will reproduce their kind; the living soul, the spirit of a man, will spread and breathe its influence into other souls. The life of the Soul of Christ was a life of godliness, a holiness derived from union with the Godhead, and this life He was to reproduce in the souls of the Apostles; not by displaying it, not by enjoining it, but by actually infusing it into their souls. Now at length the life and energy of the Vine in its full vigor were to flow into the branches.

Life is always within the living being. It does not act upon him from a distance, nor is it merely applied from without, though never so directly; its action and influence are all from within. It is not like a vast storage or reservoir of power reaching out through wire and cable to some centre of action, to be applied on demand; it is generated in the very centre, and it acts there permanently until totally destroyed. To speak, therefore, of the life of Christ being our life, and to look confidently to a share in His Life of Glory, is to mean that even now we are living by Him, that our souls are under His influence, submitting to His principles, cherishing His laws, absorbed in the same interests which engaged His life upon earth whether before or after His Resurrection, nay, which engage Him now, since He lives for the same interests still at the right hand of the Father.

THE MYSTIC LAMB.

The joys of Easter are the overflow of this life of Christ, which is in all who live by faith. These joys are the only reason which show that it is not unreal to desire to quit life and all we have for the greater joys which they merely promise. The world grew as nothing to the Apostles once they had seen

the Risen Saviour. Its pleasures could not allure men who said without exaggerating: *I desire to be dissolved,* and *be with Christ;* its trials could not depress men who went *rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer for His Name.* They had learned once for all what true life is, and where it is: they had learned not to seek the living among the dead.

EASTER PARNASSIA.

EASTER BELLS.

By E. B. S.

HARK! to the cheering sound of city bells
From steeples high that point the upward way,
And time the hour for faithful hearts to pray
Within the temple, where God's presence dwells.
Afar and clear, the music echoing swells,
And lingers o'er green banks where waters play;
At morn and noon and close of spring's glad day,
Its tone, a force inspiring grace, impels

Pure souls to prayer. Great bells have swinging hung
In tower and belfry all the centuries through;
Like spirits of the air with magic tongue
The thronging multitudes in praises drew.
"Welcome, O Lord!" To-day the Angels sung—
Then ring aloud, ye bells, your cheering strains renew!

HEART SPEAKS TO HEART.

AN EASTER STORY.

By Maurice Francis Egan.

I. A Hopeless Subject.

IT was Mr. Sinclair-Warden's opinion that kindness should be confined to the circles in which he habitually lived. He was a gentleman of leisure,—not over forty, a widower with no children. He had not been born a gentleman of leisure; his father and mother had been hard-working people who, having only one son, resolved to give him every advantage; he had never been permitted to live in the backroom behind the small grocery shop, in which he had first seen the light; he had been sent away to school by an heroic and business-like mother almost before he could talk, and, as the real estate investments of his father and mother prospered, their ideas enlarged. Their son, John, was to be a foreign minister. They made up their minds to that, being silent, persevering people. They visited his school occasionally, and were reputed to be exceedingly rich. Later, John was sent abroad to Germany. While he was there, his

father and mother died, leaving him a great deal of money. Strange to say, though strict New Englanders and out of sympathy with the Catholic Church, they both died converts. And in the letter his father had written to him just before his death, he had given as his sole reason for his conversion, "I lived among the poor of New York." Later, there came to him from one of the priests in Sixteenth Street, a letter which Mr. Sinclair-Warden pronounced to be "very gentlemanly," although it was more than gentlemanly, since it gave him the details of his father's last moments. John did the "proper thing"; he had gone through his college course, he was living at Dresden in a *dilettante* sort of way; he came home, put up a large monument, and, on it, joined his father's and mother's names with a hyphen, "Sinclair-Warden," for, in the set in which John proposed to shine, there is a great deal in a name. He called at Sixteenth Street and met the priest there, and he proved to be so gentlemanly, that really Mr. Sinclair-Warden considered it the proper thing to ask him to dine at his club.

"I had no idea that these Roman-American priests were so well-bred," he said to himself, as he descended the steps. "That must have attracted the old people,—they were fond of gentlemanly people." And then he went off wondering why so gentlemanly a man as the priest should have ejaculated "God rest their souls!" with such fervor, after he mentioned the names of the old people. So gentlemanly a man could not have meant it seriously. It seemed a solecism in a man who had a very pretty knowledge of Theosophy and seemed to be "quite modern."

Time passed. Mr. Sinclair-Warden got what he wanted; he was rich, well-mannered, clever; he became a member of the best clubs, and spent most of his time there. Delmonico's and all the fashionable resorts knew him; he was constantly seen with the smartest people, and he easily forgot any dim knowledge that he had been ever in any way connected with the "masses," of whom,—or of "which,"—he generally said which,—he sometimes spoke in after-dinner discussions. Like two-thirds of the people he knew, he put the little grocery shop into the back-

ground and never thought of it. Once, when a German Prince, famous for his devotion to his religion, had dined with him at the best of all his clubs, he had said, smiling, that his father and mother had died Catholic, "because," he added, laughing, "they, like Charles II. of England, thought it the only religion for a gentleman."

The Prince stared, and thought this a queer thing for an American to say. This was the only time he ever alluded to the religion of his parents. But, as he grew older and saw more of the life of the people about him, he often said to himself that they had no doubt become Catholics because they were natural aristocrats; and he congratulated himself he had inherited fairly the feeling that he was much better than his neighbors.

After all, a man who is a man can not always be a snob; and Mr. Sinclair-Warden had good blood in him, and besides, as the priest had reported in his letter, his mother's last words had been, "Tell John I shall never cease to pray, if God sends me to Purgatory and Heaven, that he may see the Truth."

His wife, who had lived only a year, had been a woman of fashion, whose greatest aim in life had been to attain the newest arrangement of flowers at a dinner-party and to secure the most unique favors for a cotillion; she left no special influence in his life. Her name had been well known in his own circle, and he would have liked to tack it with a hyphen to his own. But the authority at Tiffany's, where he had his cards done, thought it would not be in good taste; and so he reluctantly dropped the notion.

At forty, he was a social personage. He had grown richer and richer; he drove in coaching club parades and led cotillions, and he felt that he had lived in vain, if any week passed by without the appearance of his name in the society columns of the papers. The time had come,—as it comes to many New Yorkers of his kind,—when he desired only to be English. The modern Faust of the clubs would not ask to be young again, if Mephistopheles offered him terms; he would demand to be made English and of a county family.

Here, in this foreign American was, humanly-speaking, a very poor subject for the light to penetrate. His cards, his gloves, his English tailor, the study of the peerage, the invention of his own coat-of-arms, and the latest scandals, occupied his life, —and he was just passing forty! So far he held that the greatest triumph of his life was the discovery of some old Madeira supposed to have disappeared years ago. A mother's prayer must be strong indeed to make a change in a heart so entirely given up to frivolity, "fads," pretence, and that disdain of the poor, which, if any quality could be looked on as such, would seem to mean predestination to perdition.

II. The Picture on the Wall.

Mr. Sinclair-Warden had stayed at home in New York during Lent, when nearly everybody he knew was away in Florida or somewhere else. He had spent Saturday afternoon in looking at all sorts of pretty things under which modern materialism hides the real meaning of Easter. No thought of charity entered his head, but there were few in his circle whom he neglected. There was a gilded basket of elaborately natural eggs ornamented with pink ribbon and *la France* roses for this one, a bonbon box in the shape of a white rabbit for that, and many other elegant trifles, the least of which would have bought a suit of clothes for one of the little newsboys who crossed his path so frequently in the muddy street. It was his opinion that the poor rather liked it,—that they had no specially fine feelings,—that they had compensations suitable to their vulgar nature, and that he might as well attempt to feed them on *paté de foie gras* as to try to understand them at all.

It seems almost impossible that a man, so near the people whom he thus despised, could have opinions which would have been unpardonable in any human being, but which might have been expected to exist in an aristocrat of the time of Louis XIV.; but not in a private gentleman who called himself—with a sigh, —an American. But, after all, Mr. Sinclair-Warden's attitude to the poor,—the result of his attitude towards Christianity and

of his artificial life,—was simply the attitude of a cultivated Roman before our Lord came. He enjoyed the flutter that precedes Easter Sunday in New York. He felt his spirits raised, as he looked at the brilliant displays in the shop windows and admired the richness of the flowers. Such exquisite curves, such delicate color in the jonquils and lilies and hyacinths,—and all for Easter! But, so far as Mr. Sinclair-Warden was concerned, an Easter without the Sun,—an Easter without the Risen Lord.

While he waited for his cab in the club library, an acquaintance commented on the unusual luxury of the display in the windows, and spoke of the social gaieties to follow Easter Monday.

"Suppose one should have to miss all these things,—suppose we should become so poor that all the bright social life about us would be sealed to us?" said the friend, a note of gravity coming into his light remarks, suggested by the twilight perhaps.

Sinclair-Warden started. It seemed, in the twilight, like a voice of prophecy.

"Poverty would settle it all," he said. "Well, if I were poor, I should kill myself. There would be nothing else left to do, would there?"

In the cab, on the way to a dinner-party, he thought this over. So far as he could see, there would be no way out of such a disaster but death. He looked at the glittering lights on either side of Broadway, and his spirits rose. There was something depressing in the atmosphere of this close cab; he would walk for a time, and he stepped out into the street, pulled his coat collar and walked briskly. But, as he had plenty of time, his trot soon became a saunter. The air was damp, but there was no rain. As he turned from Broadway into a cross street, he heard two little street boys talking. One had some newspapers under his arm; the other had "sold out."

"Goin' to see de show to-night at the Windsor, Shorty?" asked one.

"Can't," said Shorty, "goin' to scour my skellet. To-morrow's Easter, you know."

The phrase struck Warden. It might, if explained, do duty in a dinner-table story.

"What did you say?" he asked of the boy that had the papers.

"'Tain't none of your busi—"

Then the sight of a quarter softened the young person.

"I said I'd have to scrape my skellet, 'cause it's Easter, dat's what I said. Dat's a way we have," he added, with compassion for a fellow creature's ignorance, "of saying we're goin' to confession. You catch on?"

Warden did not "catch on" at once; it struck him as strange that this young savage should give up an amusement for a religious service of any kind. He examined his experience and observation as to what confession might mean, but without much interest,—a superstition of that kind might be wound into a dinner-table story, but it had very little to do with the realities of life. He had heard of it; he had met Catholics in society who had spoken of it. "To think," he said to himself, "that that great Austrian, the Prince von —— and the charming Miss Gracieuse should have the same religious forms as this half-savage newsboy! Preposterous!" He laughed to himself as he wove the incident into one of those little stories for which he was famous.

The street was dark, and the sidewalk not particularly well paved. He had to pick his steps, but he went on leisurely. He had plenty of time; he looked at the tall houses, with a light in every window, and wondered how people could live there, huddled together in a small room or two. Surely, when they came to that, life was not worth living. In his case, he said to himself, he would end it all. Suppose something should happen to his own investments! Suppose those improvements in Rome,—he had been induced by an Italian friend to put the largest part of his money into a great block of "flats" in the Eternal City,—should not turn out well! In that case he could not live, that was all. He had some misgivings about the Roman investments of late, and if—he threw his cigar away—and if he were to

become poor, to be obliged to give up his clubs, his careful little dinners,—all the luxuries that had become necessities,—there would be nothing for him but death. And death! All of a sudden he felt afraid. What did death mean? It might mean something worse than life. His imagination hurried him along so fast that he found himself standing with an awful fear between a life which seemed worthless and one that he knew must exist, but which appalled him. Yes, he knew there must be a life beyond the grave; no sane man, in his heart, had ever doubted it; he couldn't keep out the thought of it. To be poor and to live would be horrible; but to die in this dreadful uncertainty would be worse.

The words of the little street boy came into his mind again. How few men he knew would give up the slightest enjoyment for any religious motive; perhaps there were some strong currents in life he had missed,—at any rate, whatever the life after death could hold, the life in this world would be intolerable, if he were to lose the money put into those Roman investments. He tried to shake off the gloom upon him; but serious thoughts would not depart. He was impatient with himself; he nervously quickened his pace. He wanted to get into the brilliant streets, where carriage lights flashed and there were signs of the life he loved. And yet a dark street like this, hemmed in by high walls, had once been his home,—in those early days which he had forgotten. Would those Roman investments turn out well? Why was he so nervous about them to-night? Well, he thought,—and at the instant a cold thrill ran through him,—there was the little revolver in his room.

Surely, a mother's prayers must be strong indeed, to touch the heart of a man like this!

He walked faster; shadows, half-remembered scenes of the old life seemed to troop around. In this very street perhaps,—he had not looked at the name on the lamp-post at the corner,—his father and mother had lived. There seemed to be a soft touch on his shoulder. He turned; it felt like his mother's hand, and, as he turned, his right foot slipped against an uneven

brick. A sudden pain shot through his ankle, and down he went heavily upon his left hand; his glove was split and his white tie splashed with mud. As he raised himself, with a feeling of being shocked, the pain in his ankle became more intense. He looked about for help.

A slight, dark figure approached him.

"I can see you are hurt, sir," a soft voice said, "if you will come and rest a few moments, it may do you good, and I can brush the mud off your clothes."

Warden, seeing that the speaker was a woman,—a slight little woman in black, raised his hat; he thanked her; they were in the light of a street lamp; it shone on the woman's face, and he saw that it was wrinkled and pale with deep hollows under the eyes;—a gentle face, sweetened and refined by suffering. The accent was not what her hearer would have described as of "his class," and the ungloved hand she held out, as he staggered a little, was veined from toil. Even at that moment, with the thrill of pain running through, it flashed upon his mind that thus his mother's hands would have been roughened. He would not trouble her; he could reach Broadway soon, and then he could repair the damage at the nearest hotel. But, as he tried to walk, he groaned involuntarily.

"You must come," said the woman, with gentle authority, "just put your hand on my shoulder."

He obeyed; the pain was so piercing that any shelter seemed welcome.

He leaned as lightly as he could on the thin shoulder; and, as he did so, he noticed the slight texture of the shawl that covered it; the woman changed the prayer-book and beads from her right hand to her left, in order to assist him the better.

"I am troubling you too much," he said, "you were going out."

"Only to church, sir,—and I shall not be late; I am going to confession."

Confession again! Curious, he thought, that the word should turn up a second time.

He was led through a dimly-lit passage, past several doors, to two rooms at the back of the house. A kerosene lamp, turned down, dimly illuminated the first one. The woman turned it up, and asked her guest to rest for a moment on an old-fashioned settee. He sunk upon it gladly, in too much pain to notice the interior of the room. A cold perspiration started on his forehead. If he could only lie down!

The woman returned after a minute's absence.

"Step this way, sir," she said, and he leaned upon her shoulder again. He found himself in a small room, lighted by a candle. In one corner was a narrow bed, covered with white. He threw himself upon it and closed his eyes. When he opened them again, with an exquisite sense of relief, his hostess was gone. The room was white-washed. The only bit of color, on the wall just above where the candle was placed, was a crimson heart, surrounded by a crown of thorns. Everything in the room, except this, was as white as snow. He fixed his eyes on it listlessly at first, and then with curiosity, and then with interest. He determined to ask the old lady what it meant. The room was bare, but scrupulously clean; there was a smell of lavender about the bed. There was a small square of carpet near his bed; otherwise the boards of the floor were uncovered. It seemed the index of a very hard, colorless life. While he did not move, he was comfortable; but the slightest motion made him cry out. He was helpless; if he could only be still and never move! The dinner would wait for him; and there was no means of telegraphing. What would people say? It was an unpardonable crime to be late for dinner; they would declare that he had spoiled the party, to which Mrs. Chardon had given a week's anxious thought, and Miss Gracieuse would have to go in to dinner alone. Well, after all, he would not be missed after a time. In fact, there was no heart in all the world which would miss him—no heart in all the world! Mrs. Chardon would regret the awkwardness of the vacant seat at her table, and Miss Gracieuse might think ill of him for an instant. That was all. As he lay there, he wondered why there was no heart in all the

world that loved him. Was there in heaven? He did not know. But all the time, the vivid crimson heart on the white wall before him seemed to glow and palpitate.

A doctor, whom he had met before, came in, partially undressed him, and examined his hurt. A bad sprain, but no fracture; he sent for a soothing lotion, and commanded that the patient should be quiet for a time.

"If you could stay here until the morning," said the doctor, doubtfully, "you would be able to drive home more comfortably. I will get a carriage for you—"

"I should like to stay here," he said, eagerly. "It seems to me that I should rather die than move. If you will send a telegram to Mrs. Chardon's, telling her what is the matter, you'll oblige me. But perhaps this lady, Mrs.—"

"Donald," said the old woman in black.

"May not like to keep me?"

"There is nobody to sleep in this room *now*," said Mrs. Donald. "You are welcome, sir."

"Thank you."

The old lady left the room, to get some bandages the doctor had sent for.

"A most respectable woman; she has lived here for many years," the doctor said, "her son died last month. He was a hard-working, honest young fellow. And, with him, everything went. By the grace of the landlord, his mother has been enabled to remain in these rooms since his death. On Monday she must leave. Think of that dear old woman homeless, almost penniless, alone in the world on Easter Monday!"

"Why does she not kill herself?" asked Warden. "I would."

The doctor smiled. "I am afraid you have never lived among Christians," he said, "I meet them every day of my life; I work among the poor in this district."

The doctor took Mrs. Chardon's card and promised to send a cab in the morning, and a book for Warden to read, should he get restless. But the doctor forgot the book, and Warden dozed

feverishly. Mrs. Donald came in and sat near his bedside for a time.

"You have lost a son," he said.

"Only for a little while," she answered, softly.

"And you are alone in the world."

"Alone! No, I am never alone or lonely. I have my beads; I can go into the church; I am just waiting, that's all."

There was perfect confidence in her tone. It refreshed him—why, he could not tell.

"I am never lonely, sir," she went on, "when I can look at the Sacred Heart—the Heart of our dear Lord. Who could be lonely?"

"What does it mean?" he asked, looking at the little picture, to which her eyes were turned.

"It means *everything*."

That, he said to himself, in wonder, *that*—a poorly-painted picture of a heart, to mean everything to his friend, the Prince, no doubt, to the little newsboy, to this poor woman, to Miss Gracieuse. Strange! Strange!

He dozed again, and Mrs. Donald left him, to lie down on the settee in the next room. The night wore on. The candle had to be replaced; he was awakened by a faint rustle in the room. Mrs. Donald was kneeling before the little picture. He heard her murmur, "Thy will be done. If I am to be homeless like Thee, let me be like Thee—Thou art always with me. In Thy Heart, in that of the Immaculate Virgin, I put my trust."

Had he heard those words before, in his mother's voice, or was his memory playing him a trick? Mrs. Donald rose from her knees, as he stirred; he spoke to her, and she answered him. Her face had a look of serenity, of peace which astonished, almost awed him. And yet there was no hope in life for her; he thought how great would be his despair were he like her, alone, poor, unfriended.

"Tell me," he said, "the story of the picture you love so much."

She took the chair beside his bed. Had he asked her about

her own affairs, she would have been reticent. But his question concerned higher affairs than hers, and she told him simply, earnestly, the story of the Sacred Heart, beginning with the Annunciation and ending with the Apparition to the Blessed Margaret Mary. He listened. It was all very strange, but beautiful, especially so because it made life, even in misery, beautiful to this poor woman. Then he asked her about confession, and she told him, adding that to-morrow she would go early in the morning. He noticed her radiant look, as she spoke of the Blessed Eucharist. To be homeless was horrible, he thought, above all, horrible to this frail creature, but she had forgotten it in her love for the unseen God!

"Mrs. Donald," he said, "I begin to understand why you are not lonely. I shall be lonely some day, and perhaps poor, and until I saw your picture, I thought that—" he hesitated; he dared not shock this good, kind soul by speaking of death as he had spoken to the doctor. "If all this gives you happiness in the greatest grief, why should I not be happy?"

"You may, sir," she paused, and said a prayer to herself, "just look at the Heart and offer your heart to our Lord."

He looked at the picture, and then, with a blush—it was hard to get above old ways of thought—he repeated the prayer which all the Associates of the League of the Sacred Heart repeat every morning; he was in union with them; the blush faded from his cheek; his eyes glowed; he seemed borne upward into a clearer air.

Easter Sunday dawned, clear, with a touch of warmth in the air that seemed to breathe of jonquils and daffodils. The carriage came for him, and he insisted on stopping at the church for Mrs. Donald; he would take her home with him at once. In his large establishment a corner could be found for her. She had gone out just after dawn.

People were pouring out of the church; but they made way for something that was carried to a black wagon in the street. Warden put his head out the window.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"An old lady,—Mrs. Donald, died at the altar-rail, just after receiving,—God rest her soul!" answered a woman on the curbstone. He flung himself back in the carriage, and pulled down the curtain. Tears,—the first he had shed since his mother died,—filled his eyes. His friend of a day had found a home.

The doctor found him reading a telegram. When the ankle was examined and bandaged again, he observed that his patient seemed in a serene state of mind; he said so.

"And yet," the patient said, "this cable dispatch informs me that I am no longer rich,—in fact that, while not quite a pauper, I am poor. No more clubs, no more travel, no more—"

"And I hope you will not—" began the doctor.

"I shall not die, doctor," he said, "for I have only begun to live."

The clubs knew him no more, the rich but seldom; but the poor knew him, for he was united to them, in the Sacred Heart.

BOY SAINTS.

IV.

Little Saint Cyril.

I.

As with waving arms, the great tree crieth:
"My height, my strength, my glory, Lord, are Thine!"
Softly the little slender herb replieth,
"My fairy blossoms, Lord, are also Thine!"

Eleanor C. Donnelly, *Legend of the Best-Beloved.*

In the fairest of Asiatic gardens is placed the first scene of this narrative. Nature had been most generous with her gifts. The mild air was heavy with spicy perfume from a wilderness of plant-life. Tall trees, rich in foliage and fruits, warded

off the ardent rays of a tropical sun, while feathered songsters made the day glorious with their sweet notes.

Man was also called upon to lend his gifts to this Eden, and the art-perpetual of Greece and of Rome was represented in a lavish display of statuary. Equally numerous were the sacrificial altars dedicated to the popular deities of Rome. At every turn of this terrestrial paradise some hideous or foolish rite of the rankest paganism was being enacted. From the unseen depths of the cloudless blue above, the eye of God saw this desecration of His most beautiful creations.

In the midst of this gross sensuality and frightful depravity of man, there blossomed and flourished one of the sweetest and purest of His works—the twelve-year old son of the master of this villa—the boy Cyril. The lad's pure heart rebelled against the licentiousness of his father's house; he felt himself a captive in a den of iniquity and longed for freedom. In truth, only his tender years and innocence saved him from the machinations of the evil retainers of a vile master.

In a remote and solitary corner of the estate, where the primitive forest still retained its glory, Cyril spent the greater part of his time. To-day he might be found seated on an old stone bench busy with tablets and stylus, preparing the morrow's lesson, no doubt.

"A comely youngling," his sire said; "strong of limb with ready mind." The sweet boyish face was crowned by a halo of golden curls, and "sun never shone upon a nobler brow," his old nurse had declared.

His task finished, he placed the materials in the belt of his tunic and, turning away from the vista of loveliness, plunged deeper into the forest, where he knelt in prayer before a rude cross, cunningly hidden in the shrubbery. Presently an aged and deformed woman hobbled to Cyril's side and knelt beside him. It was his old Syrian nurse who had cared for him since babyhood and upon whom, since his devoted mother's death, Cyril depended for a Christian education.

"My son," she said after they had prayed in silence for

some time, "I have a few minutes and came to spend them with you."

"How good you are to me, Justina," replied the boy, kissing her withered cheek. "Will you tell me to-day about your holy kinsman Eusebius, who won the esteem of the cruel emperor?"

"It is a long story, little master, and the time passes quickly when I am with you, my nursling. But let us sit down here under our dear Redeemer's instrument of torture; He well knows my wishes and will aid my lone efforts to make you as staunch and great a Christian as the beloved Eusebius."

"Yes, dear Justina, I owe everything to you, for God and heaven are everything to me. My father bids me wear the rich clothes he provides, and forces me to dine with him, and that reminds me—I have again displeased him, Justina."

The woman's brow darkened, she eyed the boy anxiously, but said in a mild voice:

"I have not heard it. What now?"

"Last night I gave part of my dinner to the little slave, Dona, who, you know, is so neglected on account of his blindness. I was not hungry, Justina, and poor Dona was; even so, he should have had the food. Well, my father rebuked me this morning and promised a worse flogging than the last."

A quick flush mounted to the woman's brow, for the boy had been whipped because he had aided her in some menial task.

"And will you fear the whipping, Cyril, and permit your charity to grow cold?" she asked.

"Justina! have I trembled before the overseer's whip? Could I ever forget *Blessed are they who suffer persecution for justice' sake,* and that *charity beareth all things*—words you are so constantly repeating?"

"My brave boy, I never doubted your constancy," replied his nurse, tenderly. "But what said he, Cyril?"

"He asked me if I had learnt the Christian trick of supporting the useless lame and the lazy blind, and said if I continued such doings, I should impoverish him and turn the empire into a

land of paupers. Is it not dreadful, Justina, to know that he remains so ignorant of the truth? If I could only tell him differently, but he would call me a silly child, or perhaps be so enraged as to kill me, as he did my sainted mother, and then there would be two terrible crimes on his soul."

The boy's sweet face saddened as he said the last words.

"Do not worry, dearest son; in a few years you will leave the schools, you will be a man, and the day will come when you must announce to all Cæsarea, to all the world, that you are a Christian, ready to teach the sweet and merciful doctrines of Jesus Christ, the true God, or die for them, if necessary."

"I want to die for Christ," exclaimed the boy.

"Rather live to convert the scoffing unbeliever, as Eusebius did; that was by his silvery eloquence and—"

"Live if you can, sirrah, but it will be outside my walls!" cried a harsh voice that came from the shrubbery, and instantly a tall, mailed warrior stood before them. It was Cyril's father. His face was livid with anger, his eyes blazed as they fell on the broken form of the Syrian woman.

"As for you, old hag, dog of a child-eating sect, that for you!" With a blow, Justina was felled to the ground.

A wild cry of fright and agony escaped Cyril as he sprang to his nurse's assistance, but once more the mailed hand was raised: this time it smote the boy's head; he fell without a moan.

A terrible curse came from the father's lips. He raised his little son with one hand, strode towards the nearest portal and threw the delicate form out on the roadway.

"The heathen dogs shall devour the Christian cur," he muttered with an oath.

II.

"He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost."

Father Faber.

An hour passed. The hot sun scorched the poor lad's face, the oozing blood attracted myriads of flies, a group of hungry

dogs sniffed about his head and hands, but not one of the sorely-tried beasts did more; sanctity dwelt here and God permitted animal instinct to recognize it. Then a soldier, on his way to the palace, found Cyril still unconscious. Had the boy been a beggar, the man would have considered it a most humane act to have kicked him to one side. As it was, Cyril's garments were rich in gold and silk, and Roman avarice was instantly aroused. Should he take the golden zone and hasten away, or carry the boy to the palace and claim a reward?

"For," quoth the man, "there is foul play here; this child belongs to the nobility and is worth a king's ransom." The last suggestion prevailed; probably, because there was too much risk in the first plan. Arriving at his destination, the soldier immediately presented his charge to the governor.

"Your excellency," he said, most graciously, "I found this little lad at the farthest extreme of Cyrillus' estate—just in the condition you see him."

The governor had bound up the wound in Cyril's forehead, applied restoratives, for he recognized him as the son of a friend and popular citizen.

"I will look into this matter," replied the chief magistrate, "and should I find you guilty of treachery, your head shall pay for it." The soldier saluted and retired.

"Now, my child, how did this happen?" he asked, turning to the place where Cyril was seated.

The boy did not answer.

"Were you waylaid?" inquired the official, thinking that the robbers were frightened off, before obtaining their booty.

"No, my lord."

"Tell me the cause of your mishap."

No reply from Cyril.

"Are you too weak to talk?"

"No, my lord," murmured the child.

"Speak, then," sternly.

"You must ask my father," responded the boy.

Immediately the governor sent a messenger with the request that Cyrillus give the cause of his son's wounds.

Quickly came the answer:

"He is a Christian and I have disowned him."

"A Christian! So young and yet so vile!" muttered the officer, gazing in wonder at the white, beautiful face. To Clitus, governor of Cæsarea, a Christian was the incarnation of vice. He laughed at Cyrillus' credulity and then said playfully:

"You are not a Christian, Cyril?"

"Yes, my lord, I am a Christian," was the prompt answer.

"Can it be possible!" in amazement. "What dastard has thus ruined you, child? Name him, and I will lash his body to wild horses! Gods defend us! The miscreants are not satisfied, but they must carry their superstitions and deviltries into the heart of our best families. Who is the seducer?" roared Clitus.

"If you mean who has taught me to know and love Christ, the true God, I can name my beloved mother and my old Syrian nurse, but they are both beyond the persecution of an unjust court. They are dead." Cyril wept bitterly at the remembrance of his father's cruelty.

"Well, well, child," said Clitus, somewhat softened, "you are young; you will soon forget these wicked things. Now you are weak and ill and must have nourishment and rest; to-morrow we will see about a reconciliation with your honored father."

Nothing came of the interview with Cyrillus. He refused to recognize his son and bade Clitus do what he pleased with him. Meantime news came from the attendants that the boy Cyril had spent his time in prayer and in conversation with them about Jesus Christ. Clitus became angered. He was not a thoroughly cruel man, but a pagan by birth and education naturally dealt out justice according to the pagan code of laws and morals. A true Roman and worshipper of the gods, he knew, must consider Christians criminals of the blackest type, and now here was one, a mere baby, so to speak, who was so deeply impregnated with its loathed doctrines, so hardened against the State, as to contaminate the members of his own household. He ordered

the boy to be brought before him. Cyril appeared radiant. And why not? His short life had been a continuous warfare, his father a brutal murderer. Life had never meant joy for him, and death meant God and an eternity of bliss. The dark frown on the governor's brow was not promising, but a clear conscience fears nothing.

"Ungrateful boy," said Clitus, sternly, "what is this I hear about you? Steeped in iniquity yourself, you endeavor to mislead others?"

"I hate sin and wrong-doing of every kind," responded Cyril in a hurt tone, "and I have never harmed any one, at any time in my life."

"You told my servant last night of Jesus of Nazareth, upheld His rebellious conduct against Cæsar and lamented His richly-deserved death!"

"Very true, your excellency. I only spoke of God, Whom I love and adore, when I told them of the life, work and sufferings of Jesus Christ."

"Little fool! Intelligent men consider your words the nonsensical talk of a child. You waste your breath, boy, and my time. Have done with this. I will inform your father that his anger was uncalled for, that you are still a true child of the emperor and have proved it by offering incense to Jupiter this morning."

Clitus spoke in the most endearing tones. In his heart, he loved the beautiful child, and, chiefly for policy's sake, wished to win him over to the religion of the State.

"I *am* a loyal subject, my lord, but I am a Christian and will never offer incense before your wooden images," said Cyril in a ringing voice, with determination.

Clitus flushed with anger.

"Haughty boy, I will make you do as I wish, as I have made others older and stronger than you. Pain is a strong master, boy, and those delicate limbs were not made to suffer."

"Justina often told me of the sufferings the martyrs endured,

your excellency. They were indeed frightful, but I would rejoice to suffer for God," returned the brave child.

"You rave, child," exclaimed the governor; "only an imbecile would give up the joys of life, vast wealth, an honored name, for the penalty of dying in torment!"

"And after death have the exquisite happiness of heaven and living forever with God," cried Cyril, with whom this thought was ever present—God and heaven.

"You talk like a madman, and only that you are a child, I would convince you of your madness." Clitus then called two officers and gave orders to bind Cyril and lead him to the place of execution.

"But do him no harm," he continued in a low voice; "not one hair of his golden head must be touched—you are only to frighten him!"

Cyril was conducted to the court-yard, where a great fire was burning; opposite to it an altar had been erected.

"The governor commands you to offer incense before yon altar, and in case of your refusing we are to cast you into the flames," said Taurus, one of the attendants, with whom Cyril had conversed the previous night. The tears rolled down his cheeks as he read Clitus' order.

"Offer the incense, little master," he pleaded. "It need only be this once, and you don't have to believe in it. Spare my old eyes the sight of your comely young form reduced to cinders."

"Taurus, you insult me, for you would have me insult my Redeemer!" answered the boy. "Such an act would be a deception—a most shameful crime. Besides, as I told you before, death has no terrors for me; I will go to a most beautiful home, and my heart longs for it, Taurus. God prepared it for me, and for you also," he continued in a most winning manner, as he noticed the old man's attention.

"What makes you think your God would give such a home to an old reprobate like me?" asked Taurus smiling.

"Because, my friend, God, Who has made you, made us all,

promises an eternity of happiness to those who believe in Him and die in His service."

"I wish it were all true," sighed the soldier.

"Indeed, Taurus, it is true," said Cyril in his earnest way. He had forgotten the cruel death awaiting him, so engrossing was this work of conversion. "There has been—"

The dialogue was interrupted; two men approached to put Clitus' threat into execution. They lifted him up over the fire, the flames were around him, and again Taurus pleaded, begged him to live to continue his apostleship, but the brave boy cried:

"Denying my Lord, Taurus, would not make you a Christian, and I so long to be with Him, I do not care to live!"

They carried him back to the governor. Words could not describe his rage when he found his scheme had failed. With difficulty he restrained his passion, knowing from experience that kindness and gentle words are the best for child and man.

"My dear child, you have seen the fire—it is horrible and lingering torture. Be wise, have consideration for me, if you have none for yourself. You want to return to your father and your home, do you not?"

"No, your excellency; I only grieve that your commands were not executed, for the time has come when I go to the Father Who loves me, and the home that my eyes are eager to see. Put me to death without delay, good Clitus!" The blood glowed in the boy's usually pale face, and his slight form trembled with the intensity of his emotion.

"I am waiting, Clitus, patiently. My soul is faint with longing!"

There was a stir of strong feeling among the assembled officers and soldiers; old greybeards, seemingly moulded in iron, felt a mist creeping over their eyes, and as for Taurus, his sobs were audible to every one.

"Poor Taurus," said Cyril tenderly, "why do you weep so? You should rejoice with me, for I promise that you will soon follow."

"Would that you had hope," he said to the others, "and

knew of the kingdom I will possess, but I will pray for you, dear friends, that God will give you grace and faith, that you may share in the joys of heaven."

"Enough! Cease your prating, sirrah. I accuse you of sedition and conspiracy against the State; you are guilty of death. Executioner, do your work quickly, else the fool will repent his words." Clitus spoke in rapid, angry tones, but his nervous manner betrayed great agitation.

When arrived at the place of execution, Cyril was fastened to the stake. As he cast his looks around him, and saw the crowd shedding tears, he said: "Friends, weep not over me. If you love me, rejoice at my happy lot. I have been faithful to my God; He is waiting to welcome me into His glorious mansions."

The flames soon freed his generous soul from the trials of earth and the child-martyr rested on the Heart of the Saviour he loved so well.

"Sweet as the tender fragrance which survives
When martyred flowers breathe out their little lives;
Sweet as a song which once consoled our pain
But never will be sung to us again,
Is thy remembrance."

In Memoriam.

FATHER JOHN JOSEPH MURPHY, S.J.

DIED MARCH 4, 1892.

NOW that the soul of the Rev. John J. Murphy of the Society of Jesus has passed to its reward, we take as much pleasure in making known to our readers his labors to further the devotion to the Heart of Jesus and to promote Its interests through the MESSENGER, as he himself took in concealing those same labors even from his closest friends.

During the twenty-five years of his religious life, spent in labors more various than the years were numerous, one occupa-

FATHER JOHN JOSEPH MURPHY, S.J.
Died March 4, 1892.

tion which he never relinquished was advocating whatever concerned the interests of the Heart of his Master by writing and preaching. No doubt but this fidelity was the secret of his gift

of touching the most hardened hearts as well as of consoling and cheering thousands of devout souls who now mourn his death.

Before becoming a Jesuit on Christmas Eve, 1866, Father Murphy had studied theology at Maynooth. After the usual two years' noviceship at Frederick, Md., and four years spent in teaching the classics in Boston and Holy Cross Colleges, he reviewed his theology for three years in Woodstock College, Md., being ordained priest after the second year, June 20, 1874, by Cardinal Gibbons, then Bishop of Richmond. The three years and a half following his theological studies he spent respectively in Georgetown, as prefect and lecturer in Christian Doctrine, in Frederick, teaching rhetoric to the scholastics, in Woodstock, as Professor of Sacred Scripture, and in Georgetown once more as pastor of Holy Trinity Church.

In 1878, he was appointed to teach philosophy in Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., where he also spent two years as vice-president and prefect of studies. Returning to teach rhetoric in Frederick in 1881, he made part of his Third Year's Probation early in 1882, and was made minister in Woodstock before the close of that scholastic year. At its close he was named Rector of Gonzaga College, Washington, and, in 1884, left that place to become Rector of the College of St. Francis Xavier, New York City, where the imposing addition to the college and pastoral residence on Sixteenth Street was built under his direction.

His health failing in 1888, he was relieved of his office of Rector, and assigned to help the Head Director of the Apostleship of Prayer, and to write for the MESSENGER. In this capacity he lived at the Gesù, Philadelphia, until March, 1891, when he was named pastor of Holy Trinity a second time, not relinquishing however his duties as writer for the MESSENGER.

Numerous and varied as these occupations were, they give no idea of the many different employments he was constantly constrained to undertake to satisfy his lay and clerical friends, or of the simple obedience with which he was always ready for superiors' commands. A chronic sufferer, every effort cost him

pain, although he seemed ready always to preach, hear confessions, give retreats, and missions, and all with apparent ease. His moving about in these various ministries brought him into contact with men of every class and profession in life; from all of them he merited respect, and from most of them friendship. His usual requital for the time he gave them was a return to the Sacraments, if they happened to be lax Catholics; or an increased regard for our religion if Protestants. His brother priests were the object of a loyal devotedness, and he delighted in meeting them on retreats or in witnessing their interest in discussing theological questions in the various clerical conferences of which he had charge.

A man of well-trained mental powers, and fine moral qualities, when Father Murphy became a religious he lost nothing of his individual character, but devoted it entirely to God in the spirit of the vows of his Order. He exemplified in himself what he once wrote of St. Peter in his "Thoughts on St. Peter" concerning the combat between nature and grace: "Grace does not obliterate or destroy: it simply directs and controls. It does not take men and fit them into one mould and then force them out mechanically, impressed with the same shape and doomed to act with the same automatic precision. Nothing of the sort. The grace of God benignly takes the individual as he is, and, by enlightening his understanding and moving his will, leads him to show himself, in his own individuality, a better man, though the same man; a holier man, though not another man." He was jealously fond of the Society of Jesus and of its religious life, and there was no work in its varied scope which did not claim his whole-hearted interest. In none of these, however, did he become more absorbed than in his writings for the MESSENGER, both during his scholastic days in Woodstock and during his late appointment. Until his last illness and even in its first stages, no work or indisposition could balk him from sending punctually his "General Intention" or those beautiful "Thoughts on St. Peter" last year, and "Thoughts on the Gifts of the Holy Ghost," the series for this year, now interrupted.

The notes taken during the thirty days' retreat of his Third Year of Probation served as the foundation for the brochure, *A Thought for Each Day in the Month of June*, which he afterwards wrote. This has seen many editions, and his younger religious brethren found it one of the best of books for their June meditations. Those of our readers who may have met Father Murphy or heard him preaching know his character without farther sketch of it; those who have not met him may study it in his writings in the MESSENGER, which reveal its kindly, meek, familiar and devoted disposition in every paragraph.

Father Murphy was a splendid example of the combination of diverse qualities. His great physique was equalled only by his large-heartedness and affectionate nature, his strength by his gentleness, his adherence to principle by his compassionate consideration for the weak, his piety by his sunny geniality in company, his intellectual ability by his simplicity, his power by his docility, his wit by his charity, his dignity by his unpretentiousness. No one was a greater enemy to slovenliness than Father Murphy; his aversion to this vice in writing and preaching was intense. His own guard against it by careful diction, accuracy of statement and logical sequence made it a difficult task for an editor to "cut his copy."

It is a pleasing coincidence that he died on the First Friday, just as the Founder of the American MESSENGER, Father Sestini, whose life Father Murphy wrote but a year ago, died also on the same day which is so specially dedicated to the Sacred Heart.

Cardinal Gibbons, who spoke at the funeral obsequies, appropriately said: "He was ever ready with tongue and brain and pen at the call of his superiors, and we may well pray that he who brought so many to the portals of the Church may himself now be received into everlasting life."

He often pleaded for prayers for the needs of the Church and the pressing wants of individuals. We now plead for prayers for the repose of his soul.

THE ICONOGRAPHY OF THE APOSTLES.

By Caryl Coleman.

II.

Saint Peter,

Prince of the Apostles, Penitent, and Martyr, A.D. 69 (64).

Latin, Sanctus Petrus. *Greek*, Agios Petros. *Italian*, San Pietro or Piero.
French, Saint Pierre. *German*, Heilige Petrus. *Spanish*, San Pedro.

FEASTS: SS. Peter and Paul, June 29; St. Peter's Chair at Rome, June 18; St. Peter's Chair at Antioch, Feb. 22; St. Peter's Chains, Aug. 1.

Patronage: Patron of the Universal Church, the City of Rome, Hamburg, Nantes, Luxemburg, Baden, Worms, Montpelier, Orvieto, the Archbishopric of Cologne, and of the following occupations: Fishermen, fishmongers, bakers, locksmiths, paper-makers, and stationers. The Saint is invoked for the cure of hydrophobia.

St. Peter.
(Tracing from antique glass.)

Life: This Apostle, "the perpetual shepherd of the Lord's sheep, in whom we read that the foundations of the Universal Church were laid"[1] was a Jew, a native of Bethsaida, a town of Upper Galilee, situated on the banks of the Lake of Genesareth. He was the son of Jona, a fisherman, and the brother of St. Andrew the Apostle.

At his circumcision he received the name of Simon, to which our Lord afterwards added the name Cephas. He said to him: *Thou shalt be called Cephas, which is interpreted Peter.*[2] This word *Cephas*, or *Peter*, signifies *rock*, and was given to Simon

[1] St. Boniface, Pope, A.D. 419, Ep. [2] St. John, i. 43.

because he was to be "entrusted with the foundation of the Church"[3]—"because he was to be that unbroken and most firm rock upon which the Lord built His Church,"[4] for Christ said: *Thou art Peter (the rock), and upon this rock I will build My Church, etc., etc.*,[5] in this way giving to "Peter a participation in His own name, for as, according to St. Paul,[6] Christ was the Rock, so Peter was by Christ made a rock,"[7] Christ being the chief corner-stone,[8] Peter was made the second foundation stone upon which the Church was to rest.

The brothers, St. Peter and St. Andrew, removed early in life from Bethsaida to Capharnaum, where St. Peter was married, it is said, to a niece of St. Barnabas, and there is a doubtful tradition that she bore him two children: a son and daughter. The last is known in Christian art as St. Petronella, a virgin-martyr, who was probably a member of the Domitilla family,[9] and only a spiritual daughter of the Apostle. The inscription upon the Saint's sarcophagus, *Aureliae Petronellae Filiae Dulcissimae*, is believed "to have been engraven by the hand of St. Peter himself."[10] When St. Peter was called to the Apostleship, and left all things in order to follow Christ,[11] although having a wife, he became as though he had none, living the rest of his life in continency and chastity; while his wife, whose mother the Blessed Lord cured of a fever,[12] following in the chaste footsteps of her husband, showed him the way to martyrdom, giving her life in his presence for the Faith. St. Peter standing by, says St. Clement of Alexandria,[13] encouraged and exhorted her to persevere to the end.

St. Andrew was the first of the brothers to follow our Lord.

[3] St. Gregory of Nazianzen (A.D. 370), In Orat. de moderatione servanda.

[4] St. Gregory of Nyssa (A.D. 370) Laudat. alter S. Stephani, etc.

[5] St. Matthew, xvi. 18. [6] St. Mark, iii. 16.

[7] St. Maximus of Turin (A.D. 451), Opp. p. 219, ed. 1784.

[8] Ephesians, ii. 20.

[9] Her prenomen, Aurelia, was common among this family; moreover she was buried on their property in Rome.

[10] Northcote's Roma Sotterranea, Vol. II., p. 234, 1879.

[11] St. Matthew, xix 27. [12] St. Luke, iv. 38, 39. [13] Strom. lib. vii. II.

He had heard of Him from St. John, and on seeing Him was at once convinced that he saw the Christ. Filled with this belief, he sought out Simon, saying to him: *We have found the Messias,* and brought his brother to Jesus. The Divine Master looked upon Simon with a prophetic eye, giving him a proof of His omniscience, by telling both his name and that of his father, at the same time giving him a new name: *Cephas,* or *Peter.* After this the brothers became from time to time attendants upon the instructions given by our Redeemer, and toward the end of the first year of His public life He called them to the Apostleship. It is unnecessary to set forth here the various events of St. Peter's life, that is, while our Lord was on the earth, as they are related in the Gospels, which are familiar to all, but after the Ascension until his martyrdom they are not so well known, although the principal facts are to be found in the Acts of the Apostles; therefore we will dwell upon some of these events, more particularly those which have been used in art. Before the feast of Pentecost, when the Apostles were waiting for the coming of the Paraclete, St. Peter proposed to them to elect an Apostle in the place of the traitor Judas; whereupon St. Matthias was chosen. The Apostle

"IN THE NAME OF JESUS . . . ARISE AND WALK."
(Raphael.)

having received the Holy Ghost, St. Peter, the Moses of the New Law,[14] stood up, and promulgated to the Jews the law of Christ, converting to the Faith three thousand of them, for "as water flowed from the rock for the Lord's people thirsting in the desert, so the fountain of a life-giving confession flowed from the mouth of St. Peter to the whole world wearied with the dryness of unbelief."[15]

Shortly afterwards, going with St. John to the Temple, St. Peter saw at the gate, which was called the Beautiful, a poor man asking alms, who had been a cripple from his birth; the Saint said to him: *Silver and gold I have none, but what I have I give thee: In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, arise, and walk,* and the beggar was at once healed.

The multitude who witnessed this miracle and heard St. Peter announce the truth, as it is in Jesus, were smitten with compunction and received Baptism. From day to day thousands were converted and admitted to the Church: the Apostles confirming everything they taught by miracles, until these daily triumphs incensed the High-priest and the Sanhedrim so much, that they persecuted the Apostles. St. Peter was imprisoned, dismissed and charged to desist from preaching, but continuing to teach he was again cast into prison, from which he was delivered by an Angel; returning to the Temple, he was apprehended and brought before the Council, scourged, and once more dismissed; St. Stephen was crowned with martyrdom; and the faithful dispersed.

The day after the passion of the holy deacon Stephen, St. Peter took possession of the See of Jerusalem. Leaving Jerusalem, he preached a mission to the Samaritans and confirmed the converts made by St. Philip the deacon; passing on to Antioch he established his episcopal See, for a time, in that city, although in fact he had no fixed abode, but went here and there executing his charge to rule and guide the whole flock. At Lydda, he healed the bed-ridden Aeneas, or, as St. Cyril of Jerusalem says:

[14] St. Macarius, Hom. xxvi. c. 23.

[15] St. Maximus (A.D. 466), Opp. p. 219, ed. 1784.

"Peter, the foremost of the Apostles and the key-bearer of the Kingdom of Heaven, healed Aeneas the paralytic in the name of Christ";[16] at Joppa he raised from the dead a Christian woman named Dorcas; and here he had a vision from which he understood that the Gentiles, as well as the Jews, were called to salvation.

After having occupied his Antiochean See for seven years, he removed to Rome, A.D. 45, and established his Cathedra in that city, in the house of the Senator Quintus Cornelius Pudens. Before leaving Antioch he consecrated St. Evodius to fill the See made vacant by the transfer of the Cathedra.

St. Mark the Evangelist accompanied the Prince of the Apostles on his journey to the Capital, becoming his amanuensis, wrote the second Gospel under his direction, and ultimately St. Peter appointed him Bishop of Alexandria in Egypt.

St. Peter, having laid the foundations of the Roman Church, whose faith was to be *spoken of in the whole world*,[17] consecrating apostolic laborers, and sending them on their missions in various parts of the Empire, returned to Jerusalem, A.D. 51, in order to preside at the First General Council. On its conclusion he visited the Eastern churches, preaching and converting as he passed to the West—to the Eternal City, where St. Paul joined him, although in chains, A.D. 59. On the release of St. Paul, A.D. 61, the two Apostles made many and long apostolical journeys, but returned to Rome, A.D. 68, the Holy Spirit having revealed to them that the time of their passions was at hand and that Rome was to be the scene of their sufferings.[18]

St. Peter found in Rome the wonder-worker, Simon Magus, a pretended convert of St. Philip, the same man he had rebuked years before for offering money to the Apostles to give him the power of working miracles, but this unhappy man, now a great favorite of Nero, not having repented of his sin,[19] hating St.

[16] Catech. xvii. N. 27, p. 227.

[17] Romans, 18.

[18] St. Athanasius, Apol. de Fuga Sua. 121–127 and Cressy's Church History, p. 14.

[19] A sin named after him: simony.

Peter on account of the good he did, the miracles he wrought, the conversions he made, foolishly thought his hour of revenge had come. Trusting to diabolical help, he hoped by magical arts to pervert the Christians and lead them away from Peter; so he proposed, in his presumption, to ascend from earth to heaven in sight of the people. The day was appointed for the spectacle, an immense concourse assembled to witness the wonder, Simon Magus through the aid of the devil began to rise in the air, to the amazement of the people, but St. Peter, standing in the crowd, prayed to our Lord to undeceive them and expose this impostor. His prayer was heard; Simon fell to the ground, broke his limbs, and soon after died. This coming to the ears of the Emperor he became enraged, and caused both St. Peter and St. Paul to be thrust into the Mamertine prison, where they were kept from October, A.D. 68, to the end of June, A.D. 69, spending the time in preaching to their fellow-prisoners, and those who resorted to them from outside.

The Roman Christians importuned St. Peter to make his escape; at first he would not hear of it, but at last yielded to their solicitations. He made his way out of the prison, but on coming to the spot where the little church of *Domine Quo Vadis* now stands, our Lord appeared to him. St. Peter asked Him, "Lord, whither art Thou going?" He replied, "I am coming to Rome to be crucified a second time"; whereupon the Apostle, ashamed of his weakness, and seeing in this answer that the Lord was to be crucified afresh in the person of His servant, returned to his prison, to await his martyrdom. On the following morning he was scourged, taken across the Tiber to the Jews' quarter, and there crucified with his head downwards, on the Janiculum Hill, where the Christians afterwards erected the church called San Pietro in Montorio.

Appearance: In the artistic representations of St. Peter the ancient type is closely followed, because the older effigies are believed to be true likenesses, and moreover answer to the traditional descriptions of his appearance. He was a man of middle height, somewhat slender of body; the complexion of his face

was very pale, almost white; his hair and beard, thick, curly, and short, in early life black, but at the time of his martyrdom silvery white, when he was also somewhat bald; his eyes dark and flashing, his eyebrows thin; the forehead broad; the nose long, but rather broad and flat than sharp; his countenance open, frank, impetuous, and undaunted.

COSTUME: In Greek art and in the early Latin mosaics, St. Peter is dressed in a blue tunic with a white mantle. The tunic was often marked with the Greek capital letter *gamma:* a single one or a number in combination; this is a symbol of Christ the corner-stone and was much used by the Christians of the catacombs. The costume more generally appropriated to the Saint is a blue or green tunic with a yellow mantle, sandals on his feet, and key or keys in

ST. PETER.
(Perugino's "Madonna, Child and Four Apostles.")

his hand. The color, yellow or golden, is peculiarly appropriate for St. Peter's mantle, as its symbolic signification is faith, and he was the divinely-appointed confirmer of faith: *I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not: and thou being converted, confirm thy brethren.* When the Saint is clothed as a Pope, he is dressed in an alb of white with a cope of cloth of gold and a tiara on his head.

EMBLEMS: Two keys, one of gold, the other of silver; one key; one key and a double-barred cross; two gold keys; two crossed keys; key and open or closed book; scroll with the words: *"I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth"* written upon it; a book in his hand; holding a fish; a rod in his hand and a cock at his feet or standing near by.

SYMBOLIC TYPES: 1. Moses is a symbol of Peter, or as St. Macarius says, "Moses was succeeded by Peter, to whom is committed the New Church of Christ, and the new priesthood." 2. In the foundation of the wall of the Heavenly City, the Apostle's name is written upon jasper, a hard, compacted stone, symbolic of the firmness of his faith. 3. The name Gad upon one of the stones in the breastplate of the High-priest of the Old Law stood for Peter, as he belonged to this House.

REPRESENTATION: St. Peter first appears in art under the types of Moses striking the rock. The rod he strikes with is a symbol of divine authority, and is never found except in the hands of Moses, Christ and Peter. Later he is represented seated on a throne as head of the Church, with a scroll inscribed with the words, in Latin, *Thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build My Church.* All the scenes of moment in the life of the Apostle have been portrayed, many of them by the best artists the world has ever seen. The incidents more commonly represented are the following: the calling of St. Peter; St. Peter sinking, while our Lord, walking upon the water, stretches out His hand to save him; St. Peter denying our Lord, in which picture the cock is always present, the just rebuker of his sin, or, as the Venerable Father Southwell, the Jesuit martyr, makes the Saint exclaim in St. Peter's Complaint:

"O bird! the just rebuker of my crime,
The faithful waker of my sleeping fears,
Be now the daily clock to strike the time,
When stinted eyes shall pay their task of tears;
Uphold mine ears with thine accusing crow,
To make me rue what first it made me know."

St. Peter on his knees receiving the keys from the Master; the charge *Feed My lambs—feed My sheep;*[20] the imprisonment of Peter and his deliverance by an Angel: *And behold an Angel of the Lord stood by him; . . . striking Peter on the side raised him up, saying: arise quickly and the chains fell off from his hands, etc., etc.;*[21] Peter baptizing the Centurion; Dorcas or Tabitha restored to life; many scenes in which St. Peter and St. John, or St. Peter and St. Mark, or St. Peter and St. Paul figure together; St. Peter crucified; St. Peter in heaven before the Throne of the Lamb.

"Victorious he his mighty triumph holds
To whom the keys of glory were assigned."[22]

A BROTHER'S STORY.

By D. M., S.J.

MY brother died as he lived, like an angel. My sister's preparation for death was that of a saint.

I remember, when we were both still almost babies, my mother placing her on my bed to play with me during my recovery from some childish ailment. She used to wear a pink dress, and, when she grew older, she wore her hair in ringlets. What laughing eyes she had! They seemed to swim in her head. And when she was fifty she skipped along the street like a girl of fifteen. She brought home from school the medal for amiability, and I believe she deserved it. There are Sisters still living who knew her then, and they can tell.

[20] St. John, xxi. 15, 16, 17. [21] Acts, xii. [22] Dante, Paradiso, xxiii. 125.

Well, she made a mistake and committed a fault. When only seventeen she married on the sly. To be sure, she had no mother, and who could be so blind as her father and myself?

Of Tom we'll say nothing except that he ended his life well. He refused to be carried away from the field when the woods in the "Wilderness" were on fire, lest he should endanger his rescuers. God rest his soul!

I had just gone off to be a religious and a priest. From her marriage then began our correspondence, and from that time too her apparent call to a more holy life. But the germ of devotion was there already, for she alone assisted me by packing my trunk and standing by me in my determination to leave all things for God. Her husband's death left her with two girls to educate. From that moment however her mind turned towards the convent. At first she thought of joining the teaching order which her youngest sister had already entered. As years went on though, her heart inclined towards a life of greater retirement. One day she expressed this desire to me; she was then about forty-five years old. "Why," said I, "have you not got that out of your head yet?" "Not at all," she answered. A few years later she visited Canada with her younger daughter. On her return I told her that I was well aware of her own habits, but could not see how there could be much amusement for a young girl like Katie in spending six weeks in a convent in an out-of-the-way place such as St. Hyacinthe. To this she then made no reply, but, two months afterwards, said that, while in the Convent of the Precious Blood in St. Hyacinthe, Katie had asked to make a retreat, and, at the end of the retreat, told her mother she would like to stay. Then the mother reflected that this was the thing which she was looking for herself, life in a purely contemplative order. Accordingly they had both made their application, and had been received. They entered the community on the feast of St. Joseph of the following spring. Two years later, the Bishop of B——, Katie's grand-uncle, celebrating the Mass, I preached at their profession, in good enough French for the occasion. The elder daughter, who, when her mother entered religion

was absent at Lourdes, seeking for a cure our Lady did not judge fit to grant, was present at the ceremony and had, perhaps, to make the greatest sacrifice of all there.

Again two years later the Sisters opened a house in Brooklyn, the first of their order in the United States. It began in poverty and humility. The Americans naturally were sent to this foundation. May—my sister—was made the business woman of the house, and, I believe, by her capacity in this respect, rendered them good service. But had it not been for the great charity of the faithful, they would have had a very hard time.

According to the account of the Mother foundress and of all the Sisters, from her entrance into religion, my sister was a model of regularity and of every virtue. The nuns seemed to me to love her really as a kind of mother, for she was old enough to be a mother to most of them. A week or two before her death, she caught a chill which was followed by peritonitis and blood-poisoning. When I entered her cell and took her hand, she spoke in a loud voice, "All for Jesus." "I do not want to live, but go to heaven." "Don't talk, but pray." And pray, pray, it was, day and night. How many times we recited the rosary at that bedside I cannot tell. As each new mystery was announced, she fumbled with her beads in the effort to keep up with the decades. Her last distinct words, to my ear at least, were at the mystery of the pillar, "Eh, the scourging!" Probably she was comparing her suffering with the greater one of our Lord. She smiled her last smile on the morning she died when I told her the next day would be the fortieth anniversary of her own mother's departure for heaven. She received easily Viaticum for the last time from the venerable priest whose kindness to her and this young community was almost like a revelation of God's own providence. Then he said Mass, and I after him, uttering the words loud enough perhaps to be heard by her. Then I was alone for nearly half an hour with this dearest of souls, and the end came.

When her illness began she told Katie that she did not wish to hear a word of her family. The elder daughter made the sacrifice of not seeing her mother before death, and her sister bravely

knelt by her mother's bedside while we recited the last litanies. Good friends sent all sorts of things recommended by the doctors; but a few days before her death, my dying sister told the Superior she thought she might do without champagne. On being told to take it through obedience, she asked for it at once. To please the community, a Mass was sung in the convent chapel before her interment. Then, the chapel being exceedingly small, the body was brought to the parish church, where her brother sang a solemn high Mass, at which representatives of many different religious communities were present, whose prayers no doubt ascended powerfully to heaven in her behalf.

She was fifty-six years of age. She died on the feast of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, a widow and a nun, to whom she had always been devout; and she was buried on the feast of the Presentation of our Lady, the Queen of Mothers and of Saints.

God has taken the two best, and the best prepared. Oh, what a beautiful thing it will be, dear readers, when we shall all, the elect of God, be united in one family round the throne of our heavenly Father, there to thank Him eternally for the mercy He has shown to those whom He called first to life and to grace, and then to life everlasting.

One who knew my sister writes: "I do not believe Mary allowed a grace to escape her. And what was her life but a series of trials, sufferings of every kind, and yet no complaint, but cheerful and bright with others, she accepted all with patience and love. A heart so tender and true, strong enough to sacrifice her dearest affections to give herself to God—well, we know she was a saint before she became a nun."

THE VENERABLE MADELEINE SOPHIE BARAT,

Foundress of the Society of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

VEN. MADELEINE SOPHIE BARAT.

MADELEINE SOPHIE BARAT was born at the close of the year 1779, in the little town of Joigny, in Burgundy. The house in which the servant of God passed twenty years may still be seen. It is the simple home of a husbandman and mechanic; on the ground-floor is the father's workshop, with the common room where, in plain households, the mother carries on her domestic work; back of this is a yard with flowering shrubs and neat borders; above the stairs is the parents' apartment a little better furnished than the rest, with a side bed-room for the

CRADLE OF THE "SACRÉ CŒUR" AT AMIENS.

children; and above this, in the peak of the roof, is a garret-room, a sort of monastic cell, which was occupied by Sophie. Such was the cradle of one of the grandest, noblest souls of our times!

The parents of Sophie, Jacques Barat and Madeleine Fouffé, were eminently Christian. They were in easy circumstances, the result of his trade of cooper and the cultivation of a vineyard, a portion of a patrimonial inheritance. Jacques Barat was reputed a patient, honest and industrious man; but his wife was of intelligence and education very superior to her lot in life. Her sentiments were exquisitely delicate, and her maternal tenderness leaned to weakness. A son, Louis, aged eleven, and a daughter, Madeleine, aged ten, formed the joy of this household; but on the night of the 12–13 of December, 1779, a fire that burst forth in the neighborhood of Jacques Barat, caused such serious fright to his wife, that a third child was prematurely born. This child was so very feeble, that it was thought urgent to confer holy Baptism at once. In the hurry of seeking a godfather, her brother Louis, by a special Providence, was selected to stand for Sophie. The lad was then commencing his studies in the College of Joigny, and God was already preparing him to be the guide and spiritual father of his new-born sister's soul. The mother, on recovering from an illness that brought her to the brink of the grave, showed a marked predilection for the babe, which, though it seemed to have but a breath of life, gained such strength under her devoted cares, as to give well-founded hope that her days would be prolonged.

Sophie very early showed a precocious understanding, and her words and gestures proved an exuberance of life. Though

passionately fond of childish games, it was easy to discern in her relations with her playmates a noble and lovely character, holding all falsehood and deceit in holy horror. The first lessons of Christian doctrine Sophie took from her well-informed mother; but as soon as her age would allow, she went to the Catechism class at the parish church. She answered the questions better than all others, but she was so short and her voice was so weak, that they had to place her on a high stool that she might be heard. At the age of ten she presented herself as a candidate for First Communion; the vicar considered her too young, but the curate was a better judge, and allowed her to approach the "Table of the Angels."

Having completed his ecclesiastical studies, Louis Barat accepted an appointment as professor of mathematics in the College of Joigny, until he should be of the age required for ordination. Thus brought back to his paternal home, the view of his little sister's remarkable dispositions filled him with astonishment. He perceived in these the indications of a great personal obligation—that of forming her character. Availing himself of his title of godfather, he undertook to educate her. Sophie had hitherto aided her mother in keeping the vineyard and attending to domestic work: she thus learned habits of industry and economy, suited to her sex and very valuable in her future career. Her brother now wished her to study books. He gave her a daily routine, which required her to hear Mass early in a neighboring church, and then return to her cell in the loft of their cottage, and devote all the time to study, only interrupted by the indispensable relations with her family.

Under her brother's guidance, Sophie soon mastered the elements of grammar, and wandered in the enchanted world of Virgil and Homer. She loved Virgil, the giant painter of nature, so deep and so religious! In after-life she sighed, "Ah! in those days, I fear I was more of a *Virgilienne*, than a Christian!" She found in the original Greek of Homer the echo of her own sentiments, the first response to her native needs of ideal beauty and moral greatness. Her brother permitted her to study

FATHER VARIN.

the natural sciences as a mental relaxation; and later on Spanish and Italian. The knowledge of these living tongues served to edify, in maturer years, her various religious families of Rome and Italy.

Alas! the Revolution suddenly removed Louis from the charge of his godchild. Having fled to Paris in order to avoid informers in the province, he was seized and imprisoned until the close of the Reign of Terror. After peace was proclaimed, Sophie left Joigny to join her brother, who had been ordained a priest, and to prepare herself under his direction for the religious life which she had resolved to embrace. Meanwhile the Abbé Barat, who secretly aspired to become a member of the Society of Jesus, joined a few holy priests, living in community under the title of "Fathers of the Faith" and following the Rule of St. Ignatius of Loyola. Their first Superior, Father de Tournély, whose sacerdotal zeal burned to restore religion, wrecked by the convulsions of 1793, had resolved to found parallel with his own order an Institute of Women, who would be consecrated not only to children of the poor, but to those of the higher and influential classes of society. Several attempts to found such a society with the aid of ladies of noble birth had failed. Yet Father de Tournély believed his design was inspired by Heaven; and when dying at the early age of thirty-eight he bequeathed this important undertaking as a sacred legacy to Father Varin, who was elected to succeed him in office. Joseph Varin d'Ainvelle had consecrated to the service of God a brilliant, chivalrous nature. Having been informed of the saintly dispositions of Sophie Barat, he felt an inspiration that she was to be the foundress of the Institute contemplated by Father de Tournély. On becoming acquainted with her, the same mysterious thought preoccupied him; he therefore conferred with her, enlightened her in regard to her vocation, and persuaded

her that Carmel was not what God wished of her, but the mixed life of retreat and exterior good works. He thus laid in that elect soul the foundations of one of the loveliest monuments that religion has given to France; namely, the Society of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

It was on November 21, 1800, feast of our Lady's Presentation, that Sophie Barat, with four companions, who had made a novitiate under the direction of Father Varin, consecrated themselves to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary. The Society was now founded; but on what theatre did God will it to display its zeal? In the month of May, 1801, Father Varin went to Amiens to preach a mission, and open there a college of the Fathers of the Faith. He learned there that a boarding-school for girls, under the direction of an aged lady, was daily declining. The idea that the "Ladies of the Sacred Heart," as they were then styled, were called to transform that institution at once took possession of him. Some conferences were held with Madame Devaux, and on October 15 of that same year, a contract of cession was passed and signed. Madame Devaux withdrew, and thus the new-born Society had its first house.

HOUSES AT POITIERS, MONTFLEURY AND MARMOUTIER.

On November 15, after an irksome journey in the stage-coaches of the day, Sophie Barat entered the modest house at Amiens, where her reputation for talents and virtue had preceded her. Accompanied by Father Varin, she was welcomed by three excellent young persons, who aimed at sharing her worthy task. From its infancy, the little community was assailed by trials of the rudest sort; want of room, destitution, illness, and the hostil-

ity of the government, almost choked with thorns the enterprise of these daughters of the Heart of Jesus. Nevertheless, filled with the love of God, and sustained by the example of Sophie Barat, they underwent all with the heroism of saintly souls. Their patient endurance was soon rewarded by the arrival of other companions, and in the month of September they numbered twelve members. Madame Barat was appointed Superior by Father Varin in spite of her reluctance. Her humility could not hide her talents and her superior virtues; and ere long so many young ladies sought to join their classes that they found the locality too limited, besides extremely inconvenient on account of the various buildings being separated and isolated. Mother Barat then engaged her daughters to make a fervent novena in honor of our Lady's Assumption, a festival that was approaching, and promised that if God came to their assistance, the novena should be annually renewed so long as the little Society would exist. The Blessed Virgin heard them even beyond their hopes; and the "*Sacré Cœur*," by this favoring wind of Heaven, was able to detach itself from the quicksands and resume its progress onward. This help was the House of the Oratory, formerly erected by the congregation of Cardinal de Bérulle, and later occupied by the College of the Jesuits. Here was definitively settled the foundation of Amiens, which the *Sacré Cœur* styles its "Cradle."

New and valuable recruits entered the Society and soon from the Cradle other establishments arose. Father Varin, the enlightened guide of the Society, counselled them to form a second establishment. While preaching a mission in Dauphiné, he wrote to Mother Barat: "I have secured you a fine acquisition; but your presence will be required." To this appeal, Mother Barat, so fond of solitude, was obliged to yield; and thus began for her a series of similar sacrifices that was to be prolonged during the ensuing fifty years. Leaving Amiens on the 22d of November, it was only on the 12th of December that Mother Barat reached the monastery of "*Ste. Marie d'-en-haut*," near the ancient city of Grenoble. There she found some religious of various Orders, living under the guidance of Madame

Philippine Duchesne. She, as well as her pious young subjects, had been driven from their convent retreats by the tempests of the late Revolution, and these scattered materials were destined to become the most solid columns of the edifice of the *Sacré Cœur*. When Mother Barat returned to Amiens, she gladdened the hearts of that community by informing them that a new fire of love for the Heart of Jesus had been kindled in the mountains of St. Mary at Grenoble.

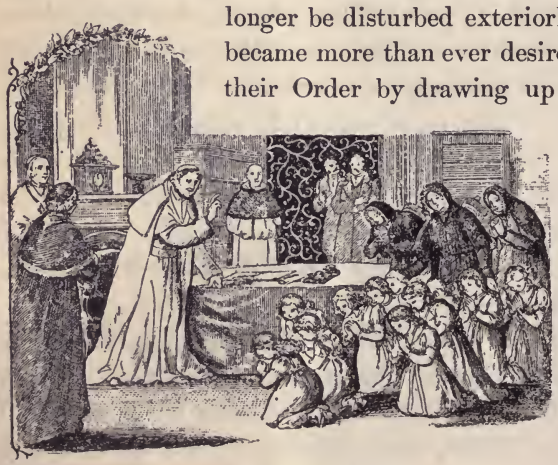
Nothing would have disturbed that heavenly joy, had not a new dignity been imposed upon that saint of only twenty-six years, whom, on her return from Dauphiné, they elected Superior General.

Although heavily burdened, the meek, virtuous Mother Barat uttered no complaint, but redoubled her pious zeal. It was with such sentiments that she set out for Poitiers, where another interesting family invited her care. In the ancient Abbey of Feuillantines, founded by Louis XIII. and devastated by the Revolution, some holy women practised the religious life without having taken any vows. After a novitiate directed by herself, Mother Barat offered these souls to the Divine Heart, fully determined to serve God in the cloister by instructing youth. Soon the Convent of the Feuillants was open to the great families of that country, attracted by the religious perfection of the teachers. In the spiritual formation of that house Mother Barat had not exercised less than usual her power of winning by example. Sister Theresa writes: "Her union with God, whether in chapel or at recreation, was evident by her religious modesty and pious recollection; and these could not fail to have great influence with her daughters. In our reunions her words were animated with a holy enthusiasm, and we withdrew with minds elevated and hearts glowing with desires of serving Jesus more perfectly."

Until now, Mother Barat had only undergone in her works of zeal troubles of a material nature; moral trials, which may be aptly styled "the patrimony of Saints," from which they cull rich profits for the Master, were about to be her portion. On returning to Amiens in July, 1808, stranger-influences had

modified the spirit of the community; the grave, serious education given no longer bore that character inspired by Mother Barat; and a variety of innovations made without her knowledge gave her good reason to understand that she had only the empty title of Superior. However, unwilling to cause strife, she concluded to wait, to endure and to pray, borrowing only from grace and holy charity the means of repression. The loss of her father, whom she tenderly loved, threats of the dispersion of the *Sacré Cœur*, and the news of the expulsion of the Fathers of the Faith added more bitterness to her cup of anguish. One ray of pleasure softened so many causes of grief. Pope Pius VII., dragged into captivity, passed through Grenoble in 1809, and the august pontiff determined to visit the religious of the convent of St. Mary. Teachers and pupils were introduced to him. He deigned to bless them with affection, and it was remarked that each child, on whose head the venerable man laid his hand, later on entered the Society of the Sacred Heart.

Meanwhile the houses continued to fill with teachers and pupils, many of them belonging to the noblest families of France. The fall of the Empire, ending the proscription of the Fathers of the Faith, also restored confidence to the Ladies of the Sacred Heart; they could now reasonably hope that they would no longer be disturbed exteriorly, and hence they became more than ever desirous of establishing their Order by drawing up its Constitutions. This had been long meditated. At the same time the Abbé de Saint-Estève, a distinguished priest, but of ill-directed zeal—importunate in this circumstance—resolved to



PIUS VII. BLESSES THE PUPILS AT GRENOBLE.

MOTHER DUCHESNE, FIRST SUPERIOR IN AMERICA.

substitute his influence to that of Father Varin, the first founder of the Order, who had always been its sole Spiritual Director. Having prepared a collection of Rules, excellent in themselves but not in conformity with the spirit of the Sacred Heart Society, the Abbé de Saint-Estève attempted to impose his work on the Society, and even went to Rome to obtain a sanction from the Holy Father. His intrigues were near destroying the Society outside and excited so much trouble within, that Mother Barat, wearied with its effects, became the victim of a serious illness. The House at Ghent separated from the Society; certain divisions reigned in Amiens, without however affecting the boarding-school. This conflict continued during several years, but Mother Barat pushed to heroism her charity and the true spirit of our Lord. Not one word of complaint or of accusation ever fell from her lips against the man who had so cruelly pierced her heart! Secure in the justice of her cause, she waited in continual self-immolation. At length, it pleased God to put an end to so many alarms: the Abbé de Saint-Estève was unmasked, and the Constitutions were elaborated by properly-authorized hands. Mother Barat read them at Amiens in February, 1815. The religious who had until then shown themselves opposed, then knelt at her feet, and with hot tears solicited her pardon, which they easily obtained.

One thing remained to crown the work of the Constitutions, viz., a general Novitiate, intended to insure unity of spirit and of government. Mother Barat was so much the more anxious on this subject, as she wished to establish in it the perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. Paris was designated for this foundation, and about the middle of July, 1816, it was commenced in a house of the Rue des Postes.

SACRÉ-CŒUR AT PARIS.

MOTHER BARAT'S ROOM
AND
THE MOTHER-HOUSE AT CONFLANS.

In 1818, Mother Barat sent Mother Philippine Duchesne with a colony of her daughters to Louisiana. An account of the painful voyage of that admirable Religious and her companions has been already given in the pages of the MESSENGER.[1] This was the first of the numerous colonies that, crossing the ocean, have since established schools for the wealthy and the poor, in North and South America, in Africa and Oceanica.

Mother Barat had hardly time to rejoice over the success of the Society in America, than she was called to mourn the death of Father Varin, in whom she lamented the founder of her work, her counsellor, her enlightener in doubts and consoler in trials. During the last years of her long and admirable life, Mother Barat was cruelly stricken by the persecution of her daughters in Italy. .

[1] October, 1890.

On the 23d of March, 1865, Mother Barat wrote to her nephew: "My weakness is a presage of an approaching end. It is growing late with us. The sun of our existence is more than declining; let us imitate that beneficent star, which, when sinking below the horizon, darts forth a stronger light. May it be so with us!" Thus wrote the Venerable Mother Barat; and her old age had the soft light of the evening of a beautiful day. Towards the end of the month of May, on the feast of the Ascension, Mother Barat succumbed to the consequences of a cerebral congestion, with which she had been attacked three days previous. On the preceding Sunday she had, as it were, announced it saying: "On Thursday, we shall go to Heaven!" Her death like her life was meek and humble. Mother Barat was eighty-five years old; during the sixty-two years that she directed her Institute, she had founded in the Old and New Worlds two hundred establishments, and consecrated to the Sacred Heart three thousand five hundred religious.

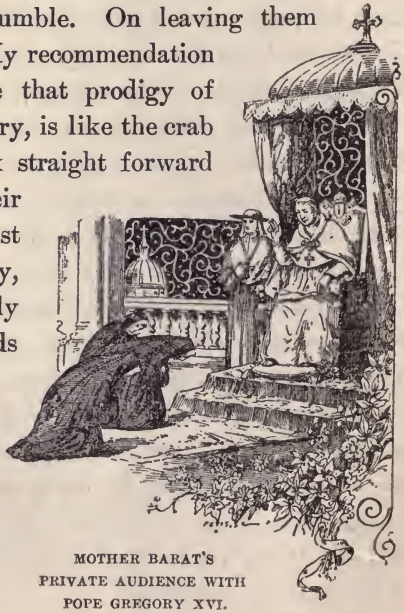
"Mother Barat," said Mgr. Parisis, "is a saint whom we can all imitate." Thus her love of holy poverty led her to shun all conveniences. Her work-room had for furniture a simple table of pine wood, a portable writing-desk, four flag-bottomed chairs; for ornament a crucifix and a plain engraved picture of the Blessed Virgin. Anything beyond the strictly necessary that the anticipating attentions of her daughters offered her was amiably condemned, or positively declined.

Her inclination to austere corporal penance had been too freely indulged in her early years, having been encouraged by her first director, Father Barat, a man of stern and martyr-like mould. In later times she tried to conceal her penances, saying "that silence on that subject was most pleasing to the Divine Heart." Yet her secret occasionally escaped her. To comfort a person given to impatience, she said, "Take courage, I used to be so impatient that only some sharp blows of the discipline could help me to overcome it!" At the age of sixty-six, she recommended a Superior not to counsel the discipline to nervous persons, for said she, "It gives me such a trembling that I cannot use my pen in the next ten minutes."

THE SACRÉ CŒUR OF FERRANDIÈRE.

Her repugnance to being styled *Foundress* was strong and deep, and if any one styled her so, she would raise her eyes to heaven, and say, "O Lord Jesus, it is Thou alone!" It was interesting to hear her ward off arguments on this subject with as much conviction as adroitness. "How, then, if she were not foundress, did it happen that she presided at the origin of the Society?" "Just as the most flourishing plants have their roots in a dunghill;" or, "As builders throw the rough unhewn stones into the foundation of the edifice, there to remain forever hidden."

On the eve of the feast of Blessed Margaret Mary, she recommended some Novices who were about to take the religious habit, to try to become very humble. On leaving them she said to their Mistress: "My recommendation to your daughters to imitate that prodigy of humility, Blessed Margaret Mary, is like the crab advising her little ones to walk straight forward—they could only imitate their mother." Did any one suggest writing the history of the Society, she always seemed to be greatly annoyed—"Better to have deeds than words!" She always refused to say the exact number of her daughters. "Sheep counted become prey for the wolf!" she would say laughingly. A grand-niece of Father Varin, while making



MOTHER BARAT'S PRIVATE AUDIENCE WITH POPE GREGORY XVI.

MOTHER BARAT'S LAST BLESSING TO HER CHILDREN

her third probation at the Mother-house in Paris, making allusion to Mother Barat of some circumstance that occurred when Father Varin notified her of her promotion to the Superiority—"My child, I fear that your uncle made a great mistake on that occasion. It is possible that God inspired him, since He had resolved to found the Society on the *merest nothing*. Since your mother is so insignificant, what ought you to be?"

The source whence Mother Barat drew the virtues of humility, mortification, and poverty, was the love of God. The limits set us will not permit us to enter into details of her tender devotion to the Divine Heart of Jesus, and her filial affection for the Blessed Virgin. She proved the former by receiving daily Communion, for which she prepared each time by a careful confession, the latter often accompanied by burning tears of loving compunction. Her thanksgiving was commonly prolonged a full hour. She said: "The Heart of Mary is the tribunal in which the assizes of Mercy are held."

Mother Barat's work lives after her. "*Cor unum et anima una*" is the motto of the Society of the Sacred Heart, and it is this that has kept her spiritual children so closely united among themselves and with the Divine Heart of Jesus. The influence of the Society of the Sacred Heart is manifest in the refined and cultured Christian education of countless ladies, in the charitable works and exemplary conduct of those who belong to its Children of Mary, in its artistic and literary works for religion, and in the heroic loyalty of its daughters to the Church.

THE READER.

*

More than one MESSENGER reader, among both clergy and laity, will lament the death of Father Murphy in the prime of his mental vigor. His writings in the MESSENGER he would never allow to be signed. When urged to affix his signature, his argument was: "That would benefit *me*, not the MESSENGER readers. I'm not writing for my own benefit or credit, but for theirs. If there's anything special in my articles, they'll find it out soon enough. Our people [the readers] know a good article when they see it."

Many will feel as feels a prominent priest from the diocese of Providence who thus writes:

"I intended to write you about the 'Heroic Offering,' but the *Pilot*, before me, contains news so sad that all else is forgotten. Poor, great soul of Father Murphy gone! It is a personal loss for me, for I knew the man and loved him these many, many years. The niche left vacant by him will not soon be filled, nor ever in the heart of yours, ——"

* *

An incident that shows the genial nature of Father Murphy as well as his native ingenuity and simplicity happened shortly after his appointment as Rector of Holy Trinity Church at Georgetown. He wished to have the fence enclosing the premises painted. His treasury was too depleted to pay for it, and he bethought him of some plan to have it done gratis. Doubtless, if he had appealed for aid he would have obtained it, but nothing was so distasteful to him as to stand in the pulpit and beg for money. His wide reading served him a good turn. He remembered how Tom Sawyer had once succeeded in escaping the task of whitewashing his father's fence himself and of having it done by others who even considered an honor to whitewash for him. One morning Father Murphy issued from the rectory wearing an old duster and carrying a brush and paint-kettle. He set to work at once painting the fence. Soon some street gamins were looking

at the "big priest" transforming the rusty iron into green. Others were also attracted to the spot, among them some of Father Murphy's friends. These immediately proffered their services, remonstrating and offering to relieve him, but Father Murphy would not be relieved. How could he give up a work so pleasant? Wasn't it artistic and exhilarating? The refusal on these grounds made on-lookers only the more eager to have a share in the same pleasure and artistic work. They declared it would be a favor to be allowed to paint the fence. Just then a young man lazily sauntered into the group and, through curiosity, pushed himself up close to Father Murphy. He was merely curious at first, then interested, and soon was so impressed that he finally asked for the privilege of painting Holy Trinity fence. For the first time Father Murphy stopped and poised the brush in his hand. Looking up into the questioner's face, he recognized one who was known not to have done a stroke of work for years. Father Murphy knew his thorough indolence and the repeated but unsuccessful efforts that had been made to get him to work. The young man urged and pleaded. It would be a great favor, an honor—one he should never forget. At last, with apparent reluctance, Father Murphy yielded his brush and kettle. From that moment till the fence was finished, the young man every day, early and late, with only short interruptions to bolt his meals, wielded the brush with an energy hardly equal to the burning eagerness which craved to satisfy the ambition of having the honor of painting Holy Trinity fence green.

* * *

Father José Algué, S.J., director of the Government Observatory in the Philippine Islands, who is now engaged in special researches at the Georgetown College Observatory, writes his appreciation of the article in last month's MESSENGER, "The Philippine Pile-Builders," and gives some interesting statistics. He says: "I read your excellent and learned article on the Philippine Islands with great pleasure and consolation. The drawings were very good and accurate. I am very much interested in that flourishing country, now the most important Catholic colony in the East Indies. According to the official census of 1890 the Christian Indians number 5,869,000. These with the

Spaniards and other natives make the number of Catholics 5,961,000. The population is now 8,000,000: before the arrival of the Spaniards it was only 3,000,000. The Society of Jesus has now 134 members laboring there. Your praise of the system of colonization, as shown in the increasing native population, is both pious and right. Biassed historians will not admit this."

* * * *

Moments before the Tabernacle are sweetly recorded by one whose heart can never be far from the Tabernacle. This is a precious little book by Father Matthew Russell, S.J. The author's own belief is so strong that it helps our unbelief; his love all his prayer would make it:

> May love light up our mortal frame,
> Till others catch the living flame.

He would have us let the "Moments" run into "Hours," and he promises to help us later on to spend "Hours at the Altar." Unawares, his "Moments" give us the secret of making our lives one sum of praise and prayer to the God of the Eucharist. No, the heart can never be far away from the Tabernacle when it knows how to extract from an hour of study or reading, conversation, pastoral or professional or domestic duties, the very best or most important thought, or saying, or object of anxiety, and mention it in passing to Him Who can turn all ever so richly to our advantage. One of Father Russell's practices is to unite his prayers before the altar with the prayers of pious worshippers all the world over. For helping every lover of the Holy Eucharist to approach it more familiarly and fruitfully, may our Lord reward him by prompting them all to unite their prayers with him and for him before the Presence he makes so real and so attractive.

* * * * *

The March number of *The Irish Monthly*, always charming, interesting and exquisite, says:

"A magazine which has developed wonderfully is the large American MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART. Its high literary merit and the variety and copiousness of its illustrations—which remind one of its secular compatriots, *Harper's* and *The Century*—place it at the head of all the religious magazines published in the English language."

GENERAL INTENTION

FOR APRIL, 1892.

Designated by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with his special blessing, and given to His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer—for recommendation to the prayers of the Associates.

RESPECT FOR THE POOR OF JESUS CHRIST.

THE poor are receiving much attention in the daily press and lecture-halls. Their rights are urged with some concern and anxiety upon our legislators. The poor man is no longer left to God, it would seem, for bread and shelter: the world has espoused his cause, and declares that the evil thing poverty must be removed.

From God, the Father of the poor, from Jesus Christ, their Brother, and from the Body of Christ, the Church, whose precious members the poor are, well-meaning champions of poverty might learn: *The poor you have always with you.* So long as our common curse lasts, we must eat bread in the sweat of our brows; so long as bad men impose the woes of that curse upon others, so long will starvelings famish, beggars stretch their palms, the old and destitute perish unsheltered, the sick and crippled die abandoned, orphans cry out for bread, embarrassed and laboring families toil to keep a decent appearance, or face scorn more painful than hunger. So long, too, will brave souls impoverish themselves for Christ's sake, vow away their right to property, or give their all in alms, and, assuming the miseries of the poor, the hardships of service, the pinching of want, the anxieties of debt, draw on themselves the worldling's contempt for the needy or distressed. Poverty will always be the lot of most men: there is no removing it. Instead, therefore, of trying to abolish it, were it not wiser to learn from Him to Whom the poor belong how to relieve its burdens and exalt its lowliness?

I.

The poor belong to Jesus Christ. They became His leading interest when He was sent to do the will of His Father, Whose favorite charges they are. Mindful how His Father *hath heard the desires of the poor, His ear the preparation of their heart,*[1] He brought them the glad tidings of His Father's concern: *To preach the Gospel to the poor He hath sent Me.* To preach this Gospel was so exclusively His mission that He appealed to it even as to the dead raised to life to prove His coming from the Father. He made it a mission of love. He began with shepherd worshippers, lived a carpenter, shared His priesthood with fishermen. He made His kingdom theirs, and immortalized their right to that kingdom in the parable of Dives and Lazarus. He seized every chance, even the widow's mite, to hold the poor up to honor. He so far identified Himself with them, that He will respect them when He comes in majesty, as He respected them in the days of His humiliation: the last and supreme count for or against men will be: *Amen, I say to you, as long as you did it to one of My least brethren, you did it to Me . . . as long as you did it not to one of these least, neither did you do it to Me.*[2]

Belonging to Christ still, the poor are now the precious members of the Body of Christ upon earth. So faithfully does the Church treasure them, so freely do they recognize her loving solicitude, that men call us the Church of the poor. For poverty was ever a motive and mark of the great act of all religion, acknowledgment of God's Providence and dependence upon Him. Since Christ exalted and consecrated it by His preference and favors, the Church regards poverty as a sacred sign of our need of God's grace, and as a cherished reminder of His help to all who rely upon Him. Hence the Church treats poverty somewhat as a Sacrament; the poor are more truly treasures than our precious altar vessels; to keep them is a sacred covenant, to respect them for what they truly are, the poor of Christ, is but continuing His Gospel, the glad tidings of His regard for the poor.

[1] Psalm ix. 17. [2] St. Matthew, xxv. 40, 45.

II.

After so signal a love for the poor, Christ and His Church have a right to determine the proper means of honoring poverty and of relieving its misery. As it is their right to restrain the high-minded rich from grinding the face of the poor, so it is likewise their duty to guide well-meaning relievers of poverty who, in ministering to material needs, would rob the poor of their greatest dignity and treasure—their free reliance upon Providence and precious contentment.

While welcoming any system of alms, instruction or legislation, which may help the poor, the Church, after her Divine Founder, looks with suspicion upon systems which seem to consider poverty an unmixed evil to rich and poor alike. In her view it will not do to relieve the poor out of impatience with a Providence by which the poor are always with us, or from a selfish prompting to rid ourselves of whatever offends the eye, disturbs our comfort, wounds our sense of fairness, or perhaps menaces our own station in life. Such purely human motives produce no solid remedy for poverty; they beget at most pity for visible wretchedness, or a condescending patronage, but stop at mere concern or apprehension, the respect of fear lest the poor man revenge his wrongs upon all whom he deems oppressors.

In marked contrast with such motives is the veneration for poverty which is so tenderly expressed in St. Ignatius' rule: "Love poverty as a mother;" and so beautifully instanced in the espousals of St. Francis to My Lady Poverty. The knightly orders called the poor "Our Masters." No other motive could have inspired St. Lawrence to glory in his poor, or St. Peter Claver to embrace the squalor of his slaves. What other spirit could have supported the asylums, refuges, orphanages, hospitals, homes for the aged, or generate the glorious religious bodies of men and women, whose very names,—Almoners, Hospitallers, Sisters of Mercy, Sisters of Charity, Little Sisters of the Poor,—are so many sweet protests to God that His Church has not forgotten to *consider the poor?*

III.

We should bless God for the noble examples He has lately vouchsafed us of this respect for the poor in dignitaries of the Church, in devoted priests, in men and women of high station everywhere, in the old and new religious bodies, whose holy cunning no form of misery can evade.

Unfortunately, though non-Catholics and infidels generously admit this surest note of our holiness as a Church, they will not approve the respect for the poor which inspires and sustains it. Poverty has no attractions for this world. Men who do not detect that the secret of the glorious charity of the Church is her respect for the poor, fail to discern the beautiful offspring of poverty, the modesty, simplicity, meekness, patience, gratitude, and mutual devotion to a heroic degree which make it a very Kingdom of God upon earth.

To cure this blindness in restless souls who are clamoring to abolish poverty, we must raise our outcry of prayer that these well-meaning benefactors of the poor may not waste their energies in hopeless endeavors, or worse, so agitate and disturb the poor as to make them lose all contentment and peace. For the sake of the poor themselves we should pray that all men may conceive such a respect for the poor of Christ that no man, be his poverty ever so naked or repelling, be overlooked, ignored, set aside, looked down upon, or coldly treated, but respected and honored as the favored property of Christ.

Offering for the Intentions of the Month.

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sin, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer: in particular, that all men may respect the Poor of Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

ONE YEAR'S WORK OF A LOCAL CENTRE.

St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York.

A LOCAL CENTRE of the Holy League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus was established by one of the League Fathers at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, in 1887.

His Grace, the Most Reverend Archbishop Corrigan presided at the first reception of Promoters. Under Father Thomas J. McCluskey, its first Local Director, the Cathedral Centre flourished and spread rapidly. From the very beginning of the work the distinctive character of its organization and the importance of having its Promoters properly instructed and trained have always been kept in view. The Head Director is glad to be able to bear witness, from personal knowledge of the fact, that the New York Cathedral Promoters understand their duties thoroughly and perform them with well-directed zeal.

The following summary of the work done for the Sacred Heart during the past year is taken from the Local Director's interesting report published in the special edition of the *Sacred Heart Almanac* furnished for the Cathedral Centre.

To meet with the ever-increasing demands upon his time and energy, caused by the rapid growth of the League, the present Local Director, the Reverend Joseph H. McMahon, directed his efforts during the past year "to systematize thoroughly the organization of the Centre. The result has been most gratifying. The Promoters have realized the importance of conducting their own affairs for themselves and so have lightened very much the work of the Director, thus carrying out the idea of the League and making it emphatically a work of the lay-people."

Six hundred and one Promoters in active service have in charge nineteen thousand four hundred and ten Associates, each one of whom receives the monthly Rosary ticket containing the League calendar, the Indulgences, patrons, Intentions, etc. During

the year, there were solemn receptions of Promoters, on the First Fridays in January and in May.

The Children's Consecration to St. Aloysius was extremely successful in this Centre; nine thousand three hundred and seventy names were forwarded for the Children's *Album*. On the feast of St. Aloysius the first public reception of the Apostleship of Study was held and the Decorations with the Papal Blessing given to the members.

On the First Friday of each month the Blessed Sacrament is exposed from six o'clock until nine A. M. The Reverend Director and the clergy of the Cathedral have been consoled and encouraged by the sight of the numbers who make the Communion of Reparation and take part in the organized Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. The magnificent Ostensorium, which is now being made in France for the Cathedral, will be a gift from the Promoters and Associates of the League in this flourishing Local Centre. Many articles of personal adornment, gold and silver, jewels and precious stones, already offered for the work, prove that Promoters and Associates value the honor conferred upon them.

The General Communion of Reparation has been provided for in accordance with the Director General's recent decision and the daily work of Reparation is practised by Promoters and Associates who receive Holy Communion once a month on a designated day. The practice of the Third Degree is greatly facilitated by this attention to detail.

The spread of good literature has been a special work in this Centre. Many of the Promoters and Associates are subscribers to the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART.

This account, which is but the barest summary of Father McMahon's report, will show what can be done by a painstaking priest already actively engaged in other important works, such as the care of the Cathedral Library, now fast becoming a great public library of safe literature and sound Catholic reading. We commend the report itself to the attention of our Reverend Local Directors.

APOSTLESHIP NOTICES.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.—To the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus (February 12 to March 12, 1892).

(Name of diocese in *italics*, before that of parish or community aggregated.)

Baltimore, Maryland: Normal Institute (Christian Brothers), Ammendale.

Boston, Massachusetts: Church of Our Lady of Victories, Boston.

Brooklyn, New York: St. Agnes' Church, Brooklyn.

Buffalo, New York: Sts. Peter and Paul's Church, Williamsville.

Cleveland, Ohio: St. Ann's Church, Brier Hill; St. Paul's Church, Salem.

Dallas, Texas: St. Xavier's Academy (Sisters of St. Mary), Denison.

Davenport, Iowa: St. John's Church, Newton.

Helena, Montana: St. Mary's Church, Livingston; St. Joachim's Church, Billings.

Louisville, Kentucky: St. Vincent's Church, New Hope.

Little Rock, Arkansas: Church of St. Mary Immaculate, Helena.

Oregon City, Oregon: Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Portland; Benedictine Seminary of Mt. Angel, Mt. Angel.

New York, New York: St. Ann's Church, New York; Mt. St. Michael's Convent (Presentation Nuns), Greenridge.

Sacramento, California: St. Teresa's Church, Carson City (Nevada).

Salt Lake City, Utah: St. Joseph's School (Sisters of Holy Cross), Eureka; St. Mary's Church, Park City.

Scranton, Pennsylvania: Sacred Heart Church, Plains.

St. Louis, Missouri: St. Joseph's Church, Graniteville.

St. Paul, Minnesota: St. Michael's Church, Stillwater.

Sending Intentions.

In sending Intentions and good works for the *Treasury*, the individual papers should not be forwarded by the Local Directors. One small blank containing the summary of all the Intentions received in the Intention-box during the month should alone be sent. Some time before the end of the month let Local Directors have their Secretaries add together all the petitions and copy them on one of the blanks, and have this transmitted to the Messenger office before the *first* of the month following.

In cases where Associates cannot put their Intentions into the Intention-box of the Local Centre, they may send them directly to the Messenger office. When they have many petitions to send, they should make use of the Intention-blanks.

The Treasury of the Sacred Heart.

Associates can gain 100 days' Indulgence for each action offered for the Intentions of the League.

Offerings for the Intentions of the Sacred Heart, received from February 12 to March 12, 1892.

	No. of Times.		No. of Times
1. Acts of Charity	591,730	11. Masses Heard	163,447
2. Beads	412,396	12. Mortifications	235,124
3. Stations of the Cross .	45,995	13. Works of Charity . .	70,441
4. Holy Communions . .	70,276	14. Works of Zeal	143,885
5. Spiritual Communions .	382,740	15. Prayers	4,289,661
6. Examens of Conscience	160,376	16. Charitable Conversation	20,695
7. Hours of Labor	716,863	17. Sufferings or Afflictions	32,327
8. Hours of Silence . . .	319,955	18. Self-Conquest	42,480
9. Pious Reading	143,484	19. Visits to B. Sacrament	118,379
10. Masses Celebrated . .	5,151	20. Various Good Works .	472,278
Total			8,437,683

IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 140,193.

——*That for this gift, obtained for us by means of many persons, thanks may be given by many in our behalf* (II. Cor., i. 11).——

ST. PAUL, MINN., FEBRUARY 12.—For the entire reformation of an inebriate great thanks are due to the Sacred Heart.

BARNES, LA., FEBRUARY 12.—I hasten to thank the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a desirable situation my son has obtained after months of petitions.

GEORGETOWN, D. C., FEBRUARY 12.—A young lady dangerously ill began to recover after a refreshing sleep, the first in several days, on the First Friday after a petition had been sent to the League for her.

DETROIT, MICH., FEBRUARY 12.—We give thanks for the cure of a person suffering from inflammation of the lungs. The doctors had little hope. We prayed to the Sacred Heart for the Souls in Purgatory, promising to have Masses said and a notice of the cure published in the MESSENGER.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., FEBRUARY 13.—The prayers of the Associates have obtained a permanent position for one several months unemployed.

MT. ST. MARY'S, MD., FEBRUARY 13.—I give thanks according to promise for the conversion of my brother to the faith after I had recommended him to the Holy League.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., FEBRUARY 13.—I wish to fulfil my

promise of acknowledging through the MESSENGER the cure of a sore throat of over three years' standing, asked for through the intercession of St. Blasius and of Our Lady of Lourdes.

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 14.—Please publish in the MESSENGER my gratitude for being preserved from scarlet fever when there was great danger of my taking it.

——, NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 15.—Please thank our Lord for the conversion of a young man who was giving much anxiety to his friends. He has induced his Protestant wife to become a Catholic; both approach Holy Communion frequently.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 15.—A religious community returns heartfelt thanks for favors frequently asked for and obtained through the prayers of the League; among them means for building, and the reform of bad Catholics.

ABBEVILLE, S. C., FEBRUARY 15.—I return thanks for the recovery and baptism of a child, whose death without baptism seemed imminent.

PATERSON, N. J., FEBRUARY 15.—We promised to give thanks through the MESSENGER for means and employment to our family. They were granted after we had placed our petition in the box.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 15.—In fulfilment of a promise, I wish to return thanks for the recovery of an old gentleman, a Protestant, from an illness which the physician thought would prove fatal.

ST. MARY'S, KY., FEBRUARY 16.—Please thank our Lord for many favors, among which are my own and my wife's recovery from sickness, and employment in a work I desired very much.

——, CALIFORNIA, FEBRUARY 17.—I thank the Sacred Heart for the return to the Church of a man had married out of the Church before a Protestant minister. He has been to the Sacraments, and has repaired the scandal.

INDIANAPOLIS, FEBRUARY 17.—One of our Sisters has been troubled every year by a severe fever; last summer she was relieved from it after recommending her intention to the Sacred Heart.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 18. — A Promoter returns thanks for a marvelous reconciliation in her family, and for a spiritual favor obtained through the prayers of the League.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 18.—Please return thanks for the recovery of a baby from convulsions after I had placed a Badge on him.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., FEBRUARY 20.—Thanks are returned for the cure of a man dangerously ill with inflammatory rheumatism. He was cured on the ninth day of the novena we made for him.

LEROY, N. Y., FEBRUARY 21.—Please return thanks through the MESSENGER for an increase in the salary of two friends, the success of a class in an examination, the opportunity of making the nine 1st Friday Communions.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 21.—Please express through the MESSENGER my heartfelt gratitude for the conversion of a brother who has received the Sacraments after an absence of *thirty* years.

LOUISVILLE, KY., FEBRUARY 22.—Please thank the Sacred Heart for success of an operation on my uncle's eyes, one of which was totally blind, the other nearly so.

——, NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 22.—Please make known a favor received after a novena ending on the 1st Friday of this month; a painful and weakening sore was healed almost immediately after the sufferer had received Holy Communion.

SCRANTON, PA., FEBRUARY 23.—An Associate returns thanks to the Sacred Heart through Blessed Margaret Mary for the perfect restoration of her hearing.

NILES, OHIO, FEBRUARY 23.—I take pleasure in writing that the person for whom I asked prayers became a Catholic about a month ago.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 23.—Thanks are offered for the cure of a bad case of rheumatism after putting an intention in the Box when all other remedies had failed.

——, LOUISIANA, FEBRUARY 24.—I wish to return thanks for the conversion of a son who recently approached the Sacraments for the first time in seven years.

SHREVEPORT, LA., FEBRUARY 25.—We return thanks to the Sacred Heart for the cure of a lady who had been confined to her bed for six years and was thought to be a hopeless invalid. She recovered suddenly after having been recommended for fourteen months to the prayers of the League.

BROOKLINE, MASS., FEBRUARY 25.—Please publish in the MESSENGER the conversion of two young men, one of them on his death-bed. Both had fallen away and even ridiculed our religion; they were brought back by the prayers of the Associates to which they had been recommended for two years.

WEST NEW BRIGHTON, N. Y., FEBRUARY 26.—Thanksgiving for recovery of a young child from pleuro-pneumonia. Holy Mass was said and especial prayers offered for her recovery.

MANCHESTER, N. H., MARCH 2.—I thank the Sacred Heart for the recovery of my child from a disease the doctors thought incurable. She was fully restored after I had placed the League Badge on her head and promised two things to the Sacred Heart.

KIRBY, OHIO, MARCH 3.—Thanks are returned for the recovery of my mother from a dreadful shock, for the finding of lost money and for the saving of our house from a disastrous fire.

WASHINGTON, D. C., MARCH 3.—Please thank the Sacred Heart for helping me to find a sum of money, and for the conversion of one who had been away from the Sacraments for years.

CHELSEA, MASS., MARCH 4.—Thanksgiving is made for the conversion of a father who had been *twenty-four* years from the Sacraments. He had been recommended to the prayers of the League for three years.

FORDHAM, N. Y., MARCH 7.—Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for the wonderful recovery of eyesight by a person who was threatened with complete blindness. On three successive First Fridays this intention was recommended, with the promise that if granted it would be made known through the MESSENGER. It was a hopeless case, but the Sacred Heart rewards faith and perseverance. Thanks are also offered for the return to the Sacraments of one who had been *forty* years away from them. This favor had been asked in the monthly intentions ten times.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

(From his effigy in the Havana Cathedral.)

THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. VII (XXVII). OCTOBER, 1892. No. 10

NEARER IN GRIEFS THAN JOYS.[1]

By T. A. M.

BE satisfied to suffer and fulfil
The bidding of the Master, Who has said,
"My chosen ones must follow where I tread,
And journey with Me up the painful hill
Of crucifixion." Bear with ev'ry ill
And immolate thyself upon the bed
That Jesus died on: when the flesh is dead
To earthly longings, quickened is the will
To live for things divine. The Sacred Heart
Will not abandon thee; His love employs
The test of suffering and lets thee smart
Beneath its pain to prove *thy* love, but buoys
Thee up again: His love does not depart,
For He is nearer thee in griefs than joys.

[1] Sayings of Bl. Margaret Mary. Life and Works, vol. II. p. 377.

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VIEW OF LONG ISLAND SOUND.
(Manresa, Keyser Island.)

SOME HOUSES OF RETREATS IN NORTH AMERICA.

THERE is a strange fascination in solitude when the mind has something to engage its faculties. No man dreads to be awhile alone when near the boundless, living waters of the sea, and all men willingly linger in repose at the sight of some majestic mountain. If the material universe can make solitude so agreeable to the human soul, if the shadow and circumstance can make us seek what men naturally dread, there must be in the spiritual world, in the world whose reality and substance are but dimly figured by the things of sense, more than enough to withdraw us from the company of our fellows, that we may return to them filled with higher and nobler thoughts.

From the visible we learn to think of the invisible creation, and thence we ascend to contemplate the Creator of both. The same mercy which has ordained this process of the human soul, has sweetly provided, through the charitable zeal of some of its ministers, the means by which all may learn to cultivate the habit of retiring from mere external things to employ their minds and wills in the things of God. We cannot, moreover, help

noticing that these same ministers of mercy have wisely chosen for these spiritual "Retreat" homes, the spots and scenes which of all in God's world are best adapted to suggest His own most impressive attributes.

The demands of modern life, taxing every faculty of mind and straining every nerve of body, leave little time for that rest in which the soul labors and is strengthened. Hence the occasions of solitude that are placed in our way for the most part pass unnoticed.

True, indeed, priests and religious spend some days every year in the solitude of retreat and come forth thence freshened and more vigorous to the discharge of their duties. But laymen have no less need of solitude. Wholly absorbed in business or social cares, very many are in danger of death from starvation, not indeed that there is lack of food for the body, but there is an utter dearth of food for the soul. Prayer and meditation are the soul's food and the soul waxeth faint from lack of food.

Stress of mental anxiety and restless worry, again and again, shatter nerve and brain and force the strong man aside into a painful retirement. Some there are, too, who add to this mental strain the indulgences that waste away and destroy their mental powers. In the very noon of life they are cast aside as wrecks upon life's waters. Some of these linger on, dragging out life in shameful retirement, or if they emerge for a time it is only to sink still lower into the depths. The retirement of which we write is neither painful nor shameful, nay, indeed it is both pleasant and profitable.

Houses of Retreat are neither for mental nor for physical wrecks; far from it, they are for those whose mental faculties are vigorous and whose strength of body will enable them to devote themselves to the consideration of serious affairs,—serious, not in the sense of dull and dry, but in the sense of important. For what affair can be more important than that which concerns one's eternal destiny? What consideration can so fully engross the earnest-minded man, the man who is impressed with a sense of the value of his soul?

The man who is forced by the needs of his position in life to labor and toil with mind and hand, day after day, of necessity, finds that his soul is in danger of being buried under a mountain of earthly cares. When he approaches the Sacraments he puts aside these cares for a while, but the effort he is obliged to make convinces him more and more that his soul must be exercised, that his soul must labor if it would not die. Spiritual exercises are as needful for the soul as corporal exercises are for the body. Now a retreat is a series of spiritual exercises, it is a period of labor for the soul. In retreat, the soul gives proof of its life by its energy, and gains new vigor and new strength by its labor.

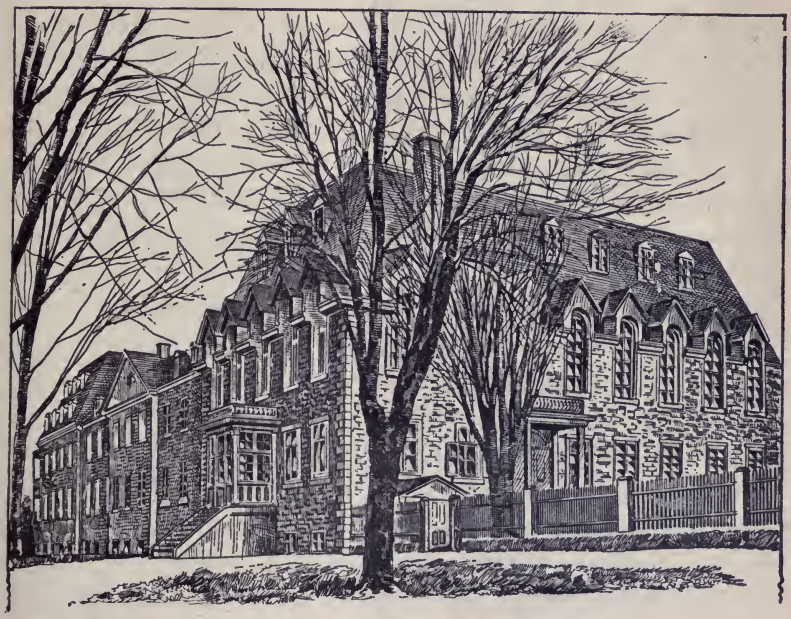
For the greater number of Catholics the familiar Mission exercises afford the only available opportunity for sustained serious thought on the great truths; many however need and desire more than this. The Mission exercises are limited for most people to the morning Mass and instruction and the evening instruction and sermon, as the rest of the day is claimed by business cares: in a retreat, on the contrary, the spiritual exercises form the only occupation and receive the undivided attention of mind and soul.

Until quite recently it was difficult for laymen to secure the benefits of a private retreat, not indeed from lack of will, but from dearth of opportunity. Now, however, the case is different. Religious houses, devoted wholly or in part to private retreats of laymen, under competent spiritual guidance, are to be found in various parts of the United States and in Canada as well. Some of these Houses of Retreat and the facilities they afford we present now to the readers of the MESSENGER.

Falls View, Ontario, is the site of the present Carmelite monastery and of the proposed Hospice at Niagara Falls. Our readers will recall the interesting account of this institution given in the August, 1891, MESSENGER. Father Best, O.C.C., the writer of that account, tells us in a recent letter that "the large number of applications already received warrants the assertion that the Hospice of Mount Carmel at Niagara Falls, when completed, will doubtless see within its walls, each year, many of the

laity assembled to make retreats. Inability to furnish sufficient accommodations until now in the temporary monastery has made the number who participated in the spiritual exercises a very limited one. Early in the spring of the coming year, 1893, work will be commenced on the guests' department of the Hospice.

"The health-giving climate and picturesqueness of Niagara will render it an attractive spot. The retreats will be conducted



JESUIT NOVITIATE.
(Sault au Recollet, Canada.)

by the Carmelite Fathers. Those of the faithful intending to make a retreat should address: Rev. A. J. Kreidt, O.C.C., Carmelite Monastery, Falls View, Ontario."

The site of the proposed Hospice was chosen by the late Archbishop of Toronto, and the choice made is approved of by the present Archbishop. "A place more fitting for such an institution could hardly be found," wrote Archbishop Lynch; "God Himself has made the selection. It is easy of approach from all parts. In this holy retreat of Niagara Falls many will find the

road to heaven, the true pleasure of serving God and the real joy of having escaped the terrors of the world to come."

Archbishop Walsh writes: "A Retreat House conducted by the zealous Carmelite Fathers cannot fail to do much good for the salvation and sanctification of souls, especially in a place and amid surroundings where nature itself invites to solemn thought and serious reflection and where, in very deed, one hears: *The voice of the Lord upon the waters.*"

Seven miles from Montreal, in the village of Sault au Recollet, is the Jesuit Novitiate of the Canada Mission, a spot very dear to many laymen who have there enjoyed the blessings of a retreat. The work of private retreats in this house is very extensive and thoroughly well-organized. Each of the younger retreatants is given in charge to one of the older Novices who is known as his "Guardian Angel." Recreations are spent in the edifying company of the Angel, whose duty it is to see that his charge does not give way to the "blues," which, not unfrequently, beset young men who make retreats for the first time. Gentlemen of more mature years are cared for by one of the Fathers.

The Novitiate is pleasantly situated on the Island of Montreal and near the Back River; the retreatants' rooms are in the Novitiate building, a substantial edifice of stone, but entirely separate from the Community. A dining-room is reserved for the exclusive use of the retreatants. During the greater part of the year, business and professional men from Montreal are occupants of the retreatants' rooms, and, towards the close of the school-year, students from the higher classes in the numerous colleges of Lower Canada flock thither to make what is known as "a retreat of decision," that is, a retreat in which they deliberate upon the choice of a state of life. The Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius are peculiarly adapted to help in this choice, since the end proposed in them is "to prepare the soul and properly dispose it to lay aside all inordinate affection, and then to inquire and to discover God's will with regard to the ordering of life aright unto the saving of the soul."

Father Theophilus Charaux, S.J., Rector of the Novitiate, writes in a recent letter:

"In the course of the past year, one hundred and seventy-two seculars came to make the Spiritual Exercises under our guidance. Out of that number one hundred and one made them with the purpose of choosing a state of life; of these, thirty-six made choice of a religious life in various institutes, and fourteen have since obtained admission into the Society of Jesus."

VILLA MANRÈSE.
(Quebec, Canada.)

Villa Manrèse, Sainte-Foye Road, Quebec, was recently opened by the Jesuit Fathers as a House of Retreats, with the approbation and blessing of His Eminence, Cardinal Taschereau, Archbishop of Quebec. The Villa is a charming country-house and is situated a few rods from the barrière, the terminus of the street-cars. The old historic town of Quebec, so rich in memories of all that is noble in Christian heroism, the witness of the lives of zealous missionaries who in the early days of New France

there prepared themselves for labors that tested heroic strength, for sufferings that seemed to pass endurance, and for death in its most painful forms—the town that is so closely linked with the heroes of '76—the town that after the lapse of nearly one hundred and fifty years of non-Catholic rule still preserves its distinctive character of a Catholic city—this town, Quebec, cannot fail to arouse a strong spirit of faith and to enkindle dormant piety.

Fittingly indeed has Quebec been chosen as the place where

WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS.
(Fordham College.)

the Jesuit House of Retreats was to be established. Here it was, in the Spiritual Exercises, that the old Jesuit missionaries found strength to brave every danger. From Quebec, they went forth to preach Christ to the savage nations that roamed over the continent; to Quebec, their lifeless bodies, precious relics, were borne back in triumph; in Quebec, their names and their deeds, and their relics too, are to-day cherished with the deepest veneration.

Heroic deeds such as theirs are not to be expected in ordinary every-day life, nor are they demanded even by the requirements of God's law; but steadfastness, courage in combating the foes, visible and invisible, that war against the soul's salvation are virtues that every Christian needs: these with God's blessing the Spiritual Exercises can give. The heroic deeds of those whose souls were steeled in the crucible of the Exercises, the examples of Jogues, Brébeuf, Lalemant, Nouet, René Goupil, and so many others whose memory still sanctifies Quebec will inspire others

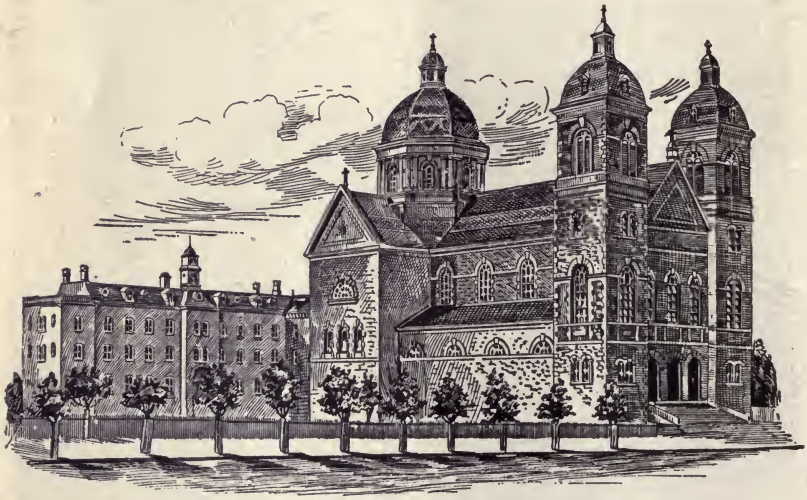
INFIRMARY GARDEN.
(Georgetown College.)

who practise the same Exercises to do deeds of valor on the field of action in which Providence may place them. "May God bless this good work!" is the prayer of Cardinal Taschereau, whose heartfelt approval has been given to the work and to the workers.

Rev. J. E. Desy, S.J., 14 Dauphine St., Quebec, P. Q., the superior of Villa Manrèse, writes us: "God is visibly blessing the work. I believe that the number of retreatants during this

first year alone will reach sixty. We have at present accommodations for but nine retreatants at a time. We contemplate the erection of another building, when Providence sends us the means; this will give us rooms for thirty retreatants." Further information will be furnished by Father Desy, or by Rev. T. French, S.J., Villa Manrèse, Chemin Sainte Foye, près Quebec.

The old Rose Hill Manor house, on the grounds of Fordham College is, perhaps, the first house in the United States that was

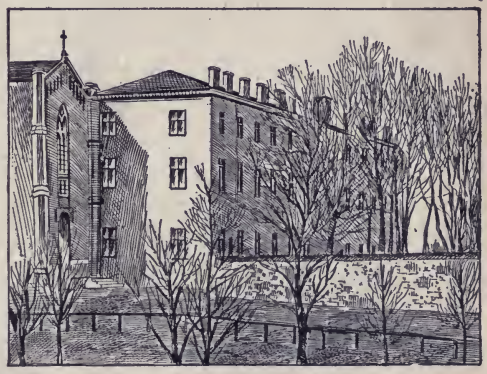


ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH AND RETREAT.
(West Hoboken, N. J.)

opened to the laity for retreats. Its proximity to New York City and its own charming surroundings made it a favorite place of retreat for the few gentlemen, chiefly old students, who knew of the facilities it afforded. Local traditions speak of the old house as having been Washington's Headquarters during the military operations at Kingsbridge and Harlem Heights in the Revolution. Later generations of Fordham boys knew it as the College Infirmary.

Georgetown College, near the National Capital, has for many years made provision for the reception of Catholic laymen who

wish to devote some days to the exercises of a retreat. The Infirmary building contains several private rooms which will be ready for retreatants at any time, provided due notice is given to the President of the College. Some of the former students of Georgetown gladly avail themselves of the opportunity given them, year by year, to be present at, and to take part in, the annual retreat of the students in residence. One of the few laymen in this country who has enjoyed the rare privilege, made the "Great Retreat" here a few years ago. This gentleman spent thirty days in retreat, performing with great fervor and exactness each one of the exercises as set down by St. Ignatius Loyola in the "Book of the Spiritual Exercises."



TRAPPIST ABBEY.
(Gethsemani, Ky.)

St. Michael's Retreat, West Hoboken, known to all New Yorkers as the "Passionist Monastery,"—the street cars have simply "To the Monastery,"—is also open to laymen for retreats. The Very Reverend Father Aloysius Blakely, C.P., kindly informs us that "it is a distinctive feature of our humble Congregation, to conduct, in all our houses (called Retreats), spiritual exercises for secular clergymen and for laymen, who are free to come at any time of the year for that purpose. Eight days, or at most two weeks, is the limit of time allotted for each retreatant. During this period the exercitants go through a regular routine daily, varied according to their needs and condition respectively. Gentlemen desiring to make retreats in any of our houses should write some weeks beforehand to the Rector of the Retreat in question, so as to learn when it will be convenient to receive them, as it often happens that the rooms for retreatants are all occupied."

St. Michael's Retreat is the residence of the Passionist Fathers attached to St. Michael's Church. It is built on very high ground a short distance back from the famous Palisades and commands a view of the "lordly Hudson" with its everchanging panorama. In full view of the busiest mart of commerce and industry in this Western world, the Retreat itself with its spacious gardens affords delightful solitude. The great church adjoining is a centre of fervent faith and piety, the scene of many wonders wrought by the relics of St. Paul of the Cross. Laymen who have made retreats at the Monastery have been charmed with the courtesy of the Passionist Fathers.

SUMMER HOUSE.
(Keyser Island.)

The Trappist Fathers of Gethsemani Abbey, Nelson Co., Kentucky, receive laymen who wish to spend some days in solitude and prayer. Gethsemani is on the Knoxville branch of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, forty-nine miles from Louisville. Our engraving from the photograph kindly sent us by the Right Reverend Abbot presents a view of the guest-house and a portion of the church.

Everything within the Abbey gates conduces to the spirit of prayer and recollection. Gethsemani has been called and is, in truth, "A Home of the Silent Brotherhood"; "the Abbot alone is free to speak when and as his judgment may approve"; the guest-master also speaks to strangers in discharging his duty of hospitality. The monk at work with another exchanges with him only the few necessary words and these always in a low tone

of voice. Except at Confession and in choir the monks use signs. Silence prevails throughout the house; the roads, too, covered with tan-bark, help to this silence.

Meditation on the great truths is aided by the partly-opened grave which is dug in the cemetery close to the grave of the last one buried. Day by day, the monks go to pray for their departed brethren, and never fail to beg the grace of a happy death for him who is to rest in the already opened grave.

Many clergymen and laymen avail themselves of this solitude of La Trappe to devote some days to spiritual exercises. In answer to our inquiry, the Right Reverend Abbot writes:

"As for the number of laymen who come to make retreats at our Abbey, it may amount, in the average, to one hundred and fifty a year."

Even casual visitors who may gain admittance to the Abbey are awed by its silence, but drawn by some unaccountable attraction to prolong their stay or to return for a few days of retreat. These days have been for many a turning-point in their lives; all who have had the experience of a retreat at Gethsemani have brought away from it lasting impressions of peace.

Manresa, Keyser Island, near South Norwalk, Connecticut, is the only house in the United States as yet devoted exclusively to the work of private retreats. It is called Manresa from the Spanish town above which is the famous cave where St. Ignatius Loyola composed the "Book of the Spiritual Exercises." The name "Island" is now somewhat of a misnomer, as the magnificent causeway which has been built from the mainland makes the island a small peninsula and enables visitors to drive, on an excellent carriage road, all the way from the depot in South Norwalk to Manresa House on the "Island."

The choice of the spot for its present purpose could scarcely have been surpassed. On Long Island Sound, within one hour of New York by train from the Grand Central Depot, accessible, too, by boat,—a most pleasant trip in summer, three hours on the Sound,—within two miles of a large New England town, Manresa is within easy reach and yet is entirely secluded. Mere curiosity-

seekers are unknown, chance visitors are very few, and the solitude of retreatants is carefully provided for.

Of course, there are no residents on the island except the Fathers who are in charge of the retreats and the Brothers who attend to the house and grounds and care for the needs of retreatants. Neat gravel walks make all parts of the island accessible; the twenty-three acres included in its limits give ample opportunity for walking; several rowboats are provided

MANRESA HOUSE.
(Keyser Island.)

for those who may wish to use them, and salt-water bathing may be enjoyed during the summer months. Besides Manresa House, which is used as a house of retreats at all times of the year, there are two roomy cottages which may be occupied during the warmer season. The summer-house at the water's edge is a favorite spot for reflection, so, too, is the high knoll which overlooks the waters of Long Island Sound. Several large trees

growing on the knoll afford a delightful shade, while a cool breeze from the water is not wanting even in the hottest days of summer.

Thus far, many of the retreatants have been priests and ecclesiastical students—the Bishops of Brooklyn and of Ogdensburg prepared for episcopal consecration by a retreat here,—but laymen too have found their way to Manresa and their number is constantly increasing. Special provision is now made for them. Since the beginning of August at least forty ecclesiastics and laymen have devoted from five to eight or ten days in this profitable retirement attending exclusively to the one solemn duty in life,—God's service and their own salvation. Henceforth, on the second Monday of each month a retreat for laymen exclusively will be given at Manresa House by one of the Jesuit Fathers.

The order of exercises followed in such retreats is usually this: After rising in the morning at a fixed hour, previously determined upon, the retreatant spends one hour in meditation, then assists at Mass, after which he takes breakfast. Some free time intervenes before the "points" for the next meditation are given. Another hour is passed in meditation upon the subject explained during the points, and then follows an interval of rest. An instruction or conference on some appropriate subject is given by the Father who conducts the retreat. Before dinner an examination of conscience is made. After dinner some time is allowed for recreation which is usually taken in silence. In the afternoon, points are again given and a third hour is spent in meditation. Supper, followed by recreation, the points of the morning meditation, and examination of conscience brings the retreatant to bed-time. During the retreat the exercitant goes to confession and receives Holy Communion. These retreats for laymen last from Monday night until Saturday morning.

The meditations suit all, young men deciding upon their future state of life, or preparing themselves for a new occupation or profession, men in mature or in declining years, for in every meditation is the voice of God and in solitude that voice speaks most plainly to the heart.

THE SILVER MEDAL.

A Summer Story by the Sea.

By Alton Woodleigh.

I.

"WHY, mother, why weren't you out to the game?" said Edgar Leroy, as with a gay step he stood near his mother's side. He had just come from the tennis-courts, where he had won a 6–3, 6–5, and 6–4 set from Symonds, a crack player of Portsmouth College. Edgar was now tie for first place with Guy Reynolds of Charlottesville. The final set would be played on the morrow. To-day's game had so elated him, and visions of winning the gold tournament cup on the morrow had so delighted him that, not caring a whit for his appearance, he had dashed through the ladies' sitting-room out on the veranda, where his mother sat reading, startling her almost out of her wits. There he stands at his mother's side, looking down on his mother's face and rocking her to and fro in her chair. His racket is swung under his left arm, his cap far on the back of his head, and his blazer unbuttoned. Of dark complexion, made darker by playing in the sun, with a bright, happy pair of eyes, a perfectly aquiline nose, a rounded chin, a well-formed and resolutely set mouth; he was eighteen in spring and now it is midsummer.

"Why, Edgar," said his mother, "what is the matter?"

"Matter?" said Edgar, "why, I've just won a hard-fought tennis battle, and I'm on the eve of a great victory. You remember that gold cup I spoke to you about,—well, 'tis as good as yours. To-morrow will be the great test. I'm going to fight like a lion to bring that cup home to you; for it looks so much like poor father's cup. It will be a splendid mate for it to place upon the what-not in your room at home."

"My dear boy," said Mrs. Leroy looking up into Edgar's

face, "I got so wrapped up in this simple tale, 'A Window in Thrums,' that I forgot all about the tennis game. But, my dear, you will have on the morrow no more enthusiastic spectators than Marie and myself. Now go and change, for it will be time for dinner soon."

"All right, mother. I'll be your escort to-morrow. I'll give Marie my right arm, you my left; for 'tis nearer my heart." And off he went to his room, balancing his racket on his palm.

Mrs. Leroy's book slipped from her hand to the floor, and there she sat looking out to the sea where sky and water met. She had just finished the chapter, "Twenty Years Ago," and she thought of her own trials of twenty years ago. Edgar's mention of his father made her live again through those dark days of misfortune and anguish. Twenty years ago her husband had failed in business. "Corners" in cotton, unfortunate speculations in real estate, and false friends had ruined him. From a luxurious home in New Orleans, they came to a very modest house in Washington, where friends had secured for him a Treasury clerkship. How vividly her memory recalls the separation from friends; the sad and silent journey; the arrival in a new city, and the poor surroundings among strangers. What a struggle it was at that time to keep alive the flame of faith in her own and in her husband's heart! Their home influence and their good Catholic education, with God's grace, made them faithfully resigned to their cross. God rewarded their patient faith; for ten years after their arrival in Washington, Mr. Leroy's uncle, a wealthy sugar planter in Cuba, died and left him a handsome fortune. This enabled them to move into the house which she now occupied when in Washington; that attractive green limestone front house looking on Dupont's statue where Massachusetts Avenue juts into the circle from the south-west. Here had her two children been born, Marie and Edgar. In this house she began, but three years ago, her widowed life. Marie attended the convent at Maplewood, while Edgar was near by in the old Jesuit College, where the honorable record of the father was even surpassed by the son.

During the summer vacations Mrs. Leroy spent part of the time at White Sulphur Springs, and part at Old Point Comfort. And it was here on the broad generous porch of the Hygeia Hotel she sat reading when Edgar's sudden appearance had taken away her breath. There she sits musing and gazing idly on the waters flowing out past the sentry capes to the sea. The booming of the cannon at the artillery school of Fortress Monroe does not break her dream-walk in cloudland. The cannon-ball speeds to its mark out on the water, sending up miniature geysers when it strikes the crest of the waves; but there she sits and does not heed it. What willing slaves memory and fancy make of us! Edgar's voice broke the spell.

"Mother, did you see my silver medal of the Blessed Virgin. I had it pinned on my tennis-shirt, and I thought it might have dropped here when my jump almost threw you into hysterics."

"No, Edgar, I did not see it."

"Then, mother, 'tis out near the courts; and I'll bet a nickel I'll have it, if it can be found."

So off he started notwithstanding the fact that his mother told him it would be easier to find a pin on the sea-shore; for many had been out to the game and a silver medal against a blue ribbon would not lie long on the ground unnoticed. Half an hour after Edgar came back.

"No medal there, mother." And he stands in deep meditation, counting off on his fingers every step from the courts to the hotel.

"Well, mother, that's too bad. I put that medal on last May, and I told the Blessed Virgin that if she helped me in the examinations I would wear her medal as an act of devoted gratitude. I'm sure she helped win that game to-day, and I want her to get you that gold cup to-morrow."

"Why, my dear boy," said Mrs. Leroy, "perhaps Marie has one; or if not, you can get one from Father Turner when he comes over next Sunday from Norfolk."

"Next Sunday! I must have it for to-morrow's game, if I have to swim over to Norfolk for it."

"Be careful, my son, not to let your love for our Lady consist in wearing her medal only. In your heart she should have her shrine."

"Yes, mother, and that's the reason I wear my medal over my heart—as a sign that this heart is not 'To let.' No 'vain observances' for me, mother. Father Lanier gave us so much on that subject in his Thursday Catechism lectures that I could write a book on it."

"And when you write it dedicate it to me, won't you, Eddie?" said a sweet voice near him, and turning he saw his sister Marie.

"Oh, Eddie, you played just lovely this morning. Everybody near me was charmed."

"Mame, you make a fellow blush. Will Symonds wasn't in it, was he?"

"Edgar," said his mother seriously, "how often must I correct you for using those slang phrases. They are very unbecoming."

"Excuse me, mother, but they slip off my tongue without giving me notice—but really, mother, by your advice I read 'The Winter's Tale,' and there as plain as day I read 'they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because *they are not in't.*' So, you see, I was quoting. And Cardinal Newman has a line to describe the pure heart, the exact words: 'Sin is not in it.' Sis, have you got a medal of the Blessed Virgin? I lost mine to-day. If I were a pagan, I'd say it was bad omen for to-morrow."

"Yes, Eddie, I'll give you the one on my beads."

"Then, Mamie, the cup's mine."

"By the way, Eddie, here's an invitation that came after you left for the courts. Eddie opened and read from the neatly engraved card:

> Mr. and Mrs. Leslie would be favored by the presence of Mr. Edgar Leroy at a birthday sociable in honor of their daughter Helen, at four o'clock on Wednesday, August 25th, in the Old Gold Room.—The Hygeia, Tuesday.

"I met Helen Leslie," said Marie, "but four days ago. She is a charming character."

"Well," said Edgar, "since mother wants us to go, I'll have to put up with it. But I'm like a horse with a tight checkline on when I get into the stiff toggery of a high collar, inflexible shirt, and a tight swallow-tail. Why couldn't Dame Fashion let me walk in with this flannel suit and negligé shirt, and say: 'Miss Leslie, my compliments; a hundred returns of this festive occasion'; and then sit down and pick out on my banjo for the tittering group, the 'Darkies' Dream,' and then—"

But Edgar's revision of Lady Fashion's statutes was interrupted by his mother warning him that it was time for dinner.

II.

The day of the Leslie sociable found Edgar the lion of the place, for he had come off victorious from the tennis game of the day before. The play had been exciting with even or close scores until the last call of the referee, which was lost in cheers for Edgar.

To many of the spectators the view, the trim courts and the crowded rows of onlookers, formed a picture which was even more attractive and interesting than the game. It was in many ways a worldly gathering, and worldly motives vanity, ambition, self interest of one kind or another determined the part which each one felt bound to take in the scene.

One group at least had come with different views and purposes. Eager to have Edgar win, Mrs. Leroy and Marie had come to encourage him. Time and again he had taken heart from an exchange of glances with them. They knew well that his motive was as pure and as unselfish as the motive of a devoted son and brother could be. And they knew too that his chief thought and source of confidence was his devotion to the medal of our Lady.

Neither defeat nor success seemed to daunt him; nor even after victory had he lingered to take his fair share of the applause which had been lavished on him so generously. To-day he was

receiving compliments from every one; and yet he was still vexed that he could not find his own medal, but must keep wearing Marie's.

To Mr. Leslie's compliment, "You are our lion to-day, Edgar," he had just retorted pleasantly by presenting his timid sister as the lioness, when the object of the gathering, Miss Leslie, herself approached.

III.

"Mr. Leroy, don't you sing sometimes?" asked Helen Leslie, when Edgar had just finished accompanying "Non è Ver" for Marie's plaintively sweet voice. "I'm sure the gathering at the sociable will be as enthusiastic over your singing, as blue and gray ribboners were this morning."

"Thanks," said Edgar, "I sing a little when I'm coaxed."

"No teasing here, Eddie," said Marie as she took Edgar's place at the piano. "Sing that new song of yours, 'The Sunset Gilds the Minster Gray.'" And Edgar's baritone was soon captivating all, as he interpreted, with an expression wholly unconscious, the touching words of that romantic song.

"Why, Mr. Leroy," said Helen, "your voice and song have made bright this sociable of mine."

"Thanks, very much," said Edgar; "mother likes that song, too."

"How pleasant it is that your sister and yourself play and sing," said Mrs. Senator Bright, one of the chaperons, as she took a seat near Edgar, "you must make home musical."

"I don't know how musical it is," said Edgar with a smile. "We play and sing for our mother's sake. When she gets low-spirited, Mame and I try to cheer her. My mother sings beautifully herself and plays the harp, too, but she seldom touches its strings. And I am glad of it; for memories of my father and the long ago are painful; so I'm happy, and so is she, as long as the harp remains covered."

The tinkle of a bell announced supper, and Mrs. Leslie asked Edgar to be Helen's escort.

It was a merry gathering at the table. Bright winsome faces of youth come to do honor to the passage of Time. They did not think of this. The light of the candles, softened by the pink silken shades brightened their faces, and threw a gentle glow against the walls of gold, which reflected back a gold and pink tint, like that dreamy haze seen across the brown fields on an autumn's dying day. Imagine Father Time standing behind the easel over in the farthest corner looking on this merry feast, and it would serve as an excellent subject for an allegorical painting to be named "Old Time at Youth's Banquet."

"Thank you kindly," said Edgar, as Mrs. Leslie handed him a favor, an apt device for Edgar. It was a neat scarf-pin, a gold tennis-racket with two pendent pearls.

"I have something here," said Helen, "to remember this summer's stay at Old Point;" and she took off her wrist a silver wire bracelet that had silver bangles attached to it. "I presume it belongs to some Catholic," showing Edgar his lost silver medal; "but I really can't see how it got out near the courts."

"Why, Jupiter Pluvius, Miss Leslie, that's my silver medal! I had it pinned on my tennis-shirt. It dropped off near the courts. You picked it up, and now you're wearing it on your bracelet as a trinket."

"Are *you* a Catholic?" asked Helen, with emphasis on the *you.*

"I am, Miss Leslie; but you look alarmed. Let me assure you that it is quite needless. I have no intention of eating you alive. Had you not better give me my medal, and in its stead here's an old Egyptian coin."

"No, no, indeed," said Helen, "this is quite romantic."

"Well, I don't think it romantic," said Edgar, "to see my Blessed Virgin's medal dangling there at your wrist like a common dime."

"And you and Marie Catholics," said Helen; "I thought that—" and here she paused.

With a good natured smile, yet with unoffending warmth Edgar helped her out,—"that Catholics couldn't play tennis;

couldn't spend their summer at Old Point; couldn't come to a birthday sociable and mingle with pleasant company, and enjoy innocent amusements? My dear Miss Leslie, our religion is like a good mother. It gives us good things for body and soul. It trains head and heart; fills the head with good maxims and the heart with love."

"Well, I was never so astonished in my life," said Helen.

"I hope," replied Edgar, "that the astonishment will set you thinking."

"'Tis exactly what Miss Shallow told us in her address on commencement day. 'There are good people in every religion,—noble, high principled souls. Cultivate these persons with assiduity and care not to what phase of Christian belief they belong. Every religion of the Christian idea is as good as another. Hence gain friendship with the individual by respecting his opinions. For yourselves let "sweetness and light" be your watchwords in your conduct through life. God cares not for this or that religious form and men heed it not. But the etiquette of life bids us mingle our sweetness in the chalice of myrrh, and brighten the gloom of the world with the light of our example.' Do you know, Mr. Leroy, I thought it so beautiful that I copied this passage into my book of 'Remarkable Utterances' and have committed it to memory."

"Miss Shallow has taken her faith from Matthew Arnold," said Edgar, "that passage alone, Miss Leslie, could give your scrap-book the title of 'Very Remarkable Utterances.' Who is this Miss Shallow?"

"She is the principal of a very select Baltimore school for young ladies. 'Tis very exclusive, you know," said Helen.

"And the more exclusive it remains, Miss Leslie, the less harm such teaching can do."

"Mr. Leroy," said Helen, "I fail to see what objection you find against the words of so cultured a teacher as Miss Shallow."

"My humblest pardon, Miss Leslie, I have no intention either of hurting your feelings or of saying anything unbecomingly severe of your teacher. But according to my Catholic

training no one should make religion a matter of sentiment, a mere opinion, a choosing, as we do our style of dress; nor make the approving smiles of men our standard of conduct. This is to undo the teachings of our Saviour. And this your Miss Shallow does when she says that 'every religion of the Christian idea is as good as another,' and 'God cares not for this or that religious form.' To put it plainly, it is like telling our Saviour that He didn't know what He was saying and doing when He founded His religion; or if He did know, He didn't mean a word of it. Not to the Catholic only, but to every Christian mind this is shocking."

"But cannot a person be good in any form of the Christian religion?" said Helen.

"True, Miss Leslie, you will find good people in the different sects. But they are not as good as they should be unless they take pains to know whether they are serving God as He commands them to serve Him, in the religion founded by Christ."

"But really, Mr. Leroy, I do not see how you can prove against Miss Shallow the charge of undoing the teachings of the Saviour."

"It is the theory I condemn, Miss Leslie, not the theorist; for possibly her early training and prejudices have interwoven this theory into her very being. Suppose, Miss Leslie, your mother were to bid you do something and I should whisper to you, 'Oh, your mother does not wish that; she has no idea of what she is doing; she is perfectly indifferent whether you do it or not; and whether you obey or disobey her she will be pleased equally."

"Were you to say that to me, Mr. Leroy, I would tell you that my mother knew her own mind, and I would think with all charity that you had lost your mind."

"And rightly so, Miss Leslie," said Edgar; "you would defend your mother with filial love. Now is God not to be defended against the charges of untruthfulness, of indifference, and of ignorance in so great a work as man's future happiness?"

"But, Mr. Leroy," said Helen, "how can you possibly from her words convict Miss Shallow of so much irreverence?"

"Very simply," answered Edgar. "Our Saviour founded a religion; He bade all men join it; He formed a body of men to perpetuate it; gave them high spiritual powers; imposed conditions for membership in that great society, His Church, which He said was one, and with which He would be until the last glimmer of time. To make known clearly His Church to all He gave it certain signs and marks, to help man to reach it. Hence, Miss Leslie, if any congregation of Christians has not these marks, trade-marks, and copyrighted ones, too, it is an impostor sect and is infringing on the right of the divine Founder. You know, Miss Leslie, as well as I do, that many of the teachings preached by our Saviour as necessary for belonging to His Church are thrown aside by those who claim to follow His doctrine. One says that baptism is necessary for heaven; another denies it. Some hold that God is present in the Blessed Sacrament; others say this is idolatry. Some go so far as to say that Christ was not divine. So in the forest darkness some sit and chirp a 'Katy-did,' and from the inner gloom they are answered by a 'Katy-didn't.' God is the source of all truth and wisdom. He taught truth. His religion teaches truth. All other sects teach error; for errors are many, truth is one, and to truth God cannot be indifferent. And surely since He established one form of religion, and that the true one, all others must be built on man's pride, or prejudice, or passion. A little study and reflection, Miss Leslie, will show you that my religion is God's. But, dear me, how serious we have become! And all through my lost silver medal, which now I hope you will return."

"No, indeedy," said Helen with a smile.

When Marie and Edgar were bidding Helen "good-night," Edgar again asked for the medal.

"Ah, now, do let me keep it. It will help me to reflect on all you have said to-night against Miss Shallow. What you said seems true, but I wish to think over it."

Edgar told Marie all about the chat that followed the finding of his medal.

"Eddie, you shouldn't have asked for it at all. You should have said nothing to her about wanting it back; and then you could have told mother and me, and the three of us praying to our Lady for her might convert her. She's so unselfish and good, I'm sure she'll be a Catholic some day."

Mrs. Leroy was of Marie's opinion, and she gently chided Edgar for asking back the medal.

"But, mother," said Edgar, "it went against my grain to see that medal on her bracelet, jangling against dimes and bits of silver with hideous faces stamped on them."

"You should not have been so importunate, my dear. But, Edgar, I am proud that you were not ashamed to defend God's truth in public. Indifferentism is a curse that is blighting not Christians only, but many Catholic Christians."

"I'll bet you, mother, Miss Shallow didn't know what she was talking about,—like Miss Lighthead, who stopped going to church after reading Robert Ellesmere."

"Hush, Edgar."

"Good-night, mother; bye-bye, Marie. In a little while I'll be dreaming of hooks and lines, baits and bites, for we're going fishing to-morrow off the Rip-Raps."

IV.

"Hygeia looks on the Rip-Raps, and the Rip-Raps on the sea."

Tom Brockway had grown tired of trying to fish and had tied his line to an oar-lock. When one does this he grows either sentimental or sad; while the fishes down below have a jolly time with the baited hook. Tom's sorry adaptation of the well-known classic line brought down upon him a volley of protestations from the company.

This was the fishing-party Edgar had spoken of last night. Austin Hopkins, Tom Brockway, Charlie Lake, a class-mate of Edgar's, and Edgar, had been fishing from nine in the morning till two in the afternoon. The catch was miserably small. Hence the cold reception given to Tom's poetic outburst. Tom

didn't mind it at all, for seated in the bottom of the boat and leaning against the seat he satirized his fisher-companions thus:

"Fishie, fishie in the brook
Let them catch you on a hook.
Fishing is the greatest fake
And of sports it takes the cake."

"You mumbling rhymester," said Edgar, "why can't you keep quiet?"

"Oh, hang the luck," said Charlie, "not a bite for an hour."

"Let's have lunch," said Austin.

"Second the motion," moaned Tom.

"You crack-brained poet, you don't deserve a crumb," said Edgar. "You scared off all the fish. The next time we take you fishing it will be when the fish are deaf and dumb."

"Say, Ed," asked Charlie, "what kind of a time had you last night? Mrs. Leslie thinks she is the compound extract of the Four Hundred. Horribly uppish and dead set against us Catholics. Mr. Leslie is nice enough. He makes a mint of money at law and—she spends it. I've heard father say that he ought to be a Catholic, but he's fallen away: thinks more of Blackstone than of the word of God. Mrs. Leslie has an eight hundred dollar pew at two fashionable Protestant churches, merely for show: hasn't got the slightest idea what she believes, only as I said, she hates Catholics as—well, you know the rest."

"How do you know, Charlie?" said Edgar. "Mere hearsay has bespattered unjustly many a person."

"Well, Ed, besides the word of my cousin, I had personal experience. Last winter at a dinner I was near her, and after rattling off a lot of worn-out charges against the Church she started in to tell what Rev. Mr. Somebody had said against Romish Indulgences and Papist Idolatry; and when I bowled her reverend idol over by remarking he must be an ignoramus to parade his lack of learning and reading, she grew huffy. I think it was my place to be huffy, not hers."

"Why, Charlie, you surprise me. Last night she was as sweet as a magnolia to me."

"Maybe, Ed, she didn't know you were a Catholic; or else she has changed."

"By Jove, Charlie, she knows I'm a Catholic now, if Marie told—"

"Say, catch anything?" came a piping voice to interrupt Edgar, and on looking round he saw two small boys in a row-boat.

"Say, Ed," said Charlie, "that little chap in the sailor blouse is Helen Leslie's brother Frank."

"You'll catch something," said Edgar to the truants, "for coming out alone in that cockle-shell. Where did you get it?"

"We hooked it from the dock when old Jim wasn't there," said Frank.

There was a stiff breeze blowing in from the south-east that churned the water angrily. Big black clouds, like birds of ill omen, flew across the sky and their shadows chased each other over the dark green water.

"Row over to us," shouted Charlie, "and we'll tow you in when we go."

For a gust of wind had turned the little fellows' boat with the broadside against wind and water. The boat was shipping water and the lads looked scared. They tugged at the oars and brought the boat's bow around to cut the waves. They were within ten strokes of the fishing-party.

"Now, a few good long pulls and you're here. Don't get frightened," said Edgar.

And just then little Frank's oar missed the water, and he tumbled backward off the seat. He got up quickly and scrambled to the stern and leaned far out to catch the floating oar that had slipped into the water.

"Look out," shouted Charlie, "let it go—you'll fall in."

A wave struck the boat on the side, she gave a deep lurch, and the poor little fellow fell headlong into the water, and with a scream and a gurgle he went down.

"My God!" said Edgar, "boys, cut our anchor lines and turn about and help me," as he dove in.

"Back water, Austin; pull hard on your oar, Tom," said Charlie.

It seemed to them almost ten minutes before Edgar came up.

"There he is, there he is," shouted Tom, as an arm clutching at an imaginary support and two heads appeared at the surface. Edgar's face was almost purple. His eyes were starting out of their sockets. The little fellow's head was thrown back as though he were dead; one arm was round Edgar's neck, and the other was clasping Edgar's left arm. In his frenzy of fear he had clutched Edgar when Edgar came near him, and now both were drowning. The two had gone down for the second time.

"Pull hard on your oar, Tom," said Charlie; "now balance the boat, so we'll not topple over"; and reaching out he caught hold of Edgar's free arm, and after a hard struggle pulled the brave fellow with his burden into the boat.

By this time boats had put out from the shore and were near by.

"Take care of the little fellow in that small boat," shouted Charlie, "and tow us ashore."

With difficulty they forced little Frank to let go his hold of Edgar, and before they reached the wharf he had come to and was crying through sheer fright.

"Poor Edgar's gone, I'm afraid," said Austin; "with swallowing water and the grip of the little fellow he's choked to death."

"Don't give up," said Charlie, "rub his wrists harder; and you, Tom, take care of the temples, while I cut away his clothes. Now turn him on his face,—that's the style. My, what a lot of water he swallowed," said Charlie, as the water rushed out of Edgar's mouth. They chafed temples and wrists, and rolled him as best they could,—but not a sign of life.

"This will break his poor mother's heart," said Charlie.

"Charlie, Charlie, look—his lips are moving." And Edgar, contracting every muscle for the struggle, gave a long sigh and began to breathe.

"Thank God," said Charlie, "he's alive."

The boat was now at the landing. The pier was crowded with people. Few had seen the struggle, but the news ran like wild-fire through the hotel and up to the fort. They tried to keep the news from Mrs. Leroy and Leslie. It was impossible. There stands Mrs. Leslie hugging her rescued child and thanking God for his safety. Mrs. Leroy with Marie goes down the incline to the platform. Her face is pale, her lips set firmly. Marie is by her side, crying bitterly and sobbing for "Edgar—oh, my dear brother Edgar!" Mrs. Leroy stoops and kisses her boy's lips.

"Thank God, my dear boy is living. Charlie, go and call Father Turner."

As they carried Edgar along the pier, Mrs. Leslie kissed Edgar's cold, limp hand.

"Oh, Mrs. Leroy, may God spare your brave and noble son."

Mr. Leslie supported Mrs. Leroy to the hotel. The doctor told Mrs. Leroy there was no danger. Exhaustion and suffocation had brought on unconsciousness. Fever with a little delirium would follow, but in three or four days he would be all right.

Near midnight Edgar came to. He sprang up suddenly. "Where am I?"

"Here, dear Edgar, in your own room," said his mother. "Lie down again, dear," and he sank back on his pillow.

He moaned and muttered gaspingly. With a stifled scream he started up, and raising his right arm, the one that was free in the water, and clutching the bed-clothes with the other, he cried hoarsely: "Charlie—Tom—Austin, don't let the little fellow drown. Quick! Quick! Oh, I'm drowning—drowning! Poor mother, poor Marie! Oh, dearest Virgin, help me! Here's your medal," and he put his hand on the medal,—the same worn at the tennis-game, the same that he had on in the water, and exhausted he sank back on the bed, as though he were going down, down, down in the water. The doctor gave him a sleeping drink, and soon he was quiet.

In the forenoon on the following day his mind wandered again. Mr. and Mrs. Leslie, Helen and little Frank were there.

Mrs. Leslie had been up with Mrs. Leroy all night. Marie was near the side-table, Mrs. Leroy at the bed-side.

"No, no, mother, I didn't lose my temper, but she oughtn't to wear my medal on her bracelet. All right, I'll let her keep it. Marie says she is so good, the Blessed Virgin will win her heart. 30—love—that's a good place. Don't fear, Marie, I'll win the cup. Mr. Randall, Horace's touches are very light and graceful in his satires. My, how he touches the upstart."

Thus Edgar went on with his medley; sleep followed, and he awoke fairly refreshed.

"Why, what's this? I'm holding court in bed! Mother! Marie! oh, yes, I remember. Mrs. Leslie,—Helen,—hello, Frankie! That was a foul tackle of yours in the water; but thank God and her whose medal this is, we were saved."

"Edgar," said Helen, "may I keep the medal now? 'Tis not on my bracelet. I have it around my neck."

Edgar looked bewilderingly at Mr. and Mrs. Leslie.

"Yes, Edgar, we know all about that chat with Helen. A religion that begets such piety, nobleness, and self-sacrifice must be the true one. May I know more of it!"

"May I keep the medal, then?" asked Helen.

"With all my heart," answered Edgar.

In a week Edgar had recovered. A reception in his honor was given by Mr. and Mrs. Leslie. Just before it broke up the music stopped, and in a few touching words Mr. Leslie told of Edgar's brave rescue of his child. He then presented to Charlie, Tom, and Austin, Edgar's helpers, a beautiful enamel locket, and to Edgar a richly chased gold watch and chain. On the inside of the watch was engraved:

> From Mr. and Mrs. Leslie to Mr. Edgar Leroy with heartfelt gratitude for his brave and noble act of rescuing from drowning their little son Frank. Old Point Comfort, Va.

On the opening of the fall term, Miss Shallow's select school lacked one of its usual pupils—Helen Leslie. She entered the convent school at Maplewood. On the Feast of the Immaculate

Conception the dim chapel was aglow with waxen tapers. At the chancel-rail knelt Mr. and Mrs. Leslie, Helen and Frank. Near them were Mrs. Leroy and Marie. Mrs. Leslie, Helen, and Frank had been baptized before Mass; they were about to receive their First Communion. For Mr. Leslie it was his first reception of Communion in eighteen years. The good Sisters behind the grille on the left looked out on the happy group into whose hearts the Lord of Hosts had entered. They prayed for Edgar who was serving the Mass, that if it were God's will, he might some day stand at the altar of God. And when, as an after-Communion piece, a pure, sweet-voiced nun sang

Alma Redemptoris Mater, quae pervia coeli
Porta manes, et Stella Maris, succurre cadenti,

tears of joy ran down Mrs. Leroy's cheeks as she thought of that dear, good boy of hers whom God had used to bring those souls through the portal of the earthly paradise, the Catholic Church. And at the words "*Stella Maris, succurre cadenti*" the scene of the past summer flashed across Edgar's mind and with fervent heart he thanked her who had lifted him from the waters, and had been the guiding star for those who had tossed so long on the darkened waters of error.

THE INTERCESSION OF VEN. DE LA COLOMBIERE.

THE French *Messenger* for September, besides giving in detail three remarkable cures obtained through the intercession of Venerable de la Colombière, records thanksgivings for three other cures, one conversion, and three temporal favors ascribed to the intercession of this holy servant of God, whose process of beatification is recommended to our prayers. Our own Thanksgiving columns record similar favors as due to his aid. It is a pleasure to learn that the account of his life now in preparation will publish many new evidences of his holiness.

THE ICONOGRAPHY OF THE APOSTLES.

By Caryl Coleman.

VII.

Saint Philip.

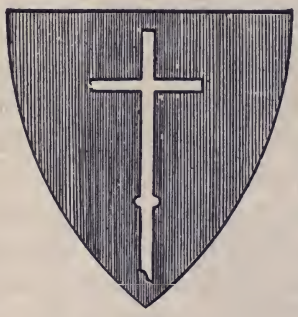
Apostle and Martyr, A.D. 81.

Latin, Sanctus Philippus. *Greek*, Agios Philippos. *Italian*, San Filippo.
French, Saint Philippe. *German*, Heilige Philipp. *Spanish*, San Felipe.

FEAST: May 3. Among the Greeks the feast is held on the 14th day of November.

Patronage: St. Philip is one of the patrons of both Brabant and Luxembourg.

Life: Our Divine Lord, on the day after He called St. Peter for the first time, turned His blessed feet towards Galilee, and on His way thitherward met St. Philip, a fellow townsman of the Prince of the Apostles, a poor Jewish fisherman of Bethsaida. Then it was that the power of grace was made manifest, for Jesus drew St. Philip to Him by the simple words: *"Follow Me."* The words, the look of Jesus were irresistible to the pure and loving heart of Philip. He surrendered his will and understanding instantaneously and completely. The will of Jesus became the will of Philip, and from that moment he belonged to God.



LATIN CROSS OF ST. PHILIP.

In the words *"Follow Me"* are contained the first and the last lesson in Christian perfection, viz. conformity to the will of God, the foundation, the beginning and the end of spiritual life,—a lesson, in Philip's case, acquired as soon as given. The will of God is only another name for the love of God, and the love of God consists not in thoughts but in actions. "The proof or trial

of love," says St. Gregory, "is the performance of deeds." There is a great and unfailing test of the depths of the love of God in a human soul, and that is the greatness of its desire, shown by prayer, sacrifice and deeds, to bring that love to other souls; "for in the same degree," says Nicolas Avancino, "that you love God will you be jealous for the salvation of your neighbor."

St. Philip at once acted up to this test, for no sooner had he heard the words of Jesus and taken them to heart than he sought out his friend Nathanael, an Israelite, in whom there was no guile, and said to him: *"We have found Him of Whom Moses in law, and the prophets did write, Jesus the son of Joseph of Nazareth. And Nathanael said to him: Can any good thing come from Nazareth? Philip saith to him, Come and see."*[1] Nathanael questioned the statement of Philip, because he had in his mind the words of the Prophet Micheas: "And thou, Bethlehem Ephrata, art a little one among the thousands of Juda: out of thee He shall come forth unto me that is to be the Ruler in Israel."[2] And therefore from them he knew the Christ was not to come from Nazareth, a town of little repute, but from Bethlehem, the city of David. Philip did not stop to explain, if he knew, which is doubtful, that Bethlehem was the birthplace of Jesus, and that He was only a sojourner in Nazareth of Galilee, but he replied to his friend's difficulty by using the same words addressed by our Blessed Saviour to St. Andrew and St. John with such singular effect: "Come and see."[3] Nathanael followed the servant and found the Master. Philip had won his first soul for Christ, planted the seed of the love of God in the heart of his friend, and Nathanael in his turn became a seeker after souls. The one conversion was the fruit of unquestioning obedience, the other of a pure intention.

The love of God in the heart of St. Philip blazed forth again, just after the Last Supper, when our Lord promised the Apostles a more perfect knowledge of God the Father, in the words: *"Lord, show us the Father, and it is enough for us."*

[1] St. John, i. 45. [2] Micheas, v. 2. [3] St. John, i. 39.

It was his one, his only desire, the end of his being, and it gave the divine Redeemer an opportunity to inculcate once more His own divinity and perfect equality with the First Person of the ever Blessed Trinity. Jesus said: *"Philip, he that seeth Me, seeth the Father also. How sayest thou, show us the Father? Do you not believe that I am in the Father, and the Father in Me? The words that I speak to you, I speak not of Myself. But the Father Who abideth in Me, He doth the works. Believe you not that I am in the Father and the Father in Me? Otherwise believe for the very works' sake."*[4]

ST. PHILIP.
(From old Italian woodcut.)

Of the parents of St. Philip we know little beyond the fact that his father died after the son became a follower of the Lord, upon which occasion the Saint asked the Master if he might go and bury his father; but *"Jesus said to him, Let the dead bury their dead: but go thou, and preach the kingdom of God,"*[5] giving Philip to understand that human affairs must always give way to divine affairs, and that when "He is preparing men for the Gospel, He will not receive any such excuses as have to do with fleshly and temporal affairs,"[6] that "When called by Him, we are not to lose a single day or hour even for piety, though it were to

[4] St. John, xiv. 8–12.
[5] St. Luke, ix. 60.
[6] St. Augustin de Verb Domini, Serm. 7.

attend the burial of a dead father, but to follow Him at once,"[7] or as St. John Chrysostom says, "It is far better to preach the kingdom of God, and rescue others from death, than bury one who is dead and can be of no use," "for sometimes in our actions," says St. Gregory, "lesser good deeds are to be set aside, in favor of other things of greater usefulness."[8]

The other members of St. Philip's family we know nothing of, except of his sister who is spoken of as a woman of great holiness, and of his daughters, who were called in the early days of the Church, the lights of Asia, on account of their great sanctity, some in the marriage state, the others in holy virginity. Two of his virgin daughters lived to a great age, and were buried near their father at Hierapolis; while "another of his daughters, who lived in the Holy Spirit, rests at Ephesus."[9] We have every reason to believe that all his relatives became Christians, a grace they no doubt received through St. Philip's unhesitating obedience to the voice of God when he heard the words: "Follow Me," and because of his prayers, of his heroic faith. Is there not a lesson for us in this, more especially for those who have dear ones outside of the One Fold of Christ?

"O problem of an unbelieving world!
The hearts, that have been stretched upon the rack
Of this most piercing doubt, may well believe
No inward anguish can surpass its pain.
But oh! there is a torture worse than this,—
The problem of the unbelieving good!
For we would fain believe sweet things of those,
More dear to us than words can tell, who seem
So near the truth, yet ever fall away
Further and further when they come most near,
And altogether when they almost touch."[10]

In the allotment of the world made by the Apostles, Upper Asia was given to St. Philip as his mission, where he worked with great diligence in preaching the Gospel, and gained many

[7] Maldonatus Com. St. Matt. viii. 22, p.
[8] Moralia, lib. 19, c. 14.
[9] Eusebius, Eccl. Hist. B. III. C. 31.
[10] Father Faber's "Sir Lancelot." B. v. 11, p. 198.

converts to the faith. Having exercised his apostolical office for many years, he at length suffered for Christ by crucifixion at Hierapolis in Phrygia, A.D. 81, in the eighty-seventh year of his age. While the Saint lived in Hierapolis, he succeeded in eradicating from among the Christians a malignant error concerning the divinity of our Lord, introduced by the Ebionites, or Judaizers, so strenuously opposed by St. Paul in his Epistle to the

HEAD OF ST PHILIP.
(Albrecht, 1471–1528.)

Galatians, a heresy that lasted well into the fourth century. Before St. Philip was led to execution he was severely scourged, and when he was hanging upon the cross, and was still alive, the idolatrous multitude, incited by the magistrates of the city, pelted the holy Martyr with stones until his pure soul passed over the "Royal Road of Cross" from this vale of tears to that glad city where the Lamb that was slain is the everlasting light.

On the death of his two virgin daughters they were buried at the side of their father, one on his right, the other on his left, and many miracles were said to have been performed through the merits of the Apostle in answer to the prayers of the faithful. Ordericus, quoting Abdias, says that the Christians joyfully chanted with loud voices: "Prostrate before thy tomb, O Philip, mouth of the lamp, we beseech thee to cause our petitions to reach the ears of the Almighty Judge, that we may be saved from the punishment we have deserved and obtain the heavenly joys for which we pray. Amen."

APPEARANCE: In Greek art St. Philip is represented as young and beardless; in Western art as a man in the prime of life, but with little beard, and with a gentle mien portraying a man of heart.

COSTUME: All in white, or in a tunic of white with a red cloak, or all in red; sandals on his feet; and a nimbus of gold about his head; while he usually carried in his hand a tall staff surmounted by a Latin cross.

EMBLEMS: A cross of the Latin type, fastened to the top of a long staff or reed; a Latin cross in his hand; a Tau cross on the top of a staff; a book or scroll with the words "*Descendit ad inferos, tertia die resurrexit a mortuis*"[11] written upon it. Arms gules, a cross argent.

SYMBOLIC TYPES: 1. The Prophet Osee has sometimes been used as a type of St. Philip, because his words "*O death, I will be thy plague: O grave, I will be thy destruction*" are supposed to correspond to the fifth article of the Apostles' Creed, the one contributed by our Saint. 2. Sardonix, the fifth foundation stone of the New Jerusalem, is inscribed with the name of Philip and is symbolic of the nature of this Apostle:

"Sardonix, with its threefold hue,
Sets forth the inner man to view;
Where dark humility is seen,
And chastity with snow-white sheen,
And scarlet marks his joy to bleed
In martyrdom, if faith shall need."[12]

[11] He descended into hell, the third day He arose again from the dead.
[12] Marbodus, "Civis Coelestis patriae."

Or, as explained by a mediaeval symbologist, as the Sardonix has three layers of colors, the lowest *black*, the middle *white*, the uppermost *red*, so has this true servant of Christ the three marked virtues of fortitude through hope, modesty through purity of heart, humility through the knowledge of God; therefore the three layers of the Sardonix typify the Apostle Philip, and all those who sustain grief of heart for the name of Christ even to martyrdom, remaining *white*, that is, without guile within: and yet to themselves appear contemptible, and as it were *black*, that is, sinners.[13]

3. The Sardonix is one of the stones in the breastplate of the Jewish High-priest, and stands for Manasse, the tribe which will be judged by the Apostle and therefore is a symbolic emblem of St. Philip.

4. "The name Philip is interpreted *the lamp's mouth;* by which it is signified that he was entirely open to the infusion of a twofold charity, obeying the divine commands and imbued with sacred graces; so that, like a shining lamp, he enlightened barbarous races by his bright example and true doctrine."[14]

REPRESENTATION: There are very few pictures of St. Philip. He is generally portrayed in company with the other Apostles, while the single representations, as a rule, are confined to two subjects: the exorcism of the statue of Mars, and the crucifixion of the Saint. The first is founded upon the tradition that St. Philip was brought before a statue of Mars, and was commanded to offer sacrifice to the god. Upon his refusal, a serpent suddenly glided from under the base of the altar, and killed the son of the pagan priest, and the two presiding tribunes. The Apostle seeing this, commanded the pagans "to throw down the idol and plant the cross in its place, promising that the dead should arise and the sick be made whole, and then, turning to the serpent, and bidding it depart into the wilderness without hurting

[13] In the Middle Ages the Sardonix had still another symbolic signification: the lower part of the gem, which is black, typifies the sorrow of Good Friday; the middle part, which is white, the rest of Easter Eve; and the uppermost, which is red, the glory of Easter Day.

[14] Ordericus Vitalis, Eccl. Hist. B. II. C. VII.

any one, it went forth and was seen no more."[15] There is a very effective fresco of this scene in the "Santo" of Padua by Giusto Guariento, and a painting of the same in Santa Croce at Florence by Fra Fillippo Lippi.

In the second subject, the passion of the Saint, he is represented crucified, in a long red garment, sometimes with his head downwards, or, as in the earlier representations, in the usual manner. His executioners are shown throwing stones at him, while his sister, the holy Marianne, the constant companion of his Apostolic journeys, stands by ready to receive the body of Philip, when his loving soul shall be freed from the chains of earth and passed through the gates of death to the ever-verdant pastures where the Lamb of God feedeth among the lilies.

OUR FRONTISPIECE.

Are the Remains of Columbus in Havana?

WHERE are the remains of Christopher Columbus? Looking at the frontispiece in the present MESSENGER we are at a loss to account for the reason of this question. The effigy proclaims that it marks the tomb of Columbus, and the effigy is in the Cathedral at Havana, Cuba; hence the question seems useless. But is it so? Columbus died at Seville, Spain, May 20, 1506; in the will of his son Diego, made in March, 1509, it is stated that his father's body is in the vault of the Carthusian monastery in Seville. Thirty years later, 1539, the body was still in this place, as we know from the will of Ferdinand, the surviving son of Columbus. Within the next ten years the remains were removed to San Domingo and interred "on the right of the altar in the main sanctuary" of the Cathedral of San Domingo.

In 1683, the Diocesan Synod of the Archbishop of San Domingo mentioned "Christopher Columbus, whose bones lie in

[15] Lord Lindsay, Hist. Christian Art, Vol. II., p. 114. Lon. 1885.

a leaden case in the sanctuary at the side of the platform of the High Altar of this our Cathedral, with those of his brother [grandson] Don Luis Colon, which are on the other side, according to the tradition of the aged in this island." When in 1795 San Domingo was ceded to France permission was obtained for removing the remains of Columbus to Havana. A vault on the Gospel side of the sanctuary was opened, and the bones, dust, and lead found therein placed in a leaden case, and borne with military honors to Havana, and interred in the Cathedral.

For eighty-two years there was no doubt cast upon the authenticity of the remains thus removed. In 1877 a niche containing a leaden case was discovered on the Epistle side of the sanctuary of the Santo Domingo Cathedral, and the inscription bore the name of Don Luis Colon. Extensive excavations were then begun on the Gospel side of the sanctuary, and on September 10, 1877 a small vault, within which was an inscribed leaden case, was found. The case was taken from the vault and opened by the Bishop of San Domingo in presence of the President, other government officials, and the foreign consuls. It was found to contain human bones, and a silver plate inscribed

V^a p^te de los restos
del p^mer Al^te D.
Cristobal Colon, D^esr.

(A part, or the last part, of the remains of the first Admiral, Don Christopher Columbus, Discoverer.)

It would seem therefore that the remains of the great admiral still repose in Santo Domingo. In the words of the lamented historian, Dr. John Gilmary Shea, in the *Magazine of American History*, January, 1883, "The Havana remains are without a shadow of proof. They are simply, as the Act declares them, the remains of some deceased person found in a vault at the right of the high altar. . . . The weight of evidence, as the question now stands, seems to be in favor of the view that the remains of Christopher Columbus were then [in 1877] really discovered."

O PRECIOUS BLOOD!

AFTER A THOUGHT FROM FATHER FABER.

By J. E. N. N.

Sinners shall find in My Heart the source and the infinite ocean of mercy.
Sixth Promise of our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary.

PRECIOUS BLOOD! in Thy Red Sea
Engulf our souls, that we may be

Lost in Thy saving deeps profound!
Sweet Sea, with never mark or bound!

Strong swelling flood of Love's excess!
Exhaustless, tireless, limitless.

"Ocean of Mercy," wounded Heart,
O let Thy billows rise and part,

That we, with all our retinue
Of sins and weakness, may pass through,

Steeped in Its all atoning tide,
Cleansed, healed and wholly purified,

Our raiment whiter than the snow;
Upon Its joyous overflow

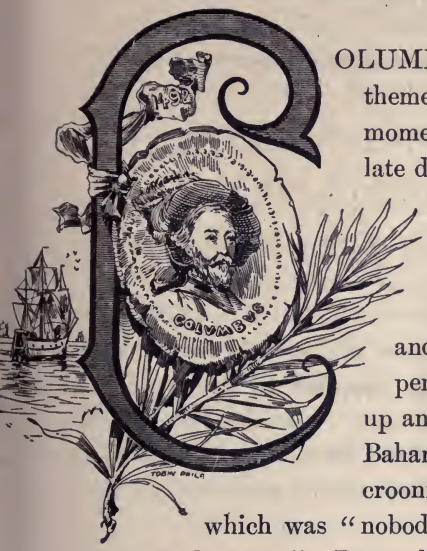
May we on billows swift and sweet
Reach soon th' Eternal Father's Feet;

Prostrate in rapture, to adore,
Forever and forevermore,

The Fountain Source of all our good,
Our only Hope,—Sweet Precious Blood!

A SKETCH OF COLUMBUS.

By the Rev. B. J. Reilly.



COLUMBUS is a very vivid and familiar theme with hosts of writers just at this moment; but one seldom meets at this late day a man claiming to have been a personal friend of his, and yet I met one about two years ago. He was a black man, who had fought under the "Union Jack," and being retired on a pension of four pence a day, spent his time in walking up and down the streets of Nassau in the Bahama Islands, swinging a cane, and crooning a sad old tune, the burden of which was "nobody cares for a poor old black man, nobody cares." I met him many times, but it was on the occasion of our first encounter that he told me of his intimate acquaintance with Christopher Columbus.

It was a hot afternoon in August. One of those days when you might poach an egg on a quarto of cold theology. With the intense heat came the friend of Columbus, battering on my door with his cane. It is hard enough to keep one's patience when forced to listen to the ceaseless droning of a cicada, on a day when lizards stretch themselves exhausted under the shade of an old crumbling wall; but one must draw the line at having a tattoo played on the jalousies, even by a retired soldier who has won a bronze medal, by killing other Africans, in the Ashantee campaign. I hastened to the door to stop the exasperating noise, but before I reached it the veteran was being taken to task by a small boy, carrying three gloriously colored fish on a greasy bit of string.

The boy seemed very indignant, and in his anger began to stutter.

"Wha', wha', what ye', yer makin' all dat noise for, ole man?"

The veteran, not disdaining to give even so small a boy a reason, replied, "Cause I want some bread."

The boy responded, "Yer make noise 'nough; I 'spec you want de whole earf."

"Boy," said the soldier, "wad I want de earf for,—I own de earf a'ready."

"You own de earf!" exclaimed the boy; "I guess, ole man, yer done gone crazy." And then he danced about in great glee over his last remark.

Whilst he was pirouetting recklessly about, there came around the corner a woman with a bundle of clothes on her head. She had just heard the word "crazy" applied by the boy to the old man, and quickening her pace came upon the happy little darkey in the middle of his ecstasy, and after fastening her hand firmly in his shirt collar proceeded to give him a most uncomfortable drubbing, for so hot a day.

After administering sufficient castigation, and gaining her breath, she began a tirade on the impoliteness of her offspring. "You' a nice chile, bringin' disgrace on a rerspectable mudder, by insultin' gem'men on der street; Mr. Adderly (turning to the old man) I 'pologize for de unbecomin' conduct of my son; he's a proper bad boy, and I'll git his pa to gib him a proper good whippin'."

Rat, tat, tat, came the hammer of the cane. I opened the door and asked the veteran what he wanted. "I want some bread, right away." Then he seemed to forget that he was hungry, and said to me: "Does you know dat man up on goberment hill,—Mister Columbus?" He referred to a statue of the great navigator that stands on an eminence in front of the government house. "Well, he an' me discovered der Bahama Islands. We owns all dis,"—and his hand waved majestically over the land and the sea. "Mister Columbus was a very nice man and a gem'men."

Perhaps this testimony that Columbus was a very nice man and a gentleman, coming from a poor demented black soldier, is of as much value as the testimony of some recent American writers, like Justin Winsor, who would have us believe that Columbus was everything that was vile and low. Andrew Lang, the brilliant Scotch critic, after reading some appreciations of the Great Discoverer written on this side of the Atlantic, says very wittily: "Americans cannot forgive Columbus for not having been an American. He is guilty of that great crime, and on account of it, they begin to find much against him; for instance, nobody seems to know anything about his parents, which is in itself a very suspicious circumstance, and so little by little, they divest him of every possible virtue; until one feels that it would have been well for his reputation had he never discovered America; if, unlike the client of the Scotch lawyer, he was fortunate enough to possess any reputation at all." These remarks are much in keeping with the saying of a humorist of our own, that "it would have been money in Columbus's pocket never to have discovered America."

Christopher Columbus like Homer and Shakespeare is a man of whom we would like to know more. Much has been written about him. His life has appeared in Italian, French, Spanish and English, and in our own country no less a person than Washington Irving has been his chronicler. These lives differ much. Some have tried to rob him of the glory of discovering the New World, others have torn his character into shreds, whilst others have recognized in him one of the few great and saintly men of the world.

In the bitterness of these attacks on him several American writers stand foremost, and perhaps there is an explanation for this other than the one given by Lang, that Americans cannot forgive Columbus for not having been an American. It is this. Whispers come to us at times of the possible canonization of the great Admiral. Many believe that he is worthy of this honor. Now Columbus was a Roman Catholic and a religious man. His correspondence gives evidence of his piety. Everything he wrote

began with "Jesus cum Maria sit nobis in via." He considered that by finding the western passage to the Indies he would be doing a work to which he was called by God, and bringing nations lost in paganism to the light of the true faith. He was an apostle in his eagerness to gain souls to the Catholic Church. It would seem, then, that some historians cannot forgive his Catholicity, and therefore vilify his memory in order to rob him and the Church of any glory that may be rightfully theirs. If only Columbus had been a French Huguenot (but *unfortunately* there were none in those days), if only he had been a Puritan and had come to our shores in the Mayflower, instead of the Santa Maria, then they would have handled him more gently. They would have discovered the iron energy of his character, his undaunted courage in the midst of many obstacles, his undying faith in Providence; he would have been another "Athanasius contra mundum." But he was a Catholic, sailing from a Catholic land, under the patronage of a Catholic queen, and burning to win souls to the Catholic Church. Perhaps this is the explanation of all the bitterness.

Christopher Columbus, to whom it was given to lift the veil which covered an unknown land, was born in the Province of Genoa, some say as early as 1433, others as late as 1436. History tells us little of his early life. One of his contemporaries says he was, like his father, a worker in wool. Fernando, his son, writes that his father's early education was received in the University of Pavia. We know with certainty that he took to the sea early in life, and this can readily be understood when we consider the geographical situation of Genoa and its maritime importance in the 15th century. Girt round with high mountains shutting them off from the rest of Italy, the Genoese were forced to turn towards the sea. The ocean rolling in upon the shore seemed, like some deep mystery, to invite them to its vast bosom. Genoa had accepted the invitation of the old ocean, and she stood among the first of the maritime nations of the world. The opportunities offered to Columbus in his native place helped to fit him for the great work of his after life. "Its gorgeous

churches," says Castelar, "made of him a Crusader, its schools a geographer, its palaces, filled with paintings and statues, an artist, its shores a mariner, its industries and commerce a shrewd calculator and a thoroughgoing man of business." Columbus took to the sea at the age of fourteen. John of Anjou brought him in his fleet of galleys sent to win the Neapolitan throne for René, Count of Provence. So by the time he reached his twenty-first year he was a courageous sailor and an experienced captain.

Italy in those days looked towards the East, and Columbus, reared according to the traditions of Genoa, looked also eastward and spent many years on the Mediterranean, especially in the Levant. Portugal, a rival of Genoa on the sea, had turned its attention towards the West. Cathay, where dwelt the Great Khan, according to the legends of the time, "was paved with silver and overlaid with beaten gold; perfumed by odorous waters flowing from fountains of mother of pearl and giant opals; crest-crowned by pinnacles of rubies and emeralds; with agate turrets of porphyry walls, upon which seed pearls fell in a gentle shower." The fame of Lisbon, together with the fact that his brother Bartholomew lived in Portugal, attracted Columbus.

He saw a better chance of reaching Cathay and the Indies with their spices, perfumes, silks and precious stones, by sailing westward. Every morning, when in Lisbon, it was his pious custom to attend Mass at the church of the Convent of All Saints, and there it was he met his future wife. Dona Felipa Muñiz y Peretrello, a young maiden of Italian descent, was making her studies at the convent, and thus they met and were married. Soon after their marriage they moved to Porto Santo where Diego, their only child, was born. We know from history nothing more of the marriage, not even the time at which his young wife died. At this period of his life Columbus went on many voyages, to the hot sands of Guinea and the snow-covered fields of Iceland, as he says himself, one hundred miles beyond the Ultima Thule. On these voyages he saw, tossing on the ocean,

HAVANA CATHEDRAL.

objects which had floated there no doubt from foreign lands,—seaweed perhaps,

> "From Bermuda's reefs, from edges
> Of sunken ledges
> In some far-off bright Azore;
> From Bahama and the dashing,
> Silver-flashing,
> Surges of San Salvador."

It is told of him that, although suffering from poverty at this time, he managed each year to pay a visit to his old parents and bring them a little money, saved only by much self-denial.

King John II. was now on the throne of Portugal, and to him Columbus presented his plan of sailing by the western way from Europe to the East Indies. Dom John listened eagerly to Columbus and appointed a commission to examine his plan. Much to the disappointment of the king the commission reported adversely. When the monarch heard the decision his eagerness for the voyage led him to a very unkingly act. Having obtained the charts from the great navigator under pretext of closer study, he secretly fitted out a caravel and despatched Pero Vasques on the route indicated by the maps; but the sea grass, adverse winds, and heavy seas so terrified Vasques that he soon turned his vessel's head towards home. The king's secret was not well kept, and when Columbus heard of his perfidy he shook the dust of Portugal off his feet, and set his face towards the "land that sits in the uttermost confines of the sunset lands of Europe"—the land of Isabella the Catholic queen.

It is well nigh impossible to follow Columbus in his ramblings through Spain. Wherever he went all stared at "the strange figure in the threadbare cloak." It was while he was in the city of Cordova that he met and espoused Beatrix Enriques, who bore him a son called Fernando. This second marriage is called into dispute on account of a clause in his will. It was not till three hundred years after his death that the calumny appeared, and, as Roselly De Lorgues says, it is one born of prejudice which too many writers have accepted as true.

In January, 1487, through the instrumentality of the great Cardinal Mendoza, Columbus obtained an audience with Ferdinand and Isabella, but the councillors decided against the possibility of the scheme, and so he was doomed to another disappointment. He won, however, two good friends, the Dominican Diego de Deza and the Franciscan Antonio de Marchena, who kept his plan present to the minds of their majesties. Nothing, however, could be done, as the sovereigns were too busy fighting the Moors, and all eyes looked towards the South, and all interests were bound up in the taking of Granada. Columbus, broken in spirit, determined to leave Spain, as he had left Portugal, and offer his life and services to the French Court. Taking with him his little son Diego, he started on his journey, and being weary, stopped for refreshment at the Convent of La Rabida. It stood, and it stands to this day, about half a league from the seaport of Palos. "There in this little inclosure, pine-shaded in the solitude; the measureless western ocean before his eyes, a cloudless heaven toward which to turn a clouded sight; a pavement of sepulchral stones, cloisters wherein to meditate and prepare for the end; sanctified altars to which to cling in the hope of pardon,"—in this quiet retreat he met Juan Perez, a Franciscan monk, one time confessor to Isabella, now at the convent because he loved the silence of the cloister better than the confusion of a court.

It is easy to recognize in this the dispensation of Providence. A stranger and a little lad stop to beg some bread and water at a convent gate. The Prior passing along sees them, and for some unknown reason is attracted to the man. They enter into a conversation, and in a few weeks' time Father Perez, having borrowed a saddle-mule, starts for Granada to see the queen and to enlist her sympathy for the man who stopped to beg at his convent gate. Father Perez had given up his chaplaincy at the court, but he gained a greater honor, for, says a writer, he discovered the New World by his deep friendship and admiration for Columbus. The end of the Moorish war had now come, Bobadil surrendered the keys of Granada, and the cross, instead of the crescent, caught

the golden sunlight on the high turrets of the Alhambra, and flung it over the walls of the Moorish palaces.

Once more a council was convened and Columbus invited to tell his own story. He stood before the sovereigns in the full faith of his undertaking, and made his demands in that determined spirit which he had never lost in all his sufferings. The council considered the undertaking too hazardous, and his demands too exorbitant, and again Columbus started to leave Spain. But this time he had only gone two leagues from the city when Isabella, won by the arguments of Louis de St. Angel, exclaimed: "I undertake the enterprise for my own crown of Castile, and I will pledge my jewels to raise the necessary funds." Columbus was sent for, and in April, 1492, the agreement was signed by which he left Palos in August to discover, not the "sunset way" to the Indies, but a new world. In the beginning of August three caravels, and sorry looking ones they were, stood tossing in the harbor of Palos, the Nina, Pinta, and the Gallego, the last being commanded by the Admiral. With the same piety that he manifested all during his life, he changed its name to that of Santa Maria, and placed the whole expedition under the patronage of the Mother of God, begging that she might be his Star of the Sea to guide him safely over the troubled waters, on a journey to which he believed he had been called by Divine Providence. All of the crew were Spaniards with the exception of two Italians, one Irishman, one Englishman, two Portuguese, and one Majorcan.

When all was ready Columbus went to confession to Father Perez and received Holy Communion, the crew following his good example. Before sunrise on Friday, the 3d of August, 1492, Columbus gave the order to weigh anchor and set sail in the name of Christ. Silently the little vessels dropped down the waters of the Odiel, and waited at the island of Saltes for the morning breeze. At eight o'clock they started for the open sea, sailing south towards the Canaries, intending to sail thence westward to reach the Indies.

If we want a proof that Columbus was a brave man, we

have it in the fact that he put to sea with such a crew. They did not take kindly to the trip, and were ready to mutiny at the slightest suspicion of danger. Ever on the watch for new signs and omens and portentous things that meant destruction, they were badly shaken up when passing the island of Teneriffe. The peak of the volcano was on fire. Flashes of flame lit up the horizon for miles, dense volumes of smoke were vomited angrily out, rumblings like distant thunder could be heard miles away, and hot streams of burning lava ran in rivers down the mountain sides. The sailors, unaccustomed to volcanoes, lost courage at the sight, and begged the Admiral to take them back again to the vine-clad hills of Spain, to their sweet Seville heavy with the balmy air of Andalusia, back to their wives and children, to little Manuela and Dolores in the sea-kissed town of Palos.

The Admiral acted towards his crew as a father does to his children. Sometimes he would have to encourage them and dissipate their fears, and then again he would be forced to reprove them in anger. The vast body of water everywhere and no land visible would affright them; a floating spar would tell of some vessel like their own that the fabulous bird called the Roc had been crushing in its talons; black clouds meant a cyclone, and a meteor shooting through the clear Southern heavens would be a harbinger of evil. Every new day brought some fresh anxiety. Surely he was an extraordinary man who could handle men in such varied humors. After the middle of September there were many indications of land, but no land appeared. Again the men thought to mutiny. Some proposed to throw Columbus overboard, sail back to Palos and tell Isabella that one night, as the Admiral was standing on the deck of the Santa Maria, the vessel gave a lurch and threw him into the sea, and that he must have struck his head against the side of the vessel, for he never appeared again. This time the rebellion was crushed in a way Columbus considered providential. A tempest swept the sea, and the men in their fear forgot to mutiny. Columbus shows his faith when he writes of this circumstance: "Thus the rough sea was most necessary for me, and a similar miracle had not

happened since the time of the Hebrews, when the Egyptians left Egypt to pursue Moses, who was freeing the Hebrew nation from slavery."

On the 11th of October new signs of land appeared. In the evening when the crew had finished singing the *Salve Regina* in honor of the Mother of God, Columbus gathered the officers and sailors about him and spoke feelingly of their long and hard journey; of the distance they had sailed and how now, owing to the mercy of a good God, they were nearing the end of their trials. No one slept that night, so eagerly did they long for the sight of land. Columbus was the first to see a light moving on the land, and at two o'clock the echoes of a gun broke the sweet stillness of the tropical night. It was from the Pinta as a sign that land had been seen;—not the Indies with their "barbaric pearl and gold," but the island of Guanahani, of the Lucayan group, lying near the shores of a new continent. In the morning Columbus, richly attired in scarlet, entered a small boat, and taking with him the flag of the expedition, on which was an image of the crucified Saviour, put off for the land, and when he arrived there, threw himself on his knees, kissed the ground, and gave thanks to our Lord for his great discovery. Then rising he drew his sword, took possession of the island in the name of their Catholic majesties, and like a devout Catholic, called it, in gratitude, *San Salvador*.

After sailing amongst the islands for a time he returned to startle Europe with the news of his discovery. Seven months and twelve days had passed since mothers, wives and children waved their adieus to the little vessels sailing quietly out of Palos on that August morning. Their anxiety and sufferings were now at an end when the Santa Maria sailed safely into the harbor. Columbus, taking with him the Indians and the different curiosities and products of the New World, prostrated himself before Ferdinand and Isabella, under whose patronage he had sailed. When Columbus told his story the whole court fell on its knees, and the strains of the *Te Deum* filled every corner of the palace. The strange figure in the threadbare cloak was now Don Christo-

pher Columbus, Admiral of the ocean, Viceroy and Governor of the islands discovered in the Indies.

Three more voyages did the great navigator make to the New World, but never till the day he died, did he imagine that he had discovered a new continent, always believing that he had only reached the Indies. The third trip of Columbus is famous because he returned bound in chains, placed upon him by Bobadilla, whom the sovereigns had sent from Spain, to examine into the reasons of a revolt which had taken place against the Admiral. At the sight of Columbus in irons a shout of indignation went up from all parts of Spain, and Isabella received him, not as a culprit, but with great kindness and distinction. He left Spain again for his last voyage, and having met with many reverses, came back again in November, 1504, to place his case before the queen. However, before he was able to reach the royal court the body of the beloved Isabella rested in a grave in the monastery of St. Francis, in the Alhambra of Granada.

Soon after, Columbus fell ill in Valladolid, and seeing his end approaching, he turned all his thoughts to heaven, received the last Sacraments, and died, as our Saviour had expired on the Cross, exclaiming: "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit." He was about seventy years of age when he died, and his death took place on May 20th, 1506. His life was a triumph of faith. We must never forget that two of the great reasons why he wished to reach the Indies, were, to bring them under the influence of Catholicity, and to procure gold in order to free the Holy Sepulchre of our Lord.

ON THE TITLE OF THE "SPIRITUAL EXERCISES."

By the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J.

IT seems a greater marvel in itself and a greater grace for the infant Society of Jesus to have produced such a book as the *Exercitia Spiritualia* than even such a Saint as Francis Xavier. That such a book, written by a soldier in the first glow of his conversion, should be so sober, so well balanced, so wise—should stand so well all the commenting and meditating to which it has day by day been subjected for more than three hundred years: this is one of the most stupendous miracles in the annals of ascetic theology, and forms an epoch in the spiritual history of mankind.

I once attempted a minute word-for-word study of this great book. I began at the beginning, and *that* is often the surest way of never reaching the end. As a matter of fact my commentary in this particular form did not get beyond those first two words of the title-page, *Exercitia Spiritualia.*

I first applied to those two Latin words the advice given by a famous man who is not usually quoted in such a context, though his views are often guided by high, and even by spiritual, principles, far more than most writers of his class. He tells his readers—or rather his hearers, for his advice was in the first instance addressed to a simple audience of workingmen,[1]—that, in order to deal with words rightly, we must form the habit of studying their formation and history. "A well-educated man is learned in the *peerage* of words; knows the words of true descent and ancient blood, at a glance, from words of modern *canaille;* remembers all their ancestry, their intermarriages, distant relationships, and the extent to which they were admitted and the offices they held, among the national *noblesse* of words at any time and in any country. . . . Let the meanings of words be watched closely, and fewer will do the work. A few words well chosen

[1] "Sesame and Lilies," p. 18.

and distinguished will do work that a thousand cannot when every one is acting, equivocally, in the function of another."

Ruskin even goes so far, so absurdly far, as to bid those who can only learn the Greek alphabet to get good dictionaries of that language, and whenever they are in doubt about a word, to hunt it down patiently. The general gain to your character, in power and precision, will be quite incalculable.[2]

A more appropriate authority may be quoted to the same effect in the person of a celebrated French bishop of our day—though our younger readers will refuse to acknowledge it as *their* day, for the prelate is many years dead. In the following passage Felix, Bishop of Orleans, has the disadvantage of speaking through a translation.[3] "Every idea is a power depending on a more or less numerous family of words, which it forms for its service and which it invests with meaning. More truly it is transformed and revealed in them. Then these words participate in its value, represent its force, reflect its light in different degrees and shades of meaning, in human society and the intercourse of human intelligences. This all goes to make up the great whole, to which I have given the name of the *sense* of words."

Dupanloup may here seem to exaggerate the importance of the point at issue, and John Ruskin still more in the previous extract; but many people go too far in the other direction, thinking that a fairly educated man has nothing to learn from dictionaries, whereas, besides enlightening us as to the words about which we are more or less completely ignorant, the great, solid dictionaries help us to understand better the words of which we have a vague knowledge that is only a few degrees removed from ignorance. The patient study of words gives often a deeper insight into things.

Let us, then, pull to pieces these two Latin words of ours,

[2] A certain Mr. Moberly of Columba College, near Dublin, remarked once to Mr. Aubrey de Vere that the Irish peasantry were a noble race, and all they wanted to be perfect was to know Greek.

[3] See Vol. I, page 479, of the "Life of Mgr. Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans," translated by Lady Herbert of Lea.

Exercitia Spiritualia, and see what we can get by putting the pieces together again.

Exercitium comes of course from *exercere*, and for this verb the best Latin dictionary at hand gives as the first and literal meaning "to work thoroughly, and hence, in military language, to drill, train, exercise." *In military language!* And so the ex-soldier Ignatius talks shop, employs professional terms, the first moment he opens his lips or puts pen to paper.

This first derivation suggested for the word may surprise us; for Dr. Smith goes on to say that *exercere* probably contains the same root as the Greek ἔργον which gives us our word "energy." Thorough work, energetic effort, would thus be implied by the word *exercitia;* and we ought therefore to force our "Spiritual Exercises," at all times, and especially during annual retreats, to correspond with this first etymology. Our work should be thorough work, not make-believe work. There should be no mere superficial half-efforts, no amateur dabbling with the matter, no dilettante intellectual amusement, but honest work, ἔργον.

In no other study is Blessed Edmund Campion's maxim so applicable as in the study and pursuit of religious perfection. "In studio labor, in labore methodus, in methodo constantia." There must first be labor, effort, struggle: perfection will not come of its own accord in our present state of fallen nature. And next in this labor there must be method and order, if we do not wish the greater part of our efforts to be lost. And in this methodical labor there must be constancy. Not by fits and starts, except in the sense of always starting afresh, always persevering, always keeping at it.

I have just said "especially during annual retreats," to give myself an excuse for doubling back on that clause, and remarking that it would be very unwise to confine the idea of Spiritual Exercises too exclusively to the time of the yearly retreats, since a great deal of the efficacy of a retreat may be secured at any time by special good-will and fidelity in making a morning meditation. And again it would be a mistake to think here of

meditations only, as if they alone were spiritual exercises, whereas in St. Ignatius' enumeration of such exercises meditation is only one out of many, and he puts first *quilibet modus examinandi conscientiam*, "any method of examining one's conscience."

So much meaning may be drawn out of the word "exercise" if *exercere* be supposed to come from the Greek ἔργον. But probably we have been a little shocked at that derivation, having always considered *exercere* to be one of the many instances in Latin words in which *a* in composition is changed into *e*, like *ineptus*, *inermis*, etc. We are no doubt inclined to agree rather with those who (as our dictionary adds) "connect the word with *arcere*, in which case the verb would signify originally 'to shut out, to keep or hold out,' with which signification might be connected, first, the notion of restraint, and, secondly, that of compulsory employment."

These words are cited exactly, without any omission or addition, from the very secular and unspiritual author we are consulting. Dr. William Smith in his Latin-English Dictionary had certainly no reference to the *Exercitia Spiritualia* before his mind; yet do not all the parts of his definition bear a very appropriate meaning in our present application of the term? Looking out for *arcere* in an earlier page of these closely packed double columns, we find that it signifies, first, "to shut up," "to enclose," and also "to hold off," "to keep at a distance." To shut up—what? To hold off—what? Is it not in our present context to confine our thoughts, affections, faculties, our whole soul, wholly and entirely within the scope and compass of the retreat, or the meditation, or the other spiritual exercise which God's grace may draw us into? And therefore we do not go *on* retreat for a few days, but *into* retreat; we are *in* retreat, absorbed in it, completely enclosed and cloistered within it. *Ingredere totus, mane solus, egredere alius.*

So much for the force of "Exercise" as founded on the first meaning of *arcere*, like Cicero's *orbis cœlestis arcens et continens cœteros*, "shutting up and containing the rest." Now for its meaning when supposed to be akin to Horace's much more

familiar *odi profanum vulgus et arceo*,—"to shut off," "to keep at a distance." What is it that we thus exclude and keep far away from us? The noise of the world, the frivolous buzz of worldly and distracting thoughts, or even thoughts that are excellent in themselves but not relevant at that moment. We strive to shut out everything that might hinder us from uniting our souls to God in prayer.

And now put the extra preposition before all this, and to go through the Exercises well, according to the full meaning of the word *exerceo*, will be to shut up and confine our hearts and minds completely in the holy work that now engages them—to keep far away from us everything that could interfere with the action of God's grace upon our souls during these "spiritual exercises."

For these exercises must be spiritual. All is in the spirit, all is in the soul. "Child, give Me thy heart." God is a spirit, and He loves souls. *Domine, qui amas animas!* These marvellous bodies of ours are comparatively worthless except as giving to our souls opportunities of doing something for God which mere spirits could not do. The most perfect praise that human lips, even when inspired by the Holy Spirit Himself, have ever given to God's majesty, is contained in the Psalms of David. And what is the climax of them all? What is the very highest note to which the strain soars upward and upward till it is lost in unapproachable heights? The 150th Psalm ends thus—the last word of the last Psalm is, "Let every spirit praise the Lord." The Lord cares nothing for all those instruments of praise that the Psalmist has just invoked, nothing for sound of trumpet and harp and psaltery and timbrel and choir and organ and high-sounding cymbals of joy, unless through these the spirit of man speaks to the Spirit of God. *Omnis spiritus laudet Dominum.*

Let every spirit praise the Lord. "Every spirit" includes every soul, and every soul includes the sum of spiritual powers or faculties of memory, will and understanding, whereby we are like to God and become more like Him, the more we employ or exercise these powers in considering His works.

BOY SAINTS.

X.

St. Urban, Martyr, Antioch, A.D. 250.

THE Gospel of Christ preached by Saints Paul and Barnabas won such a great multitude to Christ, in the city of Antioch, that there *the disciples were first named Christians.* There, too, was erected St. Peter's first episcopal see, the remembrance of which is recalled each year by the feast (Febr. 22) instituted in its honor. Christians were numerous in Antioch during the centuries of persecution, and their glorious testimony unto Christ is recorded again and again in the Martyrologies of the Church.

The story of St. Urban and his brothers, Prilidian and Epolonius, who suffered with St. Babylas, Bishop of Antioch, in the persecution begun by the Emperor Decius, is one of singular interest from the fact that St. Urban, the oldest of the three brothers who confessed Christ so manfully, was but a boy of twelve, while Prilidian was but nine, and Epolonius only seven years old.

I.

Syria was a Roman province, in the year of our Lord, 250, when the Decian persecution was begun. Numerian, the Roman governor, wishing to please the Emperor, determined to force the Christians to offer sacrifice to the gods in the church which they had built to the Omnipotent God. For this purpose he brought his idols to the Christian church.

In a fit of rage the governor took it into his head one day to carry his idols into the Christian church and force the Christians to worship them. The Bishop of Antioch, Babylas by name, met him at the door of the church, and refused to offer incense to the gods. Numerian bade his soldiers seize the Bishop, manacle him, put an iron collar about his neck, and drag him to the forum as a traitor. While the venerable captive was hurried

through the streets, three young boys, Urban, Prilidian and Epolonius, brothers, whom the Bishop had instructed in Christian doctrine, ran up to him and, falling at his feet, embraced him, kissed his chains and told him that they would never suffer themselves to be parted from him.

When the governor saw this, he ordered the boys to be brought to him, and asked them if they had a mother.

"Yes," answered Urban, "and besides our mother we have a teacher, the holy Bishop Babylas, who has been as a father to us."

Numerian bade one of his attendants seek out the boys' mother and bring her before him. She was soon found. When she stood in his presence he began to question her.

"What is your name?"

"Theodola, servant of God," she answered.

"Are these boys your sons?"

"Yes, I have given them birth, but I have restored them to God that they might be born again unto everlasting life by the teaching of our good pastor, Bishop Babylas."

"Beat this woman with rods," cried Numerian, "and tell her to speak to me with greater reverence." When Urban and his brothers saw their mother scourged, they cried out with one voice to Numerian:

"Mother has given you no reason to beat her, she has only told the truth." The governor, enraged at this boldness, ordered the soldiers to seize the children, and then asked Theodola:

"How old is that boy?" pointing to Urban. "Twelve years old."

"And the next?" "Nine years."

"And the youngest?" "Seven years." Turning to his soldiers, Numerian said to them: "Hang these boys up by the arms, and give each of them a stroke of the lash to the number of each one's years."

While this order was being executed, the noble-hearted mother gave thanks to God for the honor done her children who were chosen to bear witness to Christ even unto stripes.

II.

Numerian then bade his attendants remove Theodola and bring back the Bishop, whom he had sent away. When Babylas stood before his tribunal, the tyrant said to him: "You master of fools, your scholars have betrayed you. These boys have promised me to offer sacrifice." The Bishop was not deceived, but boldly reproached the governor: "May your lies fall back upon your own head! You are a child of the devil, and he was a liar from the beginning."

Numerian, frantic with rage, ordered the Bishop to be hung up by the arms, with the brave boys who were still enduring this torture.

While this order was being carried out, the holy old man prayed aloud: "O God, look down upon me and upon these children Thou hast given me." Thereupon he was cruelly beaten with rods; his head sank upon his breast under the weight of the heavy iron collar that had been fastened around his neck. His pitiable condition moved the heathens who stood near, and they begged him to free himself from pain by offering sacrifice to their gods.

Babylas answered them: "I feel no pain, for it is Christ that suffers in me; He gives me patience and the hope of eternal life."

When Numerian heard these words, he gave orders that the Bishop should be scourged still more severely. Urban, seeing this cruelty, seemed to forget his own suffering and cried out to the governor:

"Why do you torture our good master? Is it because he honors Almighty God? Know then that your own pains shall be increased and be without honor before God or man. Christ is our witness, that you shall not escape the hand of God. You shall be cast into the fire of hell."

The enraged governor bade the lictors beat Urban and his brothers again. Seeing that this cruel treatment failed to bend the brave boys to his will, he had Babylas removed, and then tried, with kind words and generous promises, to win the young heroes to his wishes.

"My dear children," said he, "listen to me. I will give you a nice present, better than anything your teacher can give you."

Urban, enlightened from on high, spurned the offer. "All your presents are filled with the fire of hell," was his brave answer, "they will burn you up. Our Master has promised us the kingdom if we bear witness to Christ on earth."

III.

Seeing that soft words availed as little as torture had done to move the brave boys, Numerian ordered them to be beheaded. The same death was to be inflicted on Babylas.

Urban and his brothers were led away with their Bishop to the place of execution. Raising their eyes to heaven, the children gave thanks to God.

"O Lord Jesus Christ, we thank Thee, for Thou hast granted us the grace to die with our holy Bishop and live with him again in everlasting life!"

When the headsman came up, the Bishop embracing Urban and his brothers, prayed: "O God, look down upon me and upon these dear children whom Thou hast given me."

Urban threw his arms around his master's neck and kissing his hands said to him: "Dear Father, we will die with you, you have taught us to know God and to reverence Him, now we shall praise Him with you forever."

"O God I thank Thee; again are Thy words verified: *Out of the mouths of little ones Thou hast perfected praise,*" were the Bishop's last words.

Then the headsman took Urban, Prilidian and Epolonius, and beheaded them. The holy Bishop, in turn, bent his neck to receive the blow that was to free his soul and to unite him again with his young disciples. The bodies of all the martyrs were laid in the same grave, and with them were buried the chains that had bound St. Babylas.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF BLESSED MARGARET MARY.

I.—What the Books Say.

A SERIES of studies in the life of a Saint is something more than a series of biographical sketches. The biographer can outline and draw in detail the subject of his sketch with a cold, impartial interest; but the student by his very name is supposed to address his work with a personal devotion and zeal that aim at nothing short of reproducing his model in his own life.

There is no real study without some practice or trial of the thing we are studying. To study a saint's life one must have tried the saint's peculiar holiness. There is no true appreciation of a saintly character without a sincere trial of the motives which animated the soul of the saint, and without due experience, so far as is possible, of the circumstances which in any way conflicted with those motives.

If this be true, books are not the only sources of studies in a holy soul's earthly existence. Books can state the bare facts more or less vividly, and suggest in a measure what the real life was, but they can do no more: they cannot reproduce the life itself. This the souls of writers and readers alone can do, by making the deeds of the life narrated a part of their own actual experience. Reader and writer alike may go over the life with a view to satisfying curiosity, or of presenting it anew to the interest of others. But this is too often done without a real study of the subject, without a resolute attempt to make the life in question a part of one's principles as well as of one's knowledge.

Books are not, therefore, all we need to study well a saintly life; and yet we cannot do without the books. In the very instance of Blessed Margaret Mary, our Saviour provided that we should have the sources of a Life, which, because of His

special providence, ranks with the best of biographies. He did so in spite of her protestations, and He made her write what she so disliked to make known. How she pleaded that her memory might pass into eternal oblivion, until He insisted that He would delight in thwarting the vain attempts of a creature, so helpless as she was, to conceal the graces He had lavished upon her. And how she urged her own forgetfulness and liability to mis-statements, until He reminded her that He is the eternal memory of the Father, never forgetting, never distorting one jot or tittle of the truth. "Write without fear what I shall dictate to thee."[1] And so we have the first charmingly simple account of her inmost soul, as the Master Himself saw that soul and read its secrets.

Even her companions at Paray-le-Monial could not do without a biography of her. They had seen her and had read her life in every act of hers from day to day. Her life was very easy to read, because she was too artless to conceal anything. This made her life so easy to know, that the very suddenness with which her religious sisters came to notice her extraordinary ways shocked some of them and made them question whether such peculiar sanctity had found its right place in a congregation, which for sweet humility's sake cultivated uniformity in external conduct. Because in all simplicity the Blessed Margaret went about her religious duties in utter unmindfulness of the scrutiny of any eye but that of her divine Lord, cautious superiors could not have been expected to witness without some misgiving her naïve display of graces which only the Giver could view without being surprised into admiration. Now all these questionings and misgivings made the holy nun's companions somewhat biassed against her ways, and therefore very close inquirers into her motives. Such lack of concealment on her part together with such wary observance on theirs resulted in a thorough knowledge of her saintly character,—in a lasting knowledge, also, for the further reason, that once they could understand and approve of her rare ways, they would naturally be more sensitively mindful of the gifts and graces which had at first stirred their questionings and

[1] *Vie et Œuvres, Tome 1er*, p. 41 (1876).

misgivings. All this, fortunately, they hastened to commit to writing. Not only did they feel the need of doing so, but they also prized their memoirs so jealously that they kept them as family papers, which only members of their own households might be admitted to read.

Thus we have her life as viewed by her divine Master and by her sisters in religion as well, and, as a guide in reading both, we have the Spouse of Christ and the fond Mother of these her saintly biographers. For the Church of Christ has held her up to honor, enumerated and eulogized her marvellous virtues and powers, and decreed that her writings and revelations may be read and expounded to the faithful with edification and profit. Were this testimony nothing more than a strong confirmation that Margaret Mary spoke truly, in saying that Christ bade her write what He was to dictate, it would show us how little we can do towards a study of her life without the books. But besides confirming the statement of her own memoir, and of those of her religious sisters, the documents of the process of her beatification are themselves a history as surely directed by the Spirit of God, as that her soul had been controlled by His divine influence.

Instead, therefore, of treating lightly a biography compiled from such genuine and unerring sources, one should rather feel bound to read and study it with reverence. Bring to it the conviction that our divine Master Himself has furnished, or helped in a special way to furnish, the first draft of the work, and reverence becomes very easy. Now, even though we had not His word for it, that He dictated it, we should have counted on His contributing very largely to it. The familiar and constant share He had taken in the chief actions of that life would have committed Him to ensuring the fidelity of its biographers. In reality the Life of Blessed Margaret Mary is largely the Life of Christ for a certain period during which He chose to manifest in symbol and by copious statement His glorified existence in heaven. All these manifestations and declarations would have been in great measure fruitless, had they been left to the vivid imaginations of some writers, or to the narrow conceptions and misapprehensions

of others. Hence His merciful care to dictate what the timid Margaret should set down, and that further care of His, just as merciful, that His Church, and that the best human authority should certify to the authenticity of what she wrote, and then pronounce that beyond doubt her writing is trustworthy, leaving us no excuse for hesitating to believe her when she recounts how the Master told her: "Write without fear what I shall dictate to thee."

How strongly our Lord's share in the life of His holy servant committed Him to a share in writing that life, is clear from the fact that her life was to be the open field of contention in the well-organized and ceaseless attacks upon the devotion to His Sacred Heart, which He meant to establish by means of His manifestations to the nun of Paray. His solicitude in providing us with an incontestable account of the apostle of this great devotion, which should silence its bitterest enemies, is of a piece with the special providence by which He had appointed for her soul directors whose discernment and high religious character stood warrant for her sanctity even with those of her own household whom bias or suspicion had made act like enemies for a time. "I will reign in spite of My enemies and of all those who oppose Me,"[2] began to be verified during her earthly life, as soon as He had entrusted her soul to competent directors. Is it not true that it is verified more and more every day, since the excellent results of all previous narratives, of her own, of her brother Chrysostom, and of that of her contemporaries, have been published with her letters and the documents of the procedure for her beatification?

What the books say is altogether too extensive to be presented even summarily in a few pages like these; but it is a great deal to have established that what the books say is true. Beyond the satisfaction of our curiosity, there could be little benefit in reading a life whose every page confronts us with facts of miraculous visions and revelations, unless one take up that Life with the firm conviction that it is all as certain as the

[2] Ibid., p. 239.

highest human testimony can make it, when that testimony is directed and sustained by the Author of all truth and by the Church its faithful keeper. Now this conviction is justified, not only by the sources of Blessed Margaret Mary's Life, but also by the ready and docile acceptance of all the wonders in her Life by the faithful reading or hearing them. There is a Catholic instinct or sense which quickly recognizes the tone of truth, and this instinct has always believed implicitly in the marvels narrated in the holy nun's Lives. Though no true Catholic will doubt for a moment that she was favored with numerous manifestations of our divine Lord, and though the narrative of these manifestations is full of the miraculous, still strange to say, there have been very few attempts, for the reason that there have been few if any requests, to defend or explain how these various apparitions could have taken place. The explanation is easy enough and very edifying when studied in detail, and yet the simple Catholic heart has always preferred to take the manifestations for granted, and attend more to the messages and practices which the Heart of Jesus made known in the course of these visions.

So much and more can be said for the books, most of all, for the great book of all, the Life and Works of Blessed Margaret Mary, edited by religious who lived with her, and who compiled their Life from her own, her brother's and her superiors' memoirs of her, and also from her letters and writings, leaving it to their sisters of our own day to add the documents of her beatification, together with others which throw new light on the esteem in which, after a time of misunderstanding, she was held by all the religious of her congregation.

Books of this character compel reverence, and reverence insensibly moves to imitation. With all the authority of the writings we may consult in reference to the Blessed Servant of God, Margaret Mary Alacoque, we shall know her much better and derive far more profit by reading her life in the spirit which a real study requires, in the spirit of a soul deeply enough interested in the wonders of divine grace so visible in her ways, as to reproduce the same, so far as depends on us, in our own lives.

THE READER.

*

A few months ago the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer were leagued together with the pleading Heart of Jesus Christ to pray for the Church in North and South America, or, what comes to the same thing, for the conversion of America. At the recommendation of the Vicar of Jesus Christ twenty millions of Catholics the world over, for one month at least, made a Morning Offering of their prayers, works, and sufferings for this object; twenty millions kept repeating *Thy Kingdom Come!* many times daily; nearly ten millions joined in reciting by bands of fifteen a daily Decade of the Rosary for this same purpose; and about seven or eight millions received Holy Communion that same month, many of them every week of that month, for this great interest of the Heart of our divine Lord. This was our General Intention announced in July for the month of August, when our Holy Father wanted to make our Apostleship repeat in some way the great act of zeal which had first impelled Columbus to seek our shores.

* *

Is it too much to assume that these prayers have been blessed so far at least as to have caused the proposal, and the ready response to the proposal, to begin a movement of prayer for the conversion of the people of the United States? Even before the General Intention for the Church in North and South America had been recommended to our Associates, the MESSENGER in May last had printed the prayer for the conversion of the United States, to which His Grace Archbishop Williams has granted an Indulgence and to which several of the New England Bishops have given their approval. To this same prayer, as the Right Reverend Bishop of Cleveland notices in the *Catholic Columbian* of September 10, His Grace Archbishop Ryan had granted an Indulgence of 40 days as early as the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, 1890. For some years past one, who desires to conceal her identity under the title of a "daughter of the Puritans,"

has zealously recommended this prayer to Catholics, and it is no doubt a reward of such faith on the part of both prelates and laity that the faithful now take so heartily to the proposal made for a general and united effort of prayer to convert our fellow countrymen.

* * *

By a strange oversight, both the projectors of this new movement of prayers for the conversion of America and their approving correspondents fail to mention the Association which was established in this country for the same purpose in 1858. It was approved by the Sovereign Pontiff, recommended by several prelates, granted several Indulgences plenary and partial. Its members had certain appointed prayers to say, and in several dioceses the archbishops attached Indulgences to these prayers. The Rev. X. D. Macleod gives an account of this Association in his addition to Orsini's Life of the Blessed Virgin, and the *Ave Maria* reprinted the chapter almost entire in the second number of its first volume, May 13, 1865. There should seem, therefore, to be no need of a new organization for the object in question, since at least forty years ago Catholic zeal was thoroughly and systematically engaged in its pursuit.

* * * *

Even as early as that date, long before Rev. Fr. Ramière had organized the Apostleship of Prayer into the vast and effective union of Christian souls called the League of the Heart of Jesus, the editors of the *Ave Maria* notice that, "hearing of the wonders which the Apostleship of Prayer was working in Europe, we entered into communication with its pious founder, and with our Rt. Rev. Bishop's permission, we merged our little association into the great army of fervent souls praying for the conversion of the world, making, however, the *conversion of America* our first object, our first Intention."

* * * * *

The *Ave Maria* did not lose sight of that Intention, but at Fr. Ramière's repeated instance recommended it most zealously, until the MESSENGER was published as the official organ of the Apostleship of Prayer. Has the MESSENGER lost sight of it?

In answer we need merely point to the thousands of Intentions which we present on Calendars and Rosary Tickets monthly for the very graces which go to bring about the country's conversion, for Parishes, Clergy, Communities, Families, Conversions to the Faith, Missions and Retreats, Religious, Church Students, Vocations, and the rest. And with what result? In answer again, we must beg of our readers to read the details of our thirty or forty special Thanksgivings besides the thousands which we can record only by the dates of the letters which report them along with the initials G.O. Surely the Apostleship of Prayer is doing such work for the conversion of our country as only a union of Christian hearts in union with the pleading Heart of Jesus can hope to do.

* * * * * *

In view of the possibility of our having a national union of prayers for the conversion of our country, we cannot insist too strongly on the absolute need of the making our prayers uniform, constant, and permanent, if we desire to fulfil our Saviour's conditions for an efficacious prayer. It is easy enough to say, *Pray;* but the people will cry out, "*teach us how to pray,*"—what to say, in what common form of prayer we may unite. Again, it is not hard to have all combine in a prayer or series of prayers for a week or for a month; but it is very hard, as a former trial of this very project in our country proves, to make all persevere in prayer. Now, it goes without saying that neither uniformity nor perseverance in prayer is possible without the aid of an association empowered to require these conditions of prayer, and well enough organized to help every member to fulfil them.

* * * * * * *

It may be well for those who are interested in procuring prayers for the conversion of our country, to examine the methods employed by the Moderator General of our Apostleship, who has lately organized among the Local Centres of the League in France, "The League of Prayers in behalf of France and of its Religious Orders." What the French *Messengers* give in detail, Rev. Father Regnault has lately published in a leaflet, which the Diocesan Directors of the League are spreading among their Local Directors, and these in turn among their Promoters

and Associates. By the aid of the organization of the League, a million and a half Associates began at once to pray for the object recommended to them, and by the aid of the various League prints at their disposal the Moderator-General and other Directors will secure a united, uniform and persevering prayer until the enemies of the Church in France shall have been overcome.

* * * * * * * *

The prayer adopted by the League of the Sacred Heart in France is especially worthy of imitation in giving as it does the particulars of the grace sought. The first paragraph of it reads thus: O Jesus, Who hast confided to France the glorious mission of making known to the world Thy divine Heart and of restoring Thy Reign throughout the world, we beseech Thee take pity on our dear country. In this our hour of struggle, the powers of hell seek to annihilate in the bosom of Thy France the religious Orders and even the Catholic Church. O Heart of Jesus, let not Satan prevail against the eldest daughter of the Church; keep her children in the faith of former days; keep their souls in an ardent love of Thine own Heart; preserve in France the many religious communities devoted to the education of youth, the service of the poor, the care of the sick, the salvation of souls, to the missions in all the infidel countries of the world, and to so many holy works, which are the most beautiful ornament and pure glory of our country.

Thy France! The force of the prayer of Moses for the Israelites was in the constant use of the words, *Thy people.* We too are God's people, and He wants us to make all His creatures, particularly the souls who are astray from Him, fully His own.

* * * * * * * * *

How surely the League of the Heart of Jesus is strengthening the union of minds and wills may be clearly seen from this communication sent by a League Promoter who was an attendant at the Catholic Summer School. After praising the originators and lecturers of the School it makes this statement:

"Everywhere through the East one is made to feel at home by the Diplomas of Affiliation and Intention boxes which meet one in the vestibule of every church, assurances of the special

altar, or, at least, the picture or statue of the Sacred Heart to be found within the church. Confessions were heard and Holy Communion administered on the First Friday, and as the little red badge of the League shone from each breast, not new, but stronger ties were established among the members of our popular Summer School. The sort of knowledge attained at the Catholic Summer School is not that which would make man ignore the great God Who created him or the Sacred Heart Whose depths hold divinest wisdom for Its lovers."

* * * * * * * * * *

If the magazine which has identified itself with the special devotion to our Lady, had done nothing more during the first year and a half of its existence than call attention to the meaning of the name of that devotion, the Rosary, it would have deserved all the words of praise which it has grown accustomed to hear about its work. It is no slight incentive to recite our Blessed Mother's beads, when we consider that our *Hail Marys* are thus woven into a chain of petitions as pleasant and as potent in her sight as a garland of roses in our own. *The Rosary* has also helped us to know more about the confraternity which keeps alive and increases this beautiful devotion.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Now that the young people have returned to their books, and work in the schools and colleges is well under way, teachers and professors should remember that studies are never better inaugurated than under the auspices of the Heart of Jesus. The devotion to the Sacred Heart should be the beginning and end of a child's pursuit of knowledge, and he should be taught to seek light and help in that which is the fountain-source of all true wisdom. A class-room should never be without a picture or statue of the Sacred Heart set up in some prominent place. Let us not forget the promise: "*I will bless the houses,*" and, of course, the schools, "*in which the image of My Sacred Heart will be exposed and honored.*" There is no telling what a powerful effect this sacred image must have on the thoughts of a child who has been accustomed to gaze at it from his tenderest years. Now, too, would be a fitting time to introduce the *Apostleship of Study*, which is producing such excellent fruits in our schools.

GENERAL INTENTION

FOR OCTOBER, 1892.

Designated by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with his special blessing, and given to His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer—for recommendation to the prayers of the Associates.

THE SPIRITUAL EXERCISES AMONG THE FAITHFUL.

HAD our Holy Father not designated the special system of spiritual exercises which he desires to make common among the faithful, we could have known his wish as well from his own predilection and from the high regard of many of his predecessors for the Exercises of St. Ignatius, as from the excellence which these Exercises have in themselves and from the fruits they have borne in the sanctification of souls. Even had he left us to choose the system of spiritual exercises we are praying to see in use among all Catholics, as Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer in league with the Heart of Jesus, we should naturally pray to have all Christians adopt those exercises which most of all promote devotion to His Sacred Heart, and which are so truly the groundwork of the daily practices of our League, that these practices may be considered the best introduction to the exercises themselves.

I.

How His Holiness esteems the Spiritual Exercises is clear from his address to the priests of Carpineto, his birthplace, after the retreat which they made at his request in Rome, 1890. "When my spirit first began to feel the need of special sustenance, I sought it long without finding any. I read many books over and over again, without being satisfied. Finally, when the book of the Spiritual Exercises fell into my hands, I was obliged

to say: 'This is the solid sustenance I have been seeking.' Since then I have never put that book aside. Its consideration on the end of man would by itself suffice to reform and reconstruct the entire social world."

As early as 1548 Pope Paul III. issued an Apostolical Letter as a lasting memorial of his high regard for these same Exercises. "These Exercises, and all and everything contained in them . . . of our own certain knowledge, we approve, praise, and safeguard by the patronage of these letters; earnestly exhorting in our Lord each and every one of the faithful of Christ, of both sexes, howsoever situated in life, to use such holy documents and Exercises, and learn how to use them devoutly."[1] The certain knowledge of which the Pope speaks, was drawn, as these letters state, from the testimony of the theologians appointed to examine the Exercises, from the fruits they had borne particularly in Barcelona, Valencia and Gandia, and from his own personal study.

A century later, when Pope Alexander VII. was granting to all who would make those Exercises for eight days the plenary indulgence which his predecessor Paul V. had granted for ten days spent in their exclusive use, he also could testify, "that we know thoroughly well how much these Exercises help in directing and in strengthening the souls of the faithful in the way of Christ our Lord."[2]

To these strong commendations of the Exercises there is scarce any need of adding the words of St. Charles Borromeo, who often made them twice a year; nor of St. Teresa, who found in them all her soul desired; nor of St. Mary Magdalene de Pazzi, who trained the Sisters under her charge to use them constantly. St. Francis de Sales always made sure to spend a week in making them before preaching the Lent at Cambrai, and he used to designate them: "A holy system, known to the first Christians, but almost entirely forgotten until the great servant of God, Ignatius of Loyola, restored them to our fathers."[3]

[1] Litt. Apost. 31 Julii, 1548. [2] Litt. Apost. 12 Oct. 1657.
[3] Treatise on the Love of God, Bk. xii. c. 8.

II.

The Exercises of Saint Ignatius have never ceased to deserve praise from the Pastors of the Church of God and from its holiest members. They are still what they were to the world three hundred years ago. Their peculiar excellence is that they bring home the truths and practices of our holy religion to the souls of all, no matter how different may be the circumstances of their lives, their times, their degrees or stations in life. To bring home these truths and practices is much more than to preach them or reproduce them in the exercises of piety for mere listeners or spectators. To bring them home to the soul and make them its habitual indwellers, the soul must exert all its powers, its memory, its imagination, the senses of the body, its understanding, and above all the will in receiving, entertaining and in growing so familiar with the principles and practices of faith that they may become as natural to us as the exercise of walking or of running.

Now the Exercises of St. Ignatius are "any way of examining one's conscience, of meditating, of contemplating, of praying vocally or mentally, of other spiritual operations; [of making practical considerations, conclusions, resolutions, of exciting due sentiments of hope, of love, contrition]: because as walking, moving ahead and running are exercises of the body; so also any means of preparing and of disposing the soul to rid itself of all ill-ordered affections and, when once rid of them, of seeking and finding God's will in arranging one's life unto salvation, is called Spiritual Exercises." Notice how the effort, the work, the exercise is all thrown on the soul, how the Saint means each one to *work* out one's own salvation, how all the forces of soul and body are brought into play to recall to mind some principle, truth or fact known whether by reason or revelation, to invest these with the likely circumstances which sense or imagination can suggest, to interpret them, reflect upon them, determine how they should influence our conduct, decide upon the practices they imply, while all along the affections of the will are being aroused and so employed about the object of our reflections that we become

sensibly so interested and finally so engrossed in the exercise that it may really be said to be an abiding habit in our lives.

Spiritual Exercises, or work of this serious kind at our advancement in the way of God are not common in the lives of ordinary Christians. By God's grace they are becoming more and more common. Religious men and women, priests and ecclesiastical students, college and convent pupils have always been blessed by their chances to renew their acquaintance with them at least once a year. In Europe, where houses of Retreats for laymen and women have always existed in number, new houses have of late years been established, in which the number of private Retreats often amounts up to the thousands, and Catholic piety in many places aids in the support of such houses for the working classes to the great social benefit of rich and poor. These special Retreats must spread the knowledge and use of the Spiritual Exercises more and more widely, until they shall have become as our Intention means, a daily practice in the life of every faithful soul.

III.

As a motive which should make us pray more fervently in behalf of this Intention, we might present in detail the marvellous results achieved by these holy Exercises in reclaiming sinners, in reviving piety and in rekindling charity since the beginning of Protestantism, when, because evils began to abound, therefore the charity of men began to grow cold. Impressive as these results must be, they will not move an Associate of the League of the Heart of Jesus so powerfully as the fact that the use of the Exercises of St. Ignatius must greatly promote devotion to that divine Heart.

One of the aims of the Exercises is to make us grow in the knowledge and love of Christ our Lord in such a measure that we yield up everything in order to unite ourselves with Him and become daily more and more like Him Whom we learn to be supremely worthy of our love. Now this knowledge and love bring us at once into an acquaintance and familiarity with the ways, and thoughts, and interests, and purposes which the

Saviour of men had most at heart when on earth, and which He still keeps most at heart now that He reigns in heaven. It is impossible to know how He was bent on our welfare and how intensely His Heart beat with love for us, without being disposed to listen more intently to the manifestations of that divine Heart in these latter days, and loving It more deeply in return.

Finally, the practices of our Apostleship of Prayer are based on the leading principles of the Exercises themselves. The Morning Offering not only enables us to practise the most important help which St. Ignatius sets down for meditating well, viz., to recall to mind the subject and the purpose of our meditation the first thing of a morning; it is also an equivalent of the Preparatory Prayer, by which we actually enter upon every exercise, meditation, self-examination, or contemplation. It may be made to achieve the same result in our daily habits, as the Exercises seek to effect in the course of our lives. It can set in order the life of every day, forestall from the very start every sinful or less worthy motive or intention, unite our intention with that of Christ, and so bring all the doings of a day, our prayers, works, sufferings, business, study, recreations, conversations, all into a well-ordered series of acts with one end in view and that the end or intention of the Heart of Christ. What is true of the Morning Offering is true of the habit which every Associate of the Second Degree soon acquires, of recommending each day some special intention or interest of the same divine Heart. It is true likewise of the cry we repeat so often, *Thy Kingdom Come!* The Exercises gave birth to our Apostleship, our Apostleship must spread the use of the Exercises.

Offering for the Intentions of the Month.

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sin, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer: in particular, for the use of the Spiritual Exercises by the faithful. *Amen.*

APOSTLESHIP NOTICES.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.—To the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus (from August 12 to September 12, 1892).

(Name of diocese in *italics*, before that of parish or community aggregated.)

Albany, New York: St. John's Church, Schenectady.

Alton, Illinois: Immaculate Conception Church, Mattoon.

Baltimore, Maryland: Convent of the Visitation, Washington.

Brooklyn, New York: St. Patrick's Church, Huntington.

Columbus, Ohio: St. Francis of Assisi's Church, Toronto.

Green Bay, Wisconsin: Immaculate Conception Church, Rhinelander.

Louisville, Kentucky: Holy Rosary Church, Manton.

Manchester, New Hampshire: St. Mary's Church, Claremont.

Marquette, Michigan: St. Ignatius' Church, Houghton.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin: St. James' Church, Oconomowoc.

New York, New York: Catholic Protectory (Sisters of Charity), Westchester.

Omaha, Nebraska: St. Patrick's Church, Chadron.

Oregon City, Oregon: Sacred Heart Church, Oswego.

Peoria, Illinois: Sacred Heart Church, Campus.

San Francisco, California: Convent of the Holy Name (Sisters of the Holy Name), San Francisco.

St. Louis, Missouri: St. Rose's Church, St. Louis.

NEW CONCESSIONS OF PRIVILEGES.

The Carmelite monastery of St. Peter, Maestricht, Holland, has granted the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer a full participation in all its prayers and good works.

First Friday Votive Mass.

Our Reverend Local Directors are aware that the Sacred Congregation of Rites had decided that the Votive Mass of the Sacred Heart, conceded by the Holy Father for the First Friday of each month, should be a Mass with *Gloria, Credo* and one *Oratio* (Rescript, July 20, 1890).

As the Rescript contained the words: *ritu quo celebrantur Missae Votivae solemniter,* a question was addressed to the Sacred Congregation to ascertain if it was lawful to celebrate this Votive Mass *sine cantu,* i. e. to say a Low Mass.

The Sacred Congregation answers (May 20, 1892) that it is lawful to do so.

Acta Sanctae Sedis, v. xxiv. fascic. xii. p. 739.

An haec verba *Missa votiva Sacratissimi Cordis Jesu ritu Missae votivae solemnis celebranda* intelligi queant etiam de Missa lecta, seu sine cantu?

Et eadem S. Cong. rescribendum censuit: *Affirmative.*

Cai. Card. Aloisi-Massella,

Praef.

The Treasury of the Sacred Heart.

Associates can gain 100 days' Indulgence for each action offered for the Intentions of the League.

Offerings for the Intentions of the Sacred Heart, received from August 12 to September 12, 1892.

	No. of Times.		No. of Times
1. Acts of Charity	423,380	11. Masses Heard	582,716
2. Beads	490,493	12. Mortifications	846,819
3. Stations of the Cross .	53,537	13. Works of Charity . .	229,046
4. Holy Communions . .	96,284	14. Works of Zeal	505,091
5. Spiritual Communions .	326,774	15. Prayers	3,009,658
6. Examens of Conscience	239,133	16. Charitable Conversation	614,501
7. Hours of Labor	805,445	17. Sufferings or Afflictions	1,612,663
8. Hours of Silence . . .	274,234	18. Self-Conquest	437,465
9. Pious Reading	155,440	19. Visits to B. Sacrament	366,318
10. Masses Celebrated . .	7,128	20. Various Good Works .	136,504
Total			11,512,629

The above returns represent three hundred and sixty of the Local Centres in the United States.

The total number of parishes, communities, schools, and religious societies regularly aggregated by Diploma to the Apostleship of Prayer is 50,282, an increase of 173 during the past month.

THE MYSTIC MARRIAGE
OF
ST. CATHARINE OF ALEXANDRIA.
(Jager.)

THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. VII (XXVII). NOVEMBER, 1892. No. 11

PRAY FOR ERIN, O MARY DEAREST!

[*From the Irish of Thomas O'Flannery.*]

By Michael Cavanagh.

FAIR the flowers which on fair May-morning
Perfume the air and bedeck the sod,
In wild profusion the land adorning:
More fair the Mother of Christ our God.

White the snow in the spring-time gleaming
On mantled mountain and crested hill,
When morning's sun-rays on earth are streaming;—
But Stainless Mary is whiter still.

Bright the sun in meridian splendor
Sheds life and light from his place on high;
But can fierce sunlight or moonlight tender
With Mary, Star of the Morning, vie?

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Pure the crystal, the limpid fountains,
    Pure and clear the blue empyrean,
Pure the dew-drops on Irish mountains:
    More pure the Heart of the Virgins' Queen.

Tower of Strength! to the lowly pining,
    House of Refuge! to poor and weak,
O'er the world serenely shining,
    Dispensing succor to all who seek.

Fount of Love! By the love thou bearest
    Christ thy son, throned on God's right hand,
Pray for Erin, O Mary dearest!
    Pray for all those who love that land!

SAINT CATHARINE OF ALEXANDRIA.

OF all the names that make the ancient city of Alexandria illustrious in the annals of Egypt, none is more familiar in painting and in legend than that of the maiden philosopher and martyr, Catharine. And what more appropriate than that the Saint who is the patroness of learning and the arts, and is the glory of her sex, not only for her sanctity, but also for her eloquence and science, should have received her inspiration and amassed her stores of wisdom in a place so famous for its academies, its libraries, and its host of poets, scholars, and orators, whose names have found a place on the world's roll of fame?

Neither history nor legend throws much light on the birth and lineage of this remarkable Saint. We only know that she was born either towards the close of the third, or in the early part of the fourth, century, and that she came of a noble and

illustrious family. We are told that she was a child of remarkable beauty and still more remarkable gifts of mind. At the very threshold of her history we meet with an event which ranks among those for which she is most celebrated. Her baptism would seem to have been deferred for some years after her birth; but she was reminded of the state of her soul in a vision granted her during her sleep. Our Blessed Lady appeared to her with

ST. CATHARINE.
(Raphael.)

the Infant Jesus in her arms. The Blessed Mother graciously presented Catharine to her Divine Son; but what was Catharine's horror when she beheld the Infant Saviour turn away Its little Head with a look of deep aversion, saying, at the same time, that Catharine was not pleasing in His sight, as she was not yet cleansed in the waters of Baptism. On waking from sleep she resolved to remove at once the cause of her Lord's displeasure.

She was immediately baptized; and then she was favored with another vision, in which the Divine Infant bestowed upon her a thousand marks of His affection. During this apparition took place a scene that has been a favorite subject with poets and artists ever since. This was the famous Espousal of Catharine by the Infant Jesus. In the Canticle of Canticles our Divine Lord is represented as the Heavenly Bridegroom, Whose Spouse is the Church of God, which on so many accounts is dear to His Divine Heart. This intimate relation, which is the highest and tenderest expression of Christ's love for His Church, exists between Him and all those who are united with Him by sanctifying grace. Nevertheless in the case of some few chosen souls our Lord has deigned to renew these espousals in a way that showed that these souls were in a special manner deserving of His love. Such was the favor that was now bestowed upon Catharine. Her divine Lord, wishing to prove His love for the now regenerated child, deigned to choose her for His spouse, and placed the nuptial ring on her finger in the presence of His Blessed Mother and a multitude of heavenly spirits. Catharine had a proof of the reality of this vision in the fact that the ring remained on her finger after she awoke from sleep.

The picture chosen for our frontispiece is from the pencil of Jäger, who has lavished upon it all the wealth of his genius. The Infant Jesus is represented as placing the nuptial ring on the finger of the spouse. The half-kneeling posture of Catharine, as she stoops to receive it; her look of devout and tender affection, mingled with an overpowering sense of the condescension of her Lord and Spouse; the child-like, yet God-like, expression of the Infant; the look of sweet simplicity on the face of the Mother; the devout and reverent mien of the attendant Angels, who are placing a wreath of flowers on the head of the bride,— all combine to make this a work of the highest inspiration.

Catharine received an education befitting the rank and position of her family. Gifted with an extraordinary capacity for abstract studies, she began at an early age the study of philosophy and theology; and we are told that her progress was so

rapid that she soon outstripped her masters, who in their turn became her disciples. In a city like Alexandria all the intellectual treasures of antiquity were laid at the feet of the diligent and aspiring student; and Catharine, we are told, amassed such stores of knowledge that she became the wonder of her age. Her marvellous gifts and acquirements were intended by Divine Providence to equip her for the fulfilment of an extraordinary mission. She had scarcely passed beyond the years of girlhood

THE MYSTIC MARRIAGE.
(Corregio.)

when a memorable opportunity was offered her of turning her gifts to good account.

Paganism was at this period making a last effort to retrieve the immense losses sustained in its conflict with the Christian Faith. It still possessed some strongholds in which brute force and seductive influence were exerting themselves to the utmost to stamp out Christianity, or to weaken and undermine the faith of its followers. Wealth and power, moreover, could still invest

the ancient worship with a splendor that captivated the fancy of those who were not yet emancipated from the errors of paganism. That part of the Empire of which Alexandria was the moral centre was then governed by Maximinus II., a ruler who presents a most striking illustration of the lengths to which human passion will go when possessed of unlimited power. Maximinus was a pagan, and saw with dismay the advances that Christianity was making in his own imperial city of Alexandria. He resolved to crush it. An edict was published commanding all Christians, under pain of the severest punishments, to worship the gods of the Empire. He resolved, moreover, to inaugurate the new persecution by a grand pageant calculated to revive the popular admiration for the religion of the gods. A great sacrifice was celebrated in the temple of Serapis, and thousands of sheep and oxen were slain in honor of the gods. The Emperor was present in person, surrounded by the lords and magistrates of the Empire, whilst thousands of adherents of the old religion came pouring into the city to witness the magnificent spectacle held under the imperial auspices, and to hold high festival over the revival of the ancient worship.

Catharine, as she saw the blood streaming from the victims, knew that before long the streets of Alexandria would be flowing with Christian blood. She immediately conceived an extraordinary resolution, which must have been inspiration from on high. She resolved, like another Judith, to meet face to face the oppressor of her people, and that, too, in the midst of the solemnities of the sacrifice. Her reliance, however, was not on the sword, but on the gifts wherewith nature had endowed her, and still more on the power of the Most High.

Imagine, dear reader, the astonishment of the Emperor, seated amidst the priests and lords of the Empire, when he saw a woman of surpassing beauty and queenly bearing approach his throne and humbly solicit an audience. Strange to say, the audience was granted, and Catharine pleaded with penetrating eloquence and powerful argument in favor of the proscribed religion, and denounced the errors and follies of pagan worship.

Her words would seem to have made a deep impression on the Emperor. He dismissed her, however, and told her he would listen to her again at his leisure.

Shortly after the grand ceremony was concluded he summoned Catharine to his palace, and permitted her once more to plead in behalf of the Christian religion. To her eloquent discourse he replied that he would not take it on himself to answer her arguments: he would assemble his philosophers, and if she

THE MYSTIC MARRIAGE.
(Memling.)

would consent to meet them in debate, she would soon be convinced of her errors. Catharine accepted the challenge, and a day was appointed for the discussion. Fifty philosophers were summoned to meet the champion of the Christian religion. These sages, though disdaining an encounter with a mere girl, nevertheless obeyed the Emperor's behest with a good grace. Catharine prepared for the contest by fasting and prayer. At length the great day arrived. The philosophers assembled, and

the occasion was graced by the presence of the Emperor and his entire court. The signal was given for opening the proceedings, and the chief of the philosophers stepped into the arena. He began by upbraiding Catharine for her hardihood in opposing her own crude ideas to the authority of the poets, orators, and philosophers, who, one and all, revered and worshiped the gods of the Empire. He then cited passage after passage from their works, and concluded by saying that a religion that rested on so firm a basis of authority was preferable to Christianity, which was entirely unknown to antiquity.

Catharine might well have trembled as she rose to reply to her powerful opponent. But she was assured by an Angel that the victory was to be hers, and she rose with perfect tranquillity and confident of success. She first conciliated the audience in a graceful, but spirited, exordium, and then proceeded to unravel the sophistries of the pagan apologists, and establish the principal truths of Christianity. She handled the subject with such power of argument, such wealth of illustration, and such winning grace of manner, that the entire assembly was transported with admiration and delight. The Emperor must have been pale with rage as he witnessed the scene that now ensued. Catharine, after concluding her argument, turned to her chief opponent, and asked him if he had anything to say in reply. He rose and confessed himself vanquished. The Emperor turned with the fierceness of a madman to the other philosophers and commanded them to refute the woman's sophistries. Vain command! The philosophers replied in the same vein as their chief. They were convinced, and not only convinced, but converted to the Faith which they had hitherto despised. They moreover declared that no power on earth could rob them of the precious treasure they now possessed in their new belief. The sequel need scarce be told. The fifty philosophers were burned at the stake. The fire, however, whilst depriving them of their lives, did not consume their bodies; and this miracle brought about the conversion of a large number of idolaters.

We now enter on a new act in this interesting drama. The

Emperor's pride would naturally have prompted him to wreak his vengeance on her who was the cause of his sore discomfiture. And so, doubtless, he would, had he not been the slave of a passion that is sometimes seated deeper than pride in the hearts of kings. It now appeared that the Emperor was deeply smitten with the beauty and accomplishments of the Christian maiden. He resolved, although married already, to make her his wife. Catharine, it is needless to say, rejected his proposals with scorn. And now the brutal nature of the man asserted itself to the full. He commanded her to be stretched on the rack, and afterwards scourged. For two long hours the imperial ministers vented their cruelty on her tender frame. The Emperor then gave orders that she be flung into a deep dungeon, and left to die of starvation.

It so happened that, whilst Catharine lay in her dismal prison-house, the Emperor had occasion to make a journey away from the city. The Empress Faustina, who felt wonderfully drawn to Catharine in consequence of a vision, visited the prison, in company with Porphyry, one of the chief officers of the imperial army, in order to speak with the Saint. What was their surprise to find Catharine healed of her wounds and in the bloom of health! Catharine was not long conversing with them before she had made conquest of these two souls, and predicted that within three days they would win the crown of martyrdom by dying for the Faith.

The Emperor, on his return, was, of course, astonished at finding Catharine so wonderfully transformed. But the miracle was lost on a callous heart like his. He immediately renewed his proposal of marriage, and was again rejected. Seeing he could not win her, he again resolved to destroy her. He gave orders for the constructing of a machine consisting of four wheels armed with knives and iron points, and so arranged that, when his victim was placed between the wheels, her body might be mangled and cut into a thousand pieces. The Emperor made a last effort to win her affections, but she was inflexible as ever. She was led to the place of execution, and fastened to the machine; but no sooner

was the first motion imparted to the wheels than, by some miraculous interposition, they were shivered into splinters, whilst Catharine remained uninjured. It is this instrument of torture that figures so prominently in many representations of the Saint; in fact a wheel is one of the marks by which St. Catharine is distinguished from other martyrs.

At last it pleased the Divine Bridegroom to call away His beloved spouse to her heavenly country, where she would be forever beyond the reach of human malice and human passion. The Emperor was now so enraged that he ordered her decapitation. On the way to her execution she begged of our Lord two favors: one, that her virgin body might not be subjected to unworthy treatment after her death; the other, that He might deign to put an end to all persecution of the Church. She was assured by an Angel that both petitions would be granted. When the moment of her execution arrived the whole assembly was bathed in tears, whilst Catharine's face was lighted up as though by a ray from Paradise. She meekly bowed her head to the executioner, and in a moment more was numbered among the Blessed.

There is a tradition in the Church,—a tradition that has the high recommendation of being inserted in the Divine Office,—that the sacred remains of the martyr were taken up by Angels and transported to Mount Sinai, where they were guarded with the greatest veneration. The monks who inhabited the mountain used sometimes to hear a beautiful melody chanted by heavenly spirits, who doubtless loved to linger about the sacred relics of her who was the beloved spouse of their Lord.

THE ENTOMBMENT.
(Luini.)

THE ICONOGRAPHY OF THE APOSTLES.

By Caryl Coleman.

VIII.

Saint James The Less.

Apostle and Martyr, A.D. 62.

Latin, S. Jacobus Minor. *German*, Jacobus der Jüngere. *Italian*, Giacomo Minor. *Greek*, Iakobos Mikros. *French*, S. Jacques Mineur. *Spanish*, Santiago el Menor.

FEAST: May 1. In the Ambrosian rite, in addition to the feast of May 1st, there is another held on December 30th, in honor of the consecration of the Apostle; and in the Mozarabic missal *"St. James, the brother of the Lord"* is commemorated on December 29th; while in the Greek, Russian and Maronite churches the feast is kept on the 9th of October, and in the Coptic, on the 4th of February.

Patronage: Patron of the See of Jerusalem.

Life: It was a common custom among the Jews to give the same name to two or more children of the same family: thus among the children of Herod the Great we find two Philips, two Phasaels, two Herods; therefore it is not surprising that, as St. Jerome believes, St. Joachim and St. Anne should have another daughter beside our Blessed Mother, bearing also the sweet name of Mary.

This second Mary, our Lady's sister,[1] married a brother of St. Joseph, named Alpheus,[2] sometimes known as Cleophas,[3] and became the mother of St. James, St. Jude, St. Simon, and St. Joseph (Barsabas) the Just. Consequently *"James, the son of Alpheus,"*[4] was a cousin-german of the Redeemer, and a nephew of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph. The two families lived at Nazareth, the cousins receiving no doubt the same

[1] St. John, xix. 25.

[2] Hegesippus, Hist. Eccl. 1, III. C. XI.

[3] In Aramaic, Alpheus and Clophas are the same name, just as Aloysius and Ludovicus are in Latin.

[4] Matt., x. 3.

education as the Child Jesus, which was that of a Jewish child of the period: "In the house he received the counsels of his father and mother; in the synagogue he learned to read the Torah; in the workshops he learned a trade. From the heart of the father and mother he drew, with the fear of God, the knowledge of the divine commands, was initiated into the religious spirit of Israel and its destinies, and heard from their mouth the precepts of the Law and the history of his people, completing his education in the synagogue;"[5]—ceasing to be a pupil in his twelfth year, when he received the phylacteries or parchment bands, which were fastened by straps to his arms and head, and had inscribed upon them two passages from Exodus and two others from Deuteronomy,[6] in accordance with the precepts of Moses: "Lay up these my words in your hearts and minds, and hang them for a sign on your hands, and place them between your eyes."[7]

These bands or *phylacteries*, answering to the *toga virilis* of a Roman youth, were a sign that the young Jew had become a member of the community of Israel, and had engaged to keep the Law, just as the *toga virilis* among the Romans was a mark that the wearer was of age under the civil law, with the power to contract debts, to make a will and perform other legal acts.

Of the boyhood of St. James we know little or nothing beyond a legend, found in a number of apocryphal books, the oldest one probably written in the fourth century, in which it is related that St. Joseph sent the boy James to gather a bundle of wood, and that as he was collecting the faggots, a viper bit his hand, poisoning him unto death; just then the Child Jesus passed by, and seeing the danger that His cousin was in, breathed on the bite, and straightway the pain ceased and James was saved from death. Although this story was often used in Christian art during the Middle Ages, nevertheless, it is almost needless to say, it is not accepted as true by the Church, or at least not authorized, for the reason that, like most of the legends concerning the boy-

[5] Didon's Life of Christ, Vol. 1, C. V.

[6] Exodus, xvi. 1–10, 11–16; Deuteronomy, vi. 4–5; xi. 1–21.

[7] Ibid. xi. 18.

hood of our Blessed Lord and His Apostles, it is drawn from books of doubtful origin, often by heretical authors, though written in the first ages of the Church.

If this miracle was true, and others that are related as having been performed by our Divine Lord in His youth among His

FROM THE TOMB OF THE DUKE OF BRETAGNE,
(Nantes, 16th Century.)

kinsfolk, St. John never would have written in his Gospel, just after describing the changing of water into wine at the marriage feast, the words "*This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee: and manifested His glory, and His disciples believed in Him;*" nor can we believe that His kinsmen would have been so slow to understand that His mission was a spiritual, not a

temporal one; some of them, as we know, did not understand it until the descent of the Holy Ghost.

The childhood and youth of Jesus, the hidden life at Nazareth, the scenes between the Christ Child and His playfellows are all subjects fit for the pencil of the artist and of interest to every loving heart, but unfortunately the facts have fallen from the memory of man, fallen "away like water that runneth apace," God in His wisdom having drawn a veil over them, a veil that can only be lifted by the hands of prayer or penetrated by the eyes of the mind when engaged in holy meditation; therefore, we believe the Christian artist ought to be content to paint those subjects which are drawn from facts.

The painting of imaginary incidents, no matter how beautiful they may be or how often painted in the past, should never be the work of a Christian artist, unless they have a symbolical signification, for his province is the portrayal of theological and historical truth under forms of beauty. The end of Christian art, the reason of its very being, is truth: the imaging of truth in order to glorify God, to lead man to love Him, to make men see and realise, as it were by reflection, that He is at once the source and end of all truth and all love. "There its mission lies, like that of the Apostles and Martyrs." This was well understood in the ages when Catholic art reached its highest point. Listen to the words of Vasari: "As for us painters, our sole business is to make saints, holy men and holy women, on wall and over altars, in order that, by their means, men, to the despite of the demon, may be more disposed to piety and virtue."

Of the boyhood and youth of St. James, as we have said, we know very little beyond the fact already stated—that he was a member of the family of our Divine Lord—

> "A boy 'mid other boys he came
> A lamb of Jesus' fold."

If there was, at any time, any more known concerning his early life, the knowledge has been lost, sunk into a hopeless oblivion, and "all the efforts of modern times to retrace them," says Ordericus writing in the twelfth century, "are fruitless,

these ancient monuments having disappeared with the revolutions of the world from the memory of men, like hail or snow lost in the waters of some rapid river, and flowing onward, past recovery, in its mingled current."

Although St. James lived in daily companionship with our Blessed Lord, and was marked by the grace of God, yet he, like the other cousins, did not understand the divine mission of Jesus.[8] Though called to the Apostleship in the second year (A.D. 31) of Christ's preaching,[9] it nevertheless needed the descent of the Holy Ghost upon the day of Pentecost to open his mind fully to the great office he held.

His sanctity was known to all; even the Jews gave him the epithet of the Just, and allowed him to enter once every year the Holy of Holies, that part of the Temple set apart for the priests. St. Jerome,[10] quoting Hegesippus, says: St. James "was always a virgin, a Nazarite, one consecrated to God—never drank wine—never ate of any living creature, except when of precept, as the paschal lamb—never wore sandals—prostrated himself so much in prayer, that the skin of knees and forehead was hardened like to camel's hoofs;" and when he appeared in public the people crowded round him, striving among themselves, out of respect for the holy man, to touch the hem of his garment."[11] There is a constant and trustworthy tradition,[12] that our Divine Lord designated St. James as the Apostle to remain in the Holy City, to guide and rule the Church among those who loved him; so we find, that the day after the martyrdom of St. Stephen (A.D. 34), he was consecrated to the bishopric of Jerusalem[13] by St. Peter, and continued to occupy the See for twenty-nine years.

He was held in deep reverence by all the other Apostles, both on account of his great sanctity and his kinship to the Master, so much so that, from time to time, they resorted to him for counsel. He was always ready to strengthen the weak, to reprove the obstinate, to inform the ignorant, to correct the

[8] St. John, vii. [9] St. Matthew, x. 3. [10] In Tovin. c. 2, c. 24.
[11] St. Jerome in Gal., i. 19. [12] St. Chrysostom, Homil. 38.
[13] Euseb. Eccl. Hist., B. IV., C. 5; Fasti Apostolici (Fr. Anderdon, S.J.), p. 11.

erroneous, omitting nothing that would win souls to Christ or guide them in the way of Christian perfection. In the exercise of his office he was called upon to put forth an Epistle to the whole Catholic world, because certain false teachers had insisted upon misinterpreting the writing of St. Paul, *in which are certain things hard to be understood, which the unlearned and unstable wrest, as they do also the other scriptures, to their own destruction.*[14] These primitive upholders of private interpretation, in their self-will, like their imitators of to-day, not heeding the voice of the Church, held that St. Paul taught that faith alone was sufficient for salvation without good works. St. James points out this error, refutes it and shows "*that faith without works is dead,*"[15]—that one is the correspondent of the other. In this Epistle, he also admonished the faithful to be slow to anger, that it is not enough to hear the word but they must carry it out in their lives, that they must not be respecters of persons, that they must bridle their tongues, their passions, and above all things not oppress the poor, and if there be any sick among them to call in a priest that they may receive Extreme Unction, that they may confess their sins, and lastly, he says "*that he who causeth a sinner to be converted from the error of his ways, shall save his soul from death, and shall cover a multitude of sins.*[16] The Saint wrote this Epistle a short time before his martyrdom, about twenty-eight years after the Ascension of our Blessed Lord. In addition to this St. James left another great monument of his zeal, namely, the liturgy that bears his name, the principal parts and general structure of which he composed, arranging it for the rightful celebration of the Holy Mass in the Church at Jerusalem. It is substantially the same as the liturgy we are all familiar with: there is the Introit, the Kyrie eleison, Creed, Offertory, Sursum Corda, Preface, Commemoration of the living, the Consecration, Prayer for the dead, Commemoration of the Saints, the *Pater noster*, the *Agnus Dei*, the Communion, and so on to the end of the Office. At the Offertory a prayer is said in which these words occur:

[14] I. St. Peter, iii. 16. [15] St. James, iii. 20. [16] Ibid, v. 20.

"Let all mortal flesh be silent, and stand with fear and trembling, and meditate nothing earthly within itself; for the King of kings and Lord of lords comes forward to be sacrificed, and to be given for food to the faithful; and the bands of Angels go before Him." In this way the Christians of Jerusalem in the days of St. James prepared their minds and hearts for the "tremendous and unbloody sacrifice" of the New Law: the bread in the hands of the priest becoming "the Holy Body of Thy Christ," the wine and water "the Precious Blood of Thy Christ." The priest at the consignation saying:

"Behold the Lamb of God, the Son of the Father, That taketh away the sins of the world, sacrificed for the life and salvation of the world."

And at the Fraction:

"Taste and see that the Lord is good; He is broken and not divided, distributed to the faithful and not consumed, etc."

ST. JAMES THE LESS, OF GALILEE.
(Early Italian woodcut.)

There, with the Lamb of God immolated before him, the priest prayed for the departed in these words:

"Grant, O Christ to the souls which have departed
from this world, and are separated from us,
peace, with the pious and the just.
May Thy Cross be for them a bridge,
and Thy Baptism for a covering.

May Thy Body and Thy Holy Blood be the way
which shall lead them to Thy Kingdom."[17]

Through the ministration of our Saint many of the principal Jews were brought to believe that Jesus was the Christ; so many were becoming Christians that the scribes and pharisees became alarmed, and, having been baffled in their malicious designs against St. Paul, by his appeal to Cæsar, resolved to revenge themselves on St. James. They then, acting in concert, presented themselves to James and courteously besought him to ascend a pinnacle of the Temple at the feast of the Passover, and bear a true testimony concerning Christ to the multitude of Jews and Gentiles assembled at the feast, both from the neighborhood and from distant countries. The Apostle was filled with joy at the opportunity thus afforded him of declaring the truth, and gave his consent to what they entreated. Standing, accordingly, on a pinnacle of the temple, he addressed the people with a loud voice, showing clearly and without doubt that Jesus, the Son of God, had fulfilled all that the prophets had foretold concerning Him. The multitudes shouted with joy, "Hosanna to the Son of David." But the Pharisees and other enemies of the truth were greatly troubled, and, taking counsel together, exclaimed, "Oh! Oh! the Just one also is deceived." Then was fulfilled what is written in the book of Wisdom, *We will take away the just, for he is unprofitable to us.* The Pharisees now ascending to the place where he stood, said to him: "We entreated thee to disabuse the people of their error concerning Jesus, but thou hast given it strength;" to which James replied, "I have opened their eyes to their error, and given them to see the truth." The Pharisees threw him from the summit of the Temple and began to stone him. But he fell on his knees praying: "O Lord, my God and Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." One of

[17] This prayer is from the Syriac verses, and the others from the Greek. All the liturgies that have been in use at various times in different parts of Christendom were drawn from the three great original ones: that of St. Peter (the Roman), St. James, and St. Mark. At first the liturgies were transmitted solely by word of mouth, not committed to writing, for a long while after the planting of the Faith.

the priests cried out: "Spare him, I beseech ye, spare him, what do ye? The just one whom you are stoning prays for you." Then one of the Pharisees, in a frenzy of rage, seized a fuller's club and struck the Apostle violently on the head and beat out his brains. Thus was the martyrdom of the Confessor of Jesus Christ accomplished, and he was interred near the Temple.[18] This took place in the year when Ananus, the son of the famous Annas, was High-priest, A.D. 62. The relics were taken to Constantinople about the year 572, they were afterwards divided and are now to be found in the Church of SS. Philip and James at Rome, at Forli, Monte Gregiano, and Ancorea in Italy, at Gemblox and Antwerp in Belgium, at Toulouse and Langres in France, and with the relics of his cousin, St. James the Greater, at Compostella in Spain.

APPEARANCE: St. James the Less is said to have resembled our Blessed Lord not only in features but in deportment, and this likeness was so strong that the kiss of Judas was necessary in order to point out Jesus to the soldiers: "*he that betrayed Him had given them a sign, saying: Whomsoever I shall kiss that is He, lay hold on Him, and lead Him away carefully,*"[19] otherwise, through this striking resemblance, they might have mistaken James for the Master.

COSTUME: A white tunic of linen; barefooted; a fillet about his head, carrying a golden plate;[20] a nimbus of gold, in his hand a fuller's club. St. John the Apostle wore a similar plate upon his head.[21] These golden plates are believed by many to have been the germ from whence the episcopal mitre took its rise. "It is generally conceded by archaeologists that Bishops of the Western or Latin Church wore, from the earliest time, a peculiar ornament upon their heads, and that this was also a

[18] Ordericus Vitalis, Eccl. Hist. B. II. C. 6. Also see Eusebius, Eccl. Hist. B. II. C. 23.

[19] St. Mark, xiv. 44. Eusb., Eccl. Hist. B. II. C. 23.

[20] St. Epihanius, Hoer. 29.

[21] Eusb., Eccl. Hist. B. v. C. 24.

custom among some of the Orientals. The pagan historian, Ammianus Marcellinus describes the bishops of the Fourth Century as wearing a sort of crown: *"corona sacerdotalis"*; and a similar ornament is mentioned in the letters which passed between St. Jerome and St. Augustine (A. D. 405)."[22]

EMBLEMS: A fuller's club, the instrument of his martyrdom; a scroll with the sixth article of the Apostles' Creed inscribed upon it.

His arms are, *Argent*, a fuller's club, *or*. This blazon apparently contradicts the fundamental canon of Heraldry that metal is not to be placed upon metal, but there are very few rules without an exception, and the arms of St. James, as well as those of the kingdom of Jerusalem: *"Argent a cross potent between four crosses or"* are instances in point, and were so composed against heraldic usuages for the purpose of stamping them on the memory of the beholder.

SYMBOLIC TYPES: The topaz, the symbol of fidelity, prudence, and good-works, is the stone in the foundation wall of the Heavenly City, upon which the name of St. James the Less is written: and it is also the one in the Breastplate of the High Priest that bears the name of Simeon, the tribe he will judge. The Prophet Amos is used in Christian art as a type of St. James, because his words: *"He hath built His ascension in heaven"*[23] foreshadow the Apostle's words in the Creed: "He ascended into heaven, etc., etc."

REPRESENTATION: Christian artists have very seldom portrayed in their works the Apostle St. James the Less, except where they have grouped him with the other Apostles, and where they have illustrated the following scenes in his life: Our Lord's appearance, after His resurrection, to the Saint, an incident mentioned by St. Paul;[24] the Saint's nomination to the bishopric

[22] The Episcopal Mitre, by Caryl Coleman A. B. P. 5.

[23] Qui ædificat in nido ascensionem suam. Amos, ix. 6.

[24] "After that He was seen by James." I. Cor. xv. 7. St. Jerome in commenting on this event makes the following quotation from an apocryphal "Gospel according to the Hebrews"; James, the first Bishop of Jerusalem, did make an oath after the Last Supper, neither to eat nor to drink aught until he

of Jerusalem by the Apostles; his consecration by St. Peter; the throwing of the Saint from the roof of the Temple; his martyrdom; and one or two legends of more or less doubtful authenticity. The best known of these legends are the two frescoed upon the walls of the chapel of St. James the Less in the church of St. Antoneo at Padua; one represents St. James releasing a merchant unjustly detained in captivity, and the other his guiding a poor pilgrim, who has lost his way.

FOR REGARD TO THE WAYS OF GRACE.

By Ignatius Anthony.

I.

JENNIE DAWSON was born in Montserrat—one of the West India islands—of Scotch Presbyterian parents. Her father died of yellow-fever when she was eleven years old. Her poor mother, left destitute and unaccustomed to work, could devise no means for the support of the fatherless child. As she was a fervent Presbyterian, and a teacher in the Sunday-school, she resolved to seek the advice of her minister; but this good man had just left the island to spend his vacation in England; and the itinerant preacher who was to replace him had not yet arrived from Martinique. Bewildered and heart-sore, poor Mrs. D—— returned to the home which she would be obliged to leave the next week, as it had been let to another.

She had taken up her Bible and was endeavoring to find consolation from it when she heard a knock at the door. It was the new tenant, a frail-looking woman who arrived nearly a week sooner than she was expected.

beheld Jesus rise again from the dead. On the morning of the day of the Resurrection, a table appeared before him furnished with food; and the Lord blessed the bread and gave it to James, saying: "Eat of this bread now, My brother, for the Son of Man is risen from the dead." (De Viris illustribus II.).

She, too, was a widow; the dread scourge which had lately devastated the island had carried off her husband and two bright little girls. When Jennie came into the room, the new-comer gave way to an uncontrollable paroxysm of weeping; the sight of the child had recalled her own losses. In a frantic manner she told the poor mother, "to send that child out of the room." Sorrow had not had the effect of softening her heart; she would not kiss the chastening rod, nor say,

> "The sorrow that has laid me low
> Has brought me near to God."

When she became calmer she said to Mrs. Dawson: "You may remain with me as my companion and amanuensis in return for board, but that child must go."

The poor mother recoiled at the thought of separation from her child, and asked for a day to think the matter over, promising to send Jennie to a neighbor meanwhile.

II.

In Montserrat the Presbyterians have no school; their children are in the habit of attending either the Catholic, the Anglican, or the godless schools.

A feeling of aversion, bordering on hatred towards Catholics, had been instilled into poor Mrs. Dawson from childhood; so the idea of the convent-school for Jennie could not be entertained. She called on the Anglican teacher, only to find that the tuition prices were exorbitant.

The half-distracted woman told the writer that she could never account for the "force" which impelled her to ring the bell of the unpretending little convent. The Superioress received her most cordially. Death had visited her small community; out of eleven Sisters who had accompanied her from their mother-house in France but seven were left.

When Mrs. Dawson explained her position, generous-hearted Mother Teresa said:

"Bring the little one to me at once, my poor woman, and do

not think of remuneration until the bright days which our compassionate Saviour will send you 'ere long; remember that those whom He loves He chastises; come as often as you like to see your child; you will never regret lending her to us."

Poor Mrs. Dawson felt as if she was rather conferring than receiving a favor. With a light heart she hurriedly prepared Jennie for the new home opened to her.

The affectionate child became so much attached to the nuns, that she was soon reconciled to the separation from her mother.

She found her young companions so pious, happy, and amiable in practising their religion that the desire to share their faith and their prayers took possession of her.

There was such a difference between the cold religion which her mother had taught her and this other religion, which causes souls to expand, and fills hearts with such holy joy and pure delight that she was not long in forming her resolution. "Since the Catholic religion is such as I see it," she said one day to one of her companions, "I shall surely become a Catholic; indeed, I have already ceased to be a Protestant."

She asked permission to be present when the Catholic children were repeating their Catechism, and she invariably knelt to pray when they did; she said that she experienced a supernatural consolation quite foreign to her when she arose from her knees.

The first time she assisted at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, she seemed to be in a trance, so enraptured and motionless was she; and afterwards she said to one of the Sisters:

"I think I have spent half an hour in Paradise."

Jennie's desire to become a Catholic was strengthened every day. But there were so many obstacles to be surmounted. How could she tell her mother of her determination? What if her mother should take her away from the convent?

"Day and night," she told the good priest to whom she confided her interior struggles, "I hear a voice which commands me to enter the true Church of Jesus Christ. I feel a hand pushing me towards it, and this voice and this hand make me

understand that I cannot draw back. But what am I to do, Father?" asked the poor child, bursting into tears.

The priest consoled her. He explained that God has full control over all hearts and wills, and told her that if she prayed unceasingly she would most assuredly attain what she so ardently desired. He then gave her a little prayer to the Sacred Heart, which she promised to say every day.

On the first Friday, when she saw the good sister pinning on the children's badges, before they went to the church to receive our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, she expressed a desire for a badge, which was willingly given her; this she reverently kissed, then pinned it on her jacket, and knelt with her school-fellows before the Sacred Heart altar.

During the month of May she commenced to entreat the Mother of Jesus to receive her amongst her children. This sweet Mother granted her such light that none of our dogmas were repulsive to her.

"It was such a comfort to believe," she said. "Confession, oh! confession is a need of the soul! How many combats there are to sustain in our hearts, many and long, and how can we encounter so many enemies alone? Where shall we seek for aid in the struggle? Our Blessed Lord has appointed His gods on earth, who are the generals to gain the victory in these combats. What a happiness to confide in them, to disclose to them the most hidden secrets of our soul, to receive from them consolation, courage, strength!"

Thus confession, so much abhorred by Presbyterians, had no horror for her. Even before she became a Catholic she expressed a desire to go to confession.

"And the Real Presence! What a happiness to be able to spend a portion of each day with the God of the manger in Bethlehem, the Creator and Redeemer of our souls! And to receive Him in our hearts! Oh! would she ever experience that happiness!"

When speaking thus her face became radiant, and tears of hope and love flowed from her eyes.

One day, one of her school-fellows asked her "if all that she saw in our ceremonies, processions, and the like, so different from Protestant customs, did not seem very strange to her."

"Oh, no," she replied; "all that I see in the Catholic Church appeals to me, pleases me, seems to be divine."

Just as those exotic plants which we keep captive in our houses only await their liberation in order to expand and bloom in the fresh air and sunshine, this flower of election, kept in a soil without moisture or sunshine, was only waiting for transplantation to the garden of the Catholic Church, in order to attain her perfect development, and to produce those flowers and fruits of virtue whose germs were already so visible.

The devotion to the Sacred Heart attracted her above all others. Her school-fellows often found her alone in the chapel, kneeling and praying aloud, with her eyes fixed on the statue of the Sacred Heart, and an expression of such ecstatic joy depicted on her face that it seemed as if she were no longer on earth, but contemplating a vision of eternity.

One day she appeared to be very listless, and took no interest in her studies. The good Sister asked her in surprise the cause of this unusual apathy.

"Oh, Sister," she said, "how can you expect me to be happy when I am separated from the others. I feel as if I can no longer remain in the pew, when my school-fellows leave me to go and receive the Bread of Life. I suffer so much!"

It was decided to allow her to commence the novena preparatory to the Feast of the Sacred Heart, with the Catholic children.

III.

On the vigil of the Feast she asked permission to go and visit her mother, as she had decided to tell her of her resolution to become a Catholic. Asking the prayers of her teachers and school-fellows, she left the convent very courageously. But her courage failed when the opportunity came to make her revelation. The thought of causing sorrow to her kind and delicate mother, whom she loved so dearly, caused all her good resolutions to

vanish; but the torment in her heart was so strikingly depicted on her face that the anxious mother insisted on knowing the cause of her distress.

Throwing herself into her mother's arms the poor child sobbed: "Dear mamma, I am very unhappy. I am going to ask you a great favor, and I hope you will grant it, for I love you so much, dear mamma."

The astonished mother could not speak for some time; after soothing the agitated child she said: "But, my darling, why do you act in this mysterious manner with me? You know that I love you too dearly to refuse any request."

"My secret, dear mamma," replied the child,—"and if I have kept it from you too long it was because I could not bear to give you pain,—my secret is, that I have resolved to become a Catholic, because I am sure that the Catholic Church is the only true Church of Jesus Christ. The greatest happiness that you could confer on me is to let me realise my desires."

The poor mother, little suspecting the secret which weighed so heavily on her child, was not prepared for this terrible revelation, and remained in a dazed condition as if trying to collect her thoughts.

Jennie, who read on her mother's face the impression which the intelligence had produced in her soul, seeing her eyes fill with tears, embraced her tenderly and said:

"Dear, dear mamma, do not let what I have told you cause you such distress. Oh! do not be afraid to grant my request. You will see when I become a Catholic, how much better I will be than I ever was before. I will love you a hundred times more! I will be so happy that I will be able to spread some of my joy over your poor, sorrowful soul."

The mother replied through her tears:

"Jennie, my child, I cannot bear to refuse you; but you know my convictions—how can you wound my poor bleeding heart like this? You are my only child. You know that your poor father is lying in the Presbyterian cemetery, amongst his Presbyterian brothers. I wish to be buried next to him"

(I feel, my child, that you will soon be motherless), and I always expected that you also would one day be reunited to those whom you professed to love so much in this life. Am I to be deceived in this manner? Give me a few days to think over the matter."

Before the child had time to answer, the Presbyterian minister, who had returned from England the day before, entered the room.

In tropical countries the front door is always left open, and the minister, seeing Jennie in her mother's arms, and the latter in tears, very naturally inquired the new cause of their grief.

When Mrs. Dawson explained the matter he became furious, and regarding poor Jennie as an ungrateful lamb who wanted to desert the fold, he said:

"Do you not know that all are bound to live and die in the religion in which they were born?"

The tired, nervous, excited child told the writer on her return to the convent that she felt as if strength from on high was suddenly infused into her soul to such a degree that she would willingly have given her blood for the faith which she so ardently desired to possess.

Standing before him, her large gray eyes dilated, she answered:

"Really, sir, but when we discover that the road we are travelling does not lead to the place we desire to reach, must we not take another one? If you happened to be born in India, would you be obliged to adhere to the religion of the Coolies?"

The minister was so much annoyed at this unexpected answer that he accused her of gross impertinence, and began complaining to the mother.

The latter reprimanded the poor child, and told her "that she must always be polite to her minister."

"I will be polite to him, mamma, on the condition that he never mentions religion to me."

"I do not accept the condition," replied the minister; "it is my duty to make you abandon the idea of embracing the papistical superstition which you are hankering after."

"Sir," replied the child, "do not insult me by designating as papistical superstition the Catholic religion in which I hope to live and die."

"Unfeeling child," exclaimed the exasperated man, who commenced whispering to Mrs. Dawson,—Jennie heard the words, "nuns," "convent,"—"we must rescue her from this infamous place."

When the minister had gone, Jennie, seeing her mother again weeping violently, placed her arms around her and said,

"Dear, dear mamma, forget all that Mr. N—— has said; it does not trouble me. If he only knew how happy I am at the convent, where I am being educated and clothed by those dear nuns, he would never suggest my leaving. It would break my heart to do so; and then where would I go? He is always impressing on us that he has 'more mouths than he can feed.'"

Mrs. Dawson commenced to reflect on the charity which the Sister had displayed when offering Jennie a home; they had no expectation of earthly reward, and made no distinction between her child and the daughter of the governor of Antigua. Surely they were fulfilling the precept of the One Who has said, "Forasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these My children, ye have done it unto Me."

When, during her visits to the convent, she saw the nuns, she was very much impressed with their tender solicitude towards their charges. They were so entirely different from the idea which she had formed of them that she surprised Jennie by saying, when kissing her good-bye: "You may join the Catholic Church, my child, if you will promise me to try and become as good as your teachers."

IV.

Jennie returned to the convent in great joy, and told the nuns her good news. The next day, the Feast of the Sacred Heart, the good priest said a Mass of Thanksgiving for the generous answer to the children's novena; and in the afternoon he commenced to prepare Jennie for her reception into the Church the next week.

When the happy day arrived, she pronounced her abjuration in a distinct and resolute voice, and was afterwards conditionally baptized. She then knelt before the Altar of the Sacred Heart, and consecrated her life to her compassionate Saviour. When she returned to her school-fellows her emotion was so great that she could not reply to the numerous questions asked her.

"In all my life," she said to her director, "I never felt so happy; it seems as if my chains are broken and I am now free," and she added "Father, pray that I may persevere, and that I may accomplish other desires which our dear Lord has inspired me with."

"What have you asked our Heavenly Father for to-day?" asked her director; "it seems as if He could refuse you nothing on such a day."

"I have asked Him for two things, but I dare not tell you what they are yet."

"Yes, my child, tell me now."

"I have asked that I may never have in my heart any other love than the divine love; and I have asked for the conversion of my mother."

And these two thoughts from henceforth seemed to absorb the whole existence of this dear child.

But the crowning glory of the Catholic life, the day of First Communion, was eagerly anticipated by Jennie. For two months she prepared for the worthy reception of the Divine Guest. Her mother expressed a desire to be present on that happy day, although she had refused to come to the church for Jennie's baptism.

More than eighty children received their Lord together for the first time. This imposing ceremony made a great impression on the mother, whose eyes were riveted on the beaming face of her beautiful child. When Jennie returned from the altar-rail, her mother, seeing tears of joy flow from her child's eyes, began to weep herself. Who can tell what emotions were then passing in the soul of the poor mother? As a reward for these tears, which we may well imagine the Angels gathering, may not the grace of conversion be granted?

Jennie was very sanguine; this desire would henceforth be the absorbing passion of her life.

After her First Communion, she continued to increase in virtue and wisdom, nourished with the Bread of Angels as often as she was permitted, and each time with an exterior devotion which edified her school-fellows and teachers.

Her two great devotions were for the Sacred Heart of Jesus and His ever Blessed Mother.

Her director told the writer of a miraculous conversion which he attributed to her fervent prayers.

A week after Jennie had made her First Communion he was summoned to the bedside of a dying man, a poor Frenchman, who had escaped from the convict-prison in Cayenne, and who had lived for half a century in crime and estrangement from God. He knew well that he had but a few hours to live; but there was no regret in his heart for his sinful life, and he positively refused to make his confession. The priest's exhortations and entreaties having no effect on him, the discouraged father spoke of the severe judgments of God, and of hell already opening beneath his feet.

Such a repulsive look came over this wretched man's face that the poor priest, who had hoped to terrify him, was himself so frightened that he commenced to tremble, and imagined that a demon from the abyss was lying before him, when the creature shrieked:

"Well, if I do go to hell, so much the better. I want to go to hell. I shall have lots of company there. I will very soon be in hell."

The priest hastily left the house, stopped at the convent on his way home, and told the nuns and their charges of the heart-rending scene.

He had hardly finished the recital when Jennie, who had been listening intently, exclaimed:

"Father, we will pray to the Sacred Heart so earnestly that He will be obliged to grant us the conversion of this poor creature."

"Well, my child," the priest replied, "pray fervently; remember that with God all things are possible. A miracle must be wrought to change that stony heart. To-morrow I will go to see him again."

After saying Mass next morning the priest fulfilled his promise. When the man saw him he joyfully exclaimed,

"Father, I am so glad you have come; I have changed my mind; I want to go to confession and prepare for death."

He showed such holy dispositions that the priest gave him Holy Communion—the first time he had received his Divine Lord for over forty years.

Tears of contrition flowed profusely from his poor weak eyes, and wiping them away he sobbed:

"Father, it is nearly fifty years since I have shed a tear, and I weep to-day! What has caused this wonderful change?"

The priest felt convinced that his conversion was due to the prayers of the innocent children; and the one who prayed most fervently was Jennie; for she had not been satisfied with reciting the prayers in common, but had frequently left her companions during recreation, to prostrate herself before the Sacred Heart statue, and implore Him with all the fervor of her soul for this lost sheep. When told of the immediate answer to her prayers she was filled with a holy joy, for she saw in this a prelude to the conversion of her mother, which she asked for unceasingly. This was the only sorrow of her life.

"But I shall obtain it," she said, "if I have to give my life for this object."

"My God, Whom I love so dearly," she one day said to Mother Teresa, "will surely convert my mother; it is the only favor that I ask of Him; and if it must be procured at the price of my life, I willingly sacrifice this life. I am willing to die, now that I belong to Him, and dare hope to be amongst the number of virgins who '*follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth.*'"

These heroic sentiments may seem surprising when read; but we, who saw her every day, knew that the warmest rays of grace

had fallen on this privileged soul, to produce marvels of sanctity. She had hardly tasted the cup of life when she was already ripe for heaven.

We were too soon to experience how acceptable to Almighty God was the generous sacrifice of this angelic child.

She was taken suddenly ill with what appeared to be a very slight indisposition; but in a few days fatal symptoms developed, and she was the first to remark that she had but a short time to live. She asked to receive the last Sacraments, and joyfully and fervently she received her Lord for the last time.

Her mother, crushed with grief, never left her bed-side. Jennie looked at her pathetically, and said:

"Mamma, will you promise me to wear my Sacred Heart badge when I go to our Lord?"

"Yes, my precious one," sobbed the heart-broken mother; "but you seem so pleased to go and leave your lonely mother! Oh! my God, how can I live without my little comforter?"

"It is on your account that I am anxious to go, dear mamma," said the child, in a distinct voice. "Wear my Sacred Heart badge, and you will understand very soon."

These were her last words. After a short agony, during which she fervently and repeatedly kissed her crucifix, and a statue of her dear Mother in Heaven, as she loved to call our Blessed Lady, this child of election resigned her beautiful soul to God.

It was the vigil of the Feast of the Sacred Heart, just one year from the day on which she had obtained her mother's leave to become a Catholic. All her young companions, dressed in white, bore her mortal remains to the church, which was filled with the faithful.

A few days afterwards her poor mother called on the priest, holding in her hand Jennie's Sacred Heart badge, and humbly requested to be instructed in the faith in which her sweet child had found such consolation in life and death.

THE MYSTIC ESPOUSALS OF SAINT CATHARINE.

*By Thomas Connell, S.J.**

'WAS morn upon the gardens and the fields
Round Alexandria, by the summer sea.
A warm breeze crept apast the courts of kings,
And out into the woodland, where it stole
The laureate perfumes from the sun-burnt fields,
To waft them on to Greece. The noon-day dream
Hung on the meadows.

Out into the woods
Walked forth a maiden, meditation-wrapt—
Her heart, lost in the vision of a face
Seen in a picture once, and dreamed on since.
She paused: a stream sang softly at her feet,
A gleam of sunlight, falling through the trees,
Rested upon her bosom, and her hand
Crushed the wild-flowering roses by her side.
Her head was drooped, her heart was far away,
Swift on the wings of thought.

Tho' but a child
Catharine had learned this wisdom,—that the cry
And everlasting yearning of the heart
Is still for love and rest. But she found none.
Daughter of Egypt's queen, they came to her
Praying: "O thou supremely blest of gods,
In their quadruple gift of noble blood,
Wisdom and wit and beauty, get for us
Daughters and sons, to rule us." She but sighed:
For coursing with a royal fancy o'er
The broad world's treasures, she found no man
Her worthy help-mate: then her heart sank down,—
A soporific sadness fell on her,—
Her days were like a dream.

* Thomas Connell died a scholastic of the Society of Jesus, Jan. 13, 1892.

Those soft eyes, cloistered from the sight of earth
Now gaze on heaven. Liveried Angels thread
The unsubstantial air, and beckon her
To follow them to a serener height
Where shines a glory like the sun. She faints,
And falls upon her face before them, and lo!
A voice that was no voice, but music pure
As dying catches from the twilight songs
Of peasants in Provence, fell over her:—
"White as the lily unbrushed by the eager hands of the breeze
"Fair as the soft cloud flushed on the o'erland twilight seas,
"Beautiful Angels shall bear thee up from the world of sighs:
"There doth the Bridegroom tarry: daughter of love, arise!"
Then bowing down the Angel bears her up,
And leads her thro' a thousand flashing wings,
Thro' chanting files of sweet-voiced choristers,
To where aloof the zenith sky was pitched
A throned pavillion, honoring the queen
Of the enharnessed host. And now the Queen
Bows out to greet her—"Catharine"—With hands
Holding those trembling ones, and looks of love
Upon this new found daughter of her heart,
She turned her to her Son, Who stands beside
The Mother's glory. Catharine follows her,
And turns, and looks, and knows the very face—
The self-same face that she had looked upon,
Loved in a picture once, and dreamed on since.
Only, each feature perfect with the bloom
Of the eternal dawn upon it. Joy
Only to gaze upon Him! Joy beyond joy,
Would He but turn those eyes of love upon her!
But no—they frown, that face is turned away,—
From those clean lips a word of sorrow falls:—
"She is not fair, not wise enough for Me
To love her as I would."

Not fair? Not wise?
O Catharine! princess, peerless art not thou,
In beauty and in wisdom, of all the world?
Not fair? Not wise? Her bosom heaves and falls
And the tumultuous beating of the heart
Breaks her soft slumber, and the vision fades
Into the common twilight of the trees
By Alexandria.

Her eyes were filled
With heavy tears, as homeward thro' the dusk
She turned—but lo! before her in the path
The ancient anchorite stood. Quick as her thought,
Which was the impulse prompting her, she paused,
And told him all the vision, pouring forth
Her whole soul in the tenderest eloquence
Of pure love. He hears those strains, and lumined
By light, he reads her soul, and there
Straight 'mid the silence of the vesper-time
He murmured prayers attunèd to the hum
Of testy streams that ruffle thro' the moss—
He poured on Catharine the saving flood,
Uniting her with Christ.

. . . . . .

That same night
Again the vision came; but now the Christ
Turned not away, but cast a look of love
Fondly upon her, plighted her His troth,
And pressed a ring of unenamelled gold
Over her finger.—Catharine awoke!

The same warm wind blew o'er the sea to Greece;
The same hot noon was on the groves and trees
And purple garden of the Ptolemies.
And yet, to-day was not as yesterday
For Catharine of Alexandria.

IRISH MARTYRS AND WORTHIES IN PENAL TIMES.

"NOW look up to Heaven, and be not unworthy of your ancestors who boldly professed the faith; do you, too, uphold it; in defence of it I desire to give up my life this day."

Thus spoke the Jesuit coadjutor-brother, Dominic Collins, as he stood beneath the gallows upon which he was to die. A moment later he was flung from the ladder, and, while still alive, the rope by which he was hanging was cut, his body disembowelled and quartered, his heart torn out from his breast, held up to the gaze of the multitude, and cast into the fire. This terrible scene was enacted at Youghal, Ireland, on All Hallows Eve, Sunday, October 31st, 1602.

By Act of Parliament, A.D. 1536, Henry VIII. was proclaimed "Head on earth of the Church of Ireland," and an oath acknowledging his supremacy was imposed on all ecclesiastical and lay officers. Obstinate refusal to take this oath was to be punished as high treason. The same legislative body, composed of aliens, decreed that spiritual preferment should be given "only to such as could speak English"; but if such persons could not be found, and a native were to be appointed to a benefice, he should make oath "that he would endeavor to learn and teach the English tongue to all and every being under his rule, and to bid the beads in the English tongue, and preach the word of God in English, if he can preach; and to keep or cause to be kept, within his parish a school to learn English."

If testimony were needed to tell how deeply the faith of Christ had been planted in the nation to which St. Patrick preached, and how that faith had entwined itself about everything

MARTYRDOM OF BROTHER COLLINS, S.J.
(From Tanner's *Societas Militans.*)

the children of St. Patrick cherished; if we were asked to prove that the Irish heeded their Apostle's command,—"As ye are Christians, so be ye also children of Rome,"—these Acts of Par-

liament would bear more than ample witness, aimed, as they were, at uprooting Ireland's language as a means of destroying Ireland's faith.

Did the Irish people obey these Acts? Let us take our answer from the ruined abbeys and monasteries that cover the face of the land; from the churches despoiled and the sacred relics scattered to the winds; from the confessors of the faith, men, women and children, who died in prison, or in exile, or upon the roadside, or in ditches; from the white-robed army of martyrs that for two hundred years made glorious the annals of the Irish Church! Did the Irish keep the faith? "The faithful Irish," God knows they deserve that name. Sorely-tried, indeed, they have been; but, thanks be to God, they have never wavered; they have served God and kept the faith.

We cannot hope to give in this place an account of many Irish Martyrs and Worthies. Hence, we have preferred to tell, in detail, the story of Dominic Collins, S.J., and the glorious triumph of Archbishop Oliver Plunket.

Donogh Oge O'Cullen [O'Cuilêin, O'Coileâin] was the son of John O'Cullen and Felicity O'Driscol. He was born in the townland of Crevagh, near Youghal, County Cork, and in time succeeded his father as owner of Crevagh and chief of the Clan O'Cullen. Passing over to France in early manhood, he served as a captain of cavalry in the armies of the League against the Calvinists, and was remarkable among daring soldiers for his courage, as well as for his great stature and his manly beauty. When peace was concluded between the League and Henry of Navarre, O'Cullen, desirous of greater military glory, and with the hope of returning to Ireland with a Spanish armada, procured letters from the commander of the Spanish army in France, and went directly into Spain, where the King appointed him Captain of the Port and commander of the royal fleet at Coruña.

While in this post, he yielded himself to the action of divine grace, frequently approached the Sacraments, read instructive and edifying books, meditated upon the great truths of eternity, and practised corporal austerities. Soon he felt himself called to

higher things, and began to realize the joy and happiness of those who fight under the standard of Jesus Christ. He was attracted by the mortified life of the discalced Franciscans, and by the strict observance of the Spanish Dominicans; but, praying to God long and earnestly, and weighing his reasons well, he resolved to ask admittance into the Society of Jesus, as a Temporal Coadjutor, or Brother.

On consulting Father Thomas White, S.J., Rector of the Irish College at Salamanca, he was told that he was unsuited for the humble and meritorious life of a Jesuit Brother. We may well imagine Father White's amazement when he saw the chief of the O'Cullens, the distinguished soldier in the wars of France, the handsomest man of his day in Spain, and heard him asking leave to serve God in the shade and obscurity of a lowly hard-working life. Such a vocation needed to be well-tried, so the Captain was told to pray over the matter, and to apply again at the end of twelve months.

When he came, at the end of this time, Superiors told him that they would receive him as a scholastic-novice to prepare for the priesthood; but he still persisted in wishing to be a Brother. Again, they advised him to join another religious Order; but he had made his election, once for all, and prayed and urged until he was received into the Society at St. James of Compostella, December 8, 1598.

His humility and charity in the service of the sick of the plague, two months after this, gained him the coveted degree of coadjutor-novice; two years later, February 4, 1601, he pronounced his religious vows. He was employed as refectorian in the College of Compostella, when the order came for him to go as companion to Father James Archer in the Spanish fleet that was ready to sail for Ireland. During the voyage he served the sick, night and day, but in the midst of his labors continued his union with God and his practice of corporal austerities.

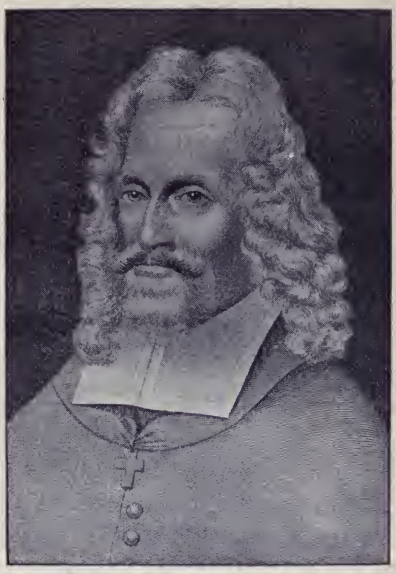
He was with Father Archer in the Castle of Dunboy when Carew, the English Lord President of Munster, laid siege to it; after hours of fruitless assault, McGeoghegan, who commanded

the Irish in the castle, was mortally wounded; the besiegers promised to spare the warders' lives if the castle were surrendered. Brother Collins, as a non-combatant, was selected to go out and settle the terms of surrender. But he was seized and put in chains, contrary to the law of nations, and in violation of the oath the besiegers had sworn. He was a Jesuit, and his capture condoned any treachery or perjury. He was imprisoned for three months in the common jail in Cork, and, as he would not "endeavor to merit his life by discovering the *rebels'* intentions (which was in his power), nor do some service that might deserve favor" [such as cutting the throat of some other Irish lord or chieftain], nor give up his faith for promised preferment in the Protestant Church, he was sentenced to be hanged and, while still alive, to have his entrails torn out. During the days that intervened between this sentence and his death he was repeatedly put to the torture, in violation of every law.

The good Brother's patience and joy in these torments so enraged his persecutors that they sent him to the gallows before the time fixed by his sentence. He was led out from Cork amidst the prayers and tears of nearly all the citizens. When he reached the gallows he knelt down and kissed it, and then prayed to God for himself and for his country, and, after the example of the martyrs, he prayed for Queen Elizabeth and for all his enemies. Then, clad in his Jesuit cassock, he mounted the ladder and, turning to his countrymen, exhorted them to preserve the faith undaunted until death. His closing words were those quoted at the beginning of this paper.

"His mangled and holy remains were collected with piety, reverence, and affection by the people of Youghal, and were religiously buried in a chapel outside the walls of the town and close to the gate at which he was hanged. In that chapel he is honored by the veneration of the faithful, and, as the Catholics affirm, he is glorified by God, Who works miracles there at his intercession." The cause of his canonization is now pending and we hope soon to be able to invoke him as Blessed Dominic, Martyr, and ask him to pray for us.

The story of the death of Oliver Plunket, Archbishop of Armagh, belongs to the period of the pretended plots of Catholics against the realm, concocted in the fertile brain of the infamous Titus Oates and his fellows. Ormonde, the Viceroy of Ireland, knew that the accusations made by Oates were false; but he took occasion from them to begin a war of extermination against the Irish clergy. All bishops, Jesuits, and other regular priests were to leave Ireland within one month. A reward of ten pounds sterling ($50) was offered for the arrest of a bishop or a Jesuit, and half that sum for the arrest of a vicar-general or a friar. Archbishop Plunket would not abandon his flock; hence he was arrested and imprisoned. Then an apostate preferred charges of treason against him. The charges made were so absurd that when the trial took place in Dundalk, where the false witness was known, he did not dare appear before the court. Contrary to law, the Archbishop was not freed; the case was transferred to London for trial. Deprived of counsel, witnesses, and court records that would clear him of the charges, he was found guilty of treason. Before passing sentence, the Lord Chief Justice said to him: "*The bottom of your treason was your setting up your false religion*, a religion that is ten times worse than all the heathenish superstitions." To this the Archbishop answered: "If I were a man that had no care of my conscience in this matter, and did not think of God Almighty, or conscience, or heaven, or hell, I might have saved my life; for I was offered it by divers people



OLIVER PLUNKET,
Archbishop of Armagh, Martyr.

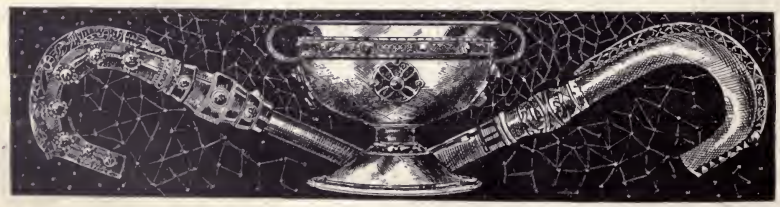
here [one, a great peer], so I would but confess my own guilt and accuse others. But, my lord, I would rather die ten thousand deaths than wrongfully accuse anybody."

Sentence was then passed: From Newgate prison "you shall be drawn through the city of London to Tyburn, where you shall be hanged by the neck, but cut down before you are dead; your bowels shall be taken out and burnt before your face; your head shall be cut off, and your body divided into four quarters, to be disposed of as his majesty pleases."

This sentence was carried out on July 1st, 1681, in presence of an immense multitude of spectators. The discourse delivered by the Archbishop from the scaffold moved even his executioner to compassion. He protested "upon the word of a dying man" his innocence of the treason charged against him; forgave "all who did concur, directly or indirectly, to take away his life"; and ended with this prayer: "O my God! I beseech Your divine Majesty, by the merits of Christ, and by the intercession of His Blessed Mother and all the holy Angels and Saints, to forgive me my sins, and to grant my soul eternal rest!"

The body of the martyred Archbishop was buried, at his own request, with those of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus who, during the persecution resulting from the pretended plots, sacrificed their lives at Tyburn. With it was deposited a copper plate bearing this inscription:

> In this tomb resteth the body of the Right Reverend Oliver Plunket, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of Ireland, who, in hatred of religion, was accused of high treason by false witnesses, and for the same condemned and executed at Tyburn, his heart and bowels being taken out and cast into the fire. He suffered martyrdom with constancy, the 1st of July, 1681, in the reign of King Charles II.



FOUNDERS OF HOUSES OF RETREATS.

I.

Father Vincent Huby, S.J.

Born, 1608. Died, 1693.

IT would hardly be an exaggeration to say that nearly every great enterprise for the promotion of God's glory has been an outgrowth of some individual saintly life. Some chosen soul is sanctified under the action of the Holy Spirit, and in the very process of sanctification such a turn is given to its thoughts and affections as will make them germinate in some important and far-reaching work of zeal. And so it has been with the great spiritual movement that centres in houses of retreats. The history of these houses may be traced back to the lives of three servants of God, Father Vincent Huby, Mademoiselle de Francheville, and M. Louis de Kerlivio, whom God singled out to be vessels of election for the sanctification of countless souls. As an interest in the work must beget an interest in those who founded it, we trust the following sketches will be welcomed by our readers, the more so as the lives of these saintly persons possess

FATHER VINCENT HUBY, S.J.
(Founder of Houses of Retreats.)

an intrinsic interest apart from their connection with the work of the retreats.

Vincent Huby was born in Hennebond, in Brittany, on the 15th of May, 1608. He came of a family distinguished, not only for its nobility and its extensive connections in the province, but also for its hereditary piety; his grandmother was of the house of Épinefort, which was famous for having given to the Church St. Aubin, Bishop of Angers. From his earliest years divine grace would seem to have claimed him for its own. All his inclinations were for what was good, and, although of an ardent temperament, he preserved a singular innocence of life. The firmness with which he clung to his good resolutions revealed something of the peculiar force of character that distinguished him in later years. He must have been a most engaging child, for both nature and grace had lavished upon him their choicest gifts.

Having entered the Jesuit College at Rennes, he had for professor Father John Rigoleu, of whom he afterwards became a disciple in the spiritual life, and later on a companion in the work of the missions. Here his piety was fostered in that nursery of saintly lives, the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary. During his course of studies he felt powerfully drawn to the Society of Jesus, and at last resolved to seek admission into its ranks. His father, on hearing of his resolution, perhaps with the object of testing his vocation, sent him to Paris, to make his course of philosophy in one of the colleges of the university. But change of place produced no change in his resolution. His thoughts and affections were irrevocably turned towards the Society of Jesus. Many years afterwards he said that he had been called to the Society by certain extraordinary movements of grace. He now begged so earnestly for admittance that the Provincial of the province of France, Father Peter Coton, who possessed a rare gift of discernment in spiritual matters, felt obliged to receive him even before the end of his course of philosophy. He predicted at the same time that the young postulant

would not only persevere in the Society, but also become one of its best subjects.

He entered the novitiate at Paris on the 25th of December, 1625, in the eighteenth year of his age. From the first day of his religious life he showed that determination to make his life worthy of his high profession in which he persevered to the end of his days. He knew that here as elsewhere a good beginning is half the work. He had turned his back upon the world, and now he must keep his gaze fixed steadily on the goal of religious perfection. "To resolve simply and absolutely to live for God, to desire this and nothing but this, and to desire it with one's whole heart and soul, and to make open profession of desiring it, with a perfectly disinterested aim and a freedom from human respect,"[1]— such was the tenor of his life from beginning to end. He knew, but only to avoid them, the miserable consequences of a half-hearted service of God in those who profess to have entered on the way of perfection. There are some, he tells us in his journal, who because they have not laid a firm hold on the practice of virtue, and have not brought to it an absolute determination of will, experience, their whole lives through, nothing but trouble and anxiety and a pitiable sense of their own pusillanimity.

Our young novice possessed one advantage which contributed much to his rapid progress in perfection. He had brought with him to religion an innocence of heart which left but few faults to be corrected, and no vicious habits to be eradicated, for none had taken root in his heart. His path was cleared of the ordinary obstacles to grace, and now he might run with great strides in the way of perfection. To this purity of heart was joined a great good will. He wished to do all that was good, and avoid all that was evil. And it was so arranged by Divine Providence that this innocent young soul, longing for perfection, should find in his directors men of mature sanctity, men who, after long years of self-conquest and familiarity with the science of the saints, were capable of guiding their young charge up the steep way that leads to perfection.

[1] Father Huby's spiritual journal.

After his novitiate he passed through the course of training and teaching which is customary in the Society of Jesus as a preparation for the solemn profession. We possess no details of this period of his life; but one thing we know about him speaks volumes in his favor: he was never known to have lost a tittle of his first fervor, and he was ever and always distinguished for a uniform and unalterable desire to perfect himself and to glorify God in every possible way. He had not as yet found the great work of his life, and in fact did not find it till many years after his profession. He was employed successively as a prefect, or keeper of discipline, in the colleges, as a professor of moral theology, as a missionary, and as Rector of the college at Quimper. Finally his superiors were convinced that, although there was scarcely any position he could not fill, the field in which Divine Providence had destined him to work was that of the apostolic ministry. He was accordingly sent as companion to Father Rigoleu in the work of the missions, and after the death of that Father he spent the last thirty years of his life in the direction of houses of retreats.

Meantime, however, he felt powerfully drawn to a life of contemplation; in fact, he once had serious doubts whether he should not ask to be allowed to retire from the work of the missions and devote himself more exclusively to a life of prayer. Unwilling, however, to take counsel of his own inclinations, he resolved to seek light from above. He accordingly consulted Mother Jane of the Angels, a servant of God who enjoyed familiar intercourse with the angelic world; and she, after consulting an Angel who paid frequent visits to her, told Father Huby it was the will of Heaven that he should continue in the external works of zeal to which he was applied according to his vocation as a Jesuit, and that Almighty God did not wish him to live a more retired life than the one he was leading. Heaven had spoken, and he forthwith entered with redoubled zeal on the work of the ministry. Nevertheless, the life of Father Huby was destined to present one of the brightest examples of the harmonious combination of action with contemplation to be found in the annals of the Society of Jesus.

Our limited space will not permit us to dwell on all the characteristic traits of Father Huby's zeal for souls. But there was one feature of it which gives him a unique distinction among the apostolic men of his age and country, and that was his peculiar gift of invention for ways and means of leading souls to perfection. His zeal, combined with an extraordinary activity of mind, was constantly devising new plans and projecting new enterprises for the sanctification of souls; and he had the happiness of seeing all his undertakings crowned with success.

Our readers are no doubt familiar with the devotion of the Perpetual Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament; but perhaps they are not aware that we owe it to Father Huby. He laid the foundation of this work in the cathedral of Quimper, in the year 1651. His example was soon followed by Monseigneur de Rosmadec, Bishop of Vannes, who not only established it in person in his own diocese, but distributed with his own hands the tickets on which were marked the several hours of guard. By way of setting an example to the rest he kept the first hour of guard himself, from twelve to one o'clock in the night. The example of the Bishop of Vannes was imitated by the other bishops of Brittany, and in a few years Father Huby had the consolation of seeing the Perpetual Adoration established, not only throughout France, but also in the other countries of Europe, nay, even in so remote a region as the Indies.

Another invention of his zeal may seem insignificant, or even trivial, in itself, but it was attended by the most important results, and received the seal of the divine approbation in the numerous miracles wrought by its means. This was the practice of wearing on the arm a cross done in needle-work on a piece of cloth. His purpose in this devotion was, not only to honor the Cross of Christ, but also to keep continually before the eye of the person who wore this badge something to remind him of his good resolutions. To one it would serve as a reminder of God's presence, to another it would call to mind the particular virtue he had resolved to practise, or the particular vice he was striving to overcome. These crosses were given by confessors to their penitents,

who were supposed to associate with them the practice of some virtue, according to their several needs. One cross would be the cross of chastity, another the cross of repentance, another the cross of meekness. Those who wore them were to kiss them frequently, whilst thinking of the particular end for which they bore them on their persons. To add to their efficacy they were applied to a relic of the true Cross, and it was to this circumstance that Father Huby ascribed the wonderful effects they produced, not only on the souls, but also on the bodies, of those who wore them.

These devotions are but specimens of the practices introduced into Catholic piety by Father Huby. The bare enumeration of all these practices would occupy a large part of our space; but those we have described, whilst serving to illustrate both the character and the peculiar genius of this apostle of the interior life, will give us an idea of what zeal may accomplish when animated by an intense love of souls and a desire to make God known and loved by all His creatures. Zeal for souls was the one absorbing thought of his heart; it was this that brought to a focus all his thoughts and affections. His zeal laid hold of all the faculties of his mind, his intellect, his will, his imagination; it even supplied him with physical strength where nature refused support. He always seemed to be laboring beyond his natural forces, and yet he never succumbed to fatigue. "We need but to have an object deeply at heart," he used to say, "to be able to do more than we ever could have promised ourselves. Little account should be made of our natural feebleness; zeal supplies strength where courage is not wanting."

The great work of Father Huby's life was the founding and directing of houses of retreats, and it was upon this work that he expended the energies of nearly half his life. The distinctive feature of this work was that it furnished to multitudes an advantage that had been confined to a comparative few. Hitherto the "Spiritual Exercises" had been given only to one person at a time, or, at most, to as large a band of exercitants as could find accommodation within the walls of some religious house. Henceforth the work was to be fettered by no such limitation; hun-

dreds might make the exercises together. A brief sketch of the work, at least in its outlines, will make our readers acquainted with an interesting phase of Catholic piety, and, at the same time, may prove suggestive to those who are specially and personally concerned in perpetuating the work of retreats.

Father Huby's first task was to secure a house large enough to accommodate several hundred persons. The way in which he secured one will be described in detail in our sketch of M. de Kerlivio, who was Father Huby's chief support in this enterprise. The next step was to publish to the world that the advantages of the retreat were within the reach of all. Bulletins were posted up in the churches of the city, announcing the days on which retreats would begin during the coming year. The dates of retreats were also marked in the "ordos," or directories, of the Divine Office, printed for the use of priests. As a rule, two retreats were given each month. They began on Tuesday evening and closed at mid-day on the Wednesday of the following week.

Each of the exercitants on arriving at the house was conducted to the chapel, to ask a blessing on the retreat, and was then assigned his room. Everything in the house breathed devotion. Everywhere—in the halls, on the stairways, in the dining-rooms, in the dormitories—there were statues, or pictures, or tableaux, or printed cards containing directions for the several states of life represented by the exercitants. In these retreats ecclesiastics and laymen, rich and poor, were found side by side. Objection was made to this mingling of classes, but Father Huby would never consent to a change; and experience proved that, at least at Vannes, where the first house of retreats was established, this arrangement was the best.

As soon as the exercises began the doors of the house were closed, and strict silence was observed from the beginning to the end of the retreat. The opening exercise consisted of an exhortation on the end and purpose of the retreat, and on the dispositions that should be brought to it. The exercises of the following seven days were made up of meditations, exhortations, vocal prayers, and practical instructions. The ecclesiastics were

given separate conferences on the duties of their state of life. The meditations were so conducted as to initiate even the most unlettered persons in the practice of an otherwise difficult art. One of the Fathers developed the points, in the course of which he would dwell on the various considerations, affections, and resolutions suggested by the subject in hand; and from time to time he would pause, in order to let the thought sink deep into the hearts of his hearers. During the course of the retreat each of the exercitants had the advantage of a personal direction from one or other of the Fathers, who made it a point to visit the rooms and inquire after the spiritual needs of their penitents.

A peculiarity of these retreats which illustrates the genius of their founder is the way in which they appealed to the whole man, to the senses and the imagination, as well as to the intellect and the will. Every night during the visit to the chapel after night prayers one of the mysteries of the Passion was represented on a sort of transparency, the rest of the chapel being darkened. Not a single day passed but some affecting ceremony took place in the chapel. One day it would be the ceremony of presenting to each one a crucifix, which he was to use during the retreat; another day it would be the adoration of the Cross; another, an act of reparation, whilst the Blessed Sacrament was exposed in a ciborium. Each of these ceremonies was accompanied by an appropriate exhortation.

The most impressive ceremony of all was the one that brought the exercises to a close. All the exercitants were assembled in the chapel. On a table before the altar were placed a Bible, a crucifix, and a reliquary. One of the Fathers stood at the altar, with his face turned to the people, and holding the Blessed Sacrament in his hands. Meantime another of the Fathers recited on his knees acts of thanksgiving, reparation, and renewal of baptismal vows. After this the whole assembly rose, and passing to the lower end of the chapel, prostrated themselves before the Blessed Sacrament. They then filed up the chapel towards the sanctuary, and as each one passed the altar he kissed the Bible, crucifix, and reliquary, by way of sealing his good resolutions, and making a public act of fealty to his

Lord and Master. After dinner they chanted the *Te Deum*, and one of the Fathers bade them adieu in the name of the other Fathers, who were all present, and who gave each of the exercitants a parting embrace. The whole ceremony was so affecting that scarcely any one could restrain his tears.

From the moment that Father Huby commenced the direction of retreats he gave himself, heart and soul, to the work. He valued this above every other function, and he used to be astonished that God should have employed him in so important a ministry. And, although his talents and acquirements had qualified him for any position in his Order, it was for this particular work that he was best fitted both by nature and grace. The holiness of his life and his knowledge of the human heart imparted an extraordinary efficiency to his direction of souls, whilst his eloquence, animated by a burning zeal for souls, and deeply tinged with his own strong personality, gave him a ready entrance into the hearts of his listeners. There was a strange magnetism in his way of addressing his audience, which made immediate conquest of their hearts. Sometimes a look, a gesture, even his very silence, was more eloquent than his words. Sometimes he would put his audience a question, and then pause, as if waiting for an answer. His whole being seemed to be dominated by his zeal, and his words seemed to come from the depths of his heart. "The tongue speaks to the ear," he used to say with St. Francis de Sales, "but the heart speaks to the heart."

The last day of the retreat was his day of triumph. The exercises of this day he always conducted in person, and it was he who said the parting words to the exercitants. Many a time did their tears flow at the sight of this saintly old man as he lay prostrate at their feet, imploring pardon for his faults, or as he gave them a parting embrace with all the tenderness of a father.

During the years in which Father Huby was toiling at the work of the retreats a still greater work was going on in his own heart. The Holy Spirit was adorning his soul with the choicest fruits of sanctity. That holiness whose bright dawn we saw in his infant years had now reached its meridian splendor. Now

too had come the time for Almighty God to glorify His servant by extraordinary marks of the divine favor. There is scarcely any of the special graces and privileges enjoyed by the Saints which were not possessed by Father Huby at this period of his life. His visions, the miraculous power of his prayers, his gift of prophecy, all proclaimed him a saint. More than once was he seen surrounded by a halo of light. The crosses he distributed frequently produced miraculous effects on those who wore them, and a special virtue was attributed to those received from his own hand. Once, during an exhortation he was giving, our Blessed Lady was seen at his side, and Father Huby was observed to lean over as if trying to catch the words of inspiration from her lips.

Father Huby had at length accomplished his mission on earth. He had witnessed the realization of all his hopes; he had seen all his undertakings sealed with the divine benediction; houses of retreats had multiplied and continued to be a source of untold blessings to thousands of souls. He now calmly awaited the moment of his dissolution, with a faith and hope begotten of a life-long devotion to the interests of his Divine Master. When death did come, however, it found him still at his post. He had just begun the Easter retreat, when he was suddenly taken with a hemorrhage, followed by a fever. Perceiving that his end was nigh, he asked for the Viaticum, which he received with sentiments of love for God and submission to His divine will. The fervor with which he performed this last act of his life drew tears from all eyes. He retained consciousness till the last half-hour of his life, after which he calmly expired, in the eighty-fifth year of his age, and after sixty-eight years spent in the Society of Jesus.

His remains were exposed for two days to the veneration of the faithful, who came in throngs to pay him a last mark of respect, and obtain some relics of one whom they had so much loved during his life. The house of retreats for women, which he was instrumental in founding, asked for and obtained his heart. There it was afterwards preserved as a precious treasure, and there it served to enkindle that fire of divine love with which itself had been consumed.

How sweet it is to die when we have had a constant devotion to the Heart of Him Who is to judge us.—(Blessed Margaret Mary.)

AWN'S first faint rays athwart the sky
Illume the path of coming death;
More heavy grows the languid eye,
More labored now the parting breath.

When, hark! the voice that once was heard,
Mid listening crowds, so full and clear,
Is faintly rising, and each word
The weary watchers bend to hear.

Oh, even in delirium's hour,
No worldly thought has here a part;
He speaks but of the love and power
And mercy of the Sacred Heart.

He tells of help they find who seek
That Heart, in answer to Its call,
Mercy for sinners, for the weak
Strength,—pardon, pity, love for all,—

The sympathy and succor given
To mourners pierced by sorrow's dart.
Then, while his thoughts are fixed on heaven,
He rests within the Sacred Heart.

Peace to his soul! We cannot fear
For one whose parting was so blest.
The Sacred Heart to him so dear
Will give to him eternal rest.

In Memoriam,
Rev. C. M. O'Keeffe, D.D.

BOY SAINTS.

XI.

The holy brothers Saturninus, Felix, and Hilarian.

Martyrs at Carthage, A.D. 304.

THE numerous persecutions which the Church of God has undergone differ, not only in the tortures inflicted upon the victims, but also in the special prohibitions enforced with a view to cutting the faithful off from the means of perseverance. Intercourse with pastors, frequentation of the Sacraments, Christian education of the young, have all been in turn interdicted; but one means of perseverance has ever been denied faithful souls: they have been forbidden to assemble together whether for the celebration of our holy mysteries, or merely for the mutual comfort and encouragement such assemblies afford.

The anxiety of the enemies of our holy faith to prevent such helpful meetings by severe penal enactments is a splendid testimony to the advantages which the Church is constantly recommending us to derive from these gatherings so full of edification to all who take part in them. Take away the Holy Mass, or even banish our Sodalities and Confraternities, and the very spirit of Catholicity will noticeably disappear.

I.

When the three holy brothers Saturninus, Felix, and Hilarian could not attend Holy Mass, they were careful to frequent the holy assemblies of their Christian brethren. They did so at the risk of their lives; but they acted with the intrepid spirit which made them one and all proclaim, even when under torture, that they had been present, both at Mass, and at the other pious meetings of the faithful, of their own free choice, for the reason only that they were Christians.

For some reason Anulinus, the Proconsul in Africa in A.D. 304, under Diocletian, was sure the holy boys had gone to the assembly in which they had been arrested, not because they had

desired to go, but because their father, Saturninus had obliged them to go. After his conversion Saturninus, a widower, had taken Holy Orders. A priest, Anulinus concluded, would naturally force his sons to go to the Christian mysteries. Hence he would make them admit that they had not gone thither of their own choice, that they were not really Christians at heart.

"And you, Saturninus, were with the others," he fiercely cried.

"I am a Christian," replied the eldest boy of the holy priest; as though that were enough to explain why he had been with the others.

When pressed to answer more pertinently, he said: "I have offered up with the others the sacrifice of the Lord, because Jesus Christ is our Lord and Saviour."

On the rack he still persisted in his confession: "I am a Christian, and next to the name of Jesus Christ there is no name more holy and venerable for us than the name of Christian."

With the hooks still dripping with his father's blood the flesh of the noble boy was torn by savage executioners. Undaunted still, he looked upon his wounds, crying: "I have the Holy Scriptures, but they are in my heart. O my Lord and God, Jesus Christ, give me patience and constancy. All my hope is in Thee alone."

The energies of these barbarous men were less enduring than the constancy of the heroic boy. Back they led him to prison and to the company of his father, whom he could now embrace with the new bond of affection which only martyrs know whose blood has been commingled in a common testimony to Christ.

II.

There was no bitterness in that holy meeting; no dread of further persecutions; no anxiety even lest the judges should prevail on the younger sons, Felix and Hilarian. Even before Saturninus and his son of the same name had reached the prison they were joined by the saintly youth Felix, who had seized his chance to unite with several other Confessors in confessing: "We are Christians."

No doubt the prayers of this holy company obtained a grace of like imprisonment for the many relatives and friends who longed and prayed to be with them. The child Felix had heard his father and elder brothers confessing their faith; he too baffled the judge, by ignoring the insinuation that he had attended the sacred mysteries out of deference to his father's will, and declared in a voice in which the firmness due to courage amply made up for the weakness due to tender age, "I am a Christian, and of my free will and choice I have been present with my father and my brothers at the sacred assemblies prohibited by you."

"Of my own free will and choice"! Truly enough; and yet that free will and choice, we may not doubt, had been largely due to the influence of his father and of his older brothers. Not that they had forced him to attend their gatherings, either by threat or by violence; but that their example and his own love for them had helped him to do, with all the more eagerness and alacrity, what the grace and love of Jesus Christ were prompting his generous young heart to do.

"Child," said the dignified governor of Carthage, "I will cut off your hair, your nose, and ears, and send you home a sad and frightful object."

The child only laughed at this, to the great chagrin of Anulinus, and to the great amusement of the spectators, pagan and Christian, who recognized more wisdom in the boy than in the grave judge about to pronounce his sentence.

The sentence was angrily given, and it was, as had been expected, torture unto death. It was pleasantly received with a "God be thanked." Before it was put into execution, the child was granted a brief respite along with his father and brothers in prison.

Instead of lessening their ardor to die for Christ, the meeting only gave them new courage. From the repetition of their several struggles, they only grew more and more confirmed in the hope that Christ our Lord would crown them with victory, and reward their devotion to the assemblies of His holy ones upon earth by a speedy union with His Saints in heaven. Their martyrdom is celebrated by the Church on the 11th of February.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF BLESSED MARGARET MARY.

II. First Words from the Master.

THE more convinced one becomes of the authenticity of the writings of the Blessed Nun of Paray, the more disposed also one becomes to deem important the slightest details of her life, even such details as are apt to be passed over hurriedly, out of a praiseworthy eagerness to reach and dwell upon the numerous extraordinary facts and graces which distinguish her among the chosen souls of God.

The apparitions of our Lord to Blessed Margaret were so novel, and they must necessarily be described in such a realistic manner, that they are quite enough to absorb all our interest in a first reading of her saintly career. They do not, indeed, distract our attention from the revelations with which they were coupled; it would seem that our Lord appeared to her in order to impress His revelations more sensibly upon herself, and to enable her, by the very force of these impressions, to speak of them with more interest and authority to ourselves.

And yet these apparitions attract such close attention to the words which our Lord invariably spoke when thus manifesting Himself, that we fail to hear, or, if we hear, we fail to examine as we should, the words the Master had been speaking long before He had showed Himself to her gaze. It is only after some study of the great things which this saintly nun was chosen to reveal to us, that we go back and inquire into what preceded all these apparitions and revelations of such general interest as to make her story read like a new gospel, or, better still, like the great Gospel of St. John developed, and brought home to us with new expressions for the love and the self-sacrifice and for the craving for human love which possess the Heart of the Man-God.

What then were the first words of the Master to His chosen

servant Margaret? Did He surprise her with His sensible presence and with His startling words: "Behold the Heart Which has loved men so much";—or, did He prepare her for that great manifestation by a gradual intercourse with her heart?

Though we may not presume to say how our Lord appeared or spoke to Blessed Margaret Mary even in His later manifestations which she describes so vividly, still we can glean from her own account of her life that there was a great difference between them and His manifestations to her during her girlhood. Before she was admitted to look upon the great symbol of His love, long even before she had entered Paray, she had seen in some unusual way her Lord and Master exhibited now as the *Ecce Homo*, carrying His Cross, and again as the Man of Sorrows scourged at the pillar and covered with the Wounds of His love. And these manifestations were again granted to her soul during her noviceship. Not until after her profession, in her twenty-fifth year, did she gaze upon the sensible presence of Christ, and even between that apparition and similar manifestations, the year later, she was still to be prepared for the visions of her later days. Thus He showed her at one time the Cross with its crown of flowers; Himself, once more, in the Garden of Olives; then, but not as yet in the most vivid manner, His Heart broken by man's ingratitude; Himself again covered with wounds and with blood, the *Ecce Homo*, crowned with thorns.

We are more concerned with the words just now than with the visions or manifestations by which the Master was preparing His favorite soul for the extraordinary communications He was to hold with her in later life. But the words and the apparitions always fell together, and just as the view of His Sorrows and Passion prepared her soul for beholding the great symbol of His love, so His words of reproof, of warning, and of assurance, which were the first to greet her ears, disposed her heart for the ineffable intercourse which was to be hers later on.

Let it be clearly understood that by words we mean something more than the ordinary indications of the divine will. When Blessed Margaret writes that, when her mother wanted her

to marry, our divine Lord reminded her of the vow of virginity, she means a reminder of some special kind, distinct at least from that intervention of divine providence which embittered her every frivolous pleasure, at a time when she was disposed to give her soul to vanity. It was on this occasion that He "reproved" her for the longing with which she looked to the things of this earth, "making her know" that He was jealous of her heart, and, "He presented Himself, as at the pillar, all disfigured, reproaching me for the vanity which had brought Him to that state; [adding] that I was losing precious time, for which He would exact strict account at the hour of my death; that I was persecuting Him, notwithstanding my protestations of love."

It is worth while remarking that Margaret Mary speaks of these first words of the Master more directly than she speaks of the manifestations after her religious profession, although the advice of her superiors, to introduce all her visions and revelations with the phrases, "it seems to me," or "if I be not mistaken," affected all the heavenly communications of her life. "He said to me," she writes of one of these first words of His, "I have a consuming desire to make you entirely of My love and mercy." And again: "I have chosen you for My spouse, and when you made a vow of virginity, we plighted our troth, so that I have preoccupied the affections of your will, lest the world should have part in them."

Just as directly she tells how He again presented Himself to her in the Scourging at the Pillar, to check once for all her inclination to worldly pleasures, with a reproach that pierced her heart: "And you want that pleasure, then! I never did My own will, but gave Myself up to every woe to win the love of your heart. Will you still withhold it from Me?"

Beautiful soul of Margaret! Never yielding, but sorely troubled that she should even be tempted to yield to any inclination which might sever it from its Master. Since He deigns to be the lover of human souls, well might He jealously go to great lengths to keep this precious pearl for Himself! And Margaret needed all his special care. She needed it all, not because she

looked for encouragement, but because her love was ever impelling her to attempt heights to which her mind, untutored in the spiritual life, could not have seen the way clearly without the direction of a competent guide. What a love was hers that compelled, it would seem, the Master Himself, either to be her Director, or to provide her a director fully after His own Heart!

"Am I not enough for you?"—He asked of her tenderly; "why do you fear? Can a child as well loved as you are perish in the arms of a Father so powerful?"

And so He taught her to pray; and He also taught her how to seek perfection; and as He afterward inspired the Ven. de la Colombière to be a warrant for her sincerity, so He was a warrant for her sincerity and of her fitness for her congregation.

Such were the first words of the Master to this chosen soul, unlike, it is clear, the ordinary indications of His will, and manifestly His own words, both from the positive statements in which Blessed Margaret Mary recounts them, from their strict accord with His ways of dealing with special souls, and from the solid fruits of virtue which they produced in the soul of her to whom they were addressed. They prepared her well for the more startling communications He was to make to her in her mature years. The more she heard of them, the more she was disposed to withdraw into the solitude of her heart, and listen for them, and heed them. "I will speak to thy heart, My daughter," said the Master. And the answer was: "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant hears."

The faithful servant did more than hear her Lord thus plainly speaking. She spoke to Him in return. Indeed, His words were only an answer to the words of prayer which she had been uttering from her earliest years. Very early in her life she had learned to seek Him, to spend long hours on her knees in a lonely woodland, begging Him to come and direct her ways. She found Him first in the Holy Eucharist, in an unfrequented wayside chapel. Because she persisted in seeking Him further, He deigned to manifest Himself visibly to her, and to tell her the secrets of His Heart.

THEY FREED THE PRISONERS OF THE KING.

By Alton Woodleigh.

WHEN blighting winds have blown against the face
Of harvest fields, and Hunger joins his hands
With Death, we speed afar to distant lands
Fair ships with gold and corn. God sends great grace
To us for mercy's gift. Mayhap, a trace
Of selfish dross offends the deed. The heart expands,
Not for the act, but that our name commands
The praise of men—that we have loved our race.

But through the outer darkness echoes bring
To us, my Brothers, in this land of light
The famished cries from Purgatory's flame.
Speed them the argosies of prayer! Nor Fame
Shall know our secret. God's guerdon bright
Will be:—"They freed the Prisoners of the King."

We can all help in freeing the prisoners of the King. As prisoners they can do no more than pay the penalty of their sins, by suffering until divine justice is appeased. As they are beyond their state of trial and of merit, what they do cannot obtain for them a remission of their penalty. We can make up for what is wanting in these suffering members of Christ, and secure for them, by the satisfactory merits of our works, a speedy release from their pains.

NOTES FROM THE HEAD CENTRES.

IRELAND—The Centres established in connection with the Irish Central Direction of the Apostleship of Prayer now number close on 600. These count some thousands of zealous Promoters, and hundreds of thousands of Associates. There are about 44,000 *Messenger* subscribers, and three times as many readers. More than 127,000 receive the Monthly Rosary Ticket.

PORTUGAL—In Portugal and in the colonies subject to it there are now 929,624 Associates of whom 26,439 were received this current year; and 21,648 Promoters, 1,234 of whom received their Cross and Diploma during the past twelve months, keep alive the spirit and practices of the League among this vast number of souls. The special works, which the Promoters seek to advance, are the ornamentation of churches and the teaching of Christian doctrine.

CANADA—The Canadian *Messenger* still reports cures and other favors granted through the intercession of Fathers Brébeuf and Lallemant, whose relics the Canadian Central Direction is spreading for the veneration of the faithful.—The Album, or Spiritual Treasury, which the League Centres of Canada are to offer to our Holy Father on the occasion of his approaching Jubilee, is growing daily in the number of offerings, and new demands are constantly made for the leaflets on which these offerings are inscribed.

ITALY—The Roman *Messenger* "*Il Messaggere del Sacro Cuor di Gesù*, comes to us in a new dress this month; the dark red color of the cover remains unchanged, but an ornamental page has replaced the plain title. The design is the double arch of our own cover page; a medallion of the Sacred Heart and the view of St. Peter's, within the smaller arch, are peculiarly appropriate.

An interesting account of "Friday in the life of Columbus," is given by "*La Voce del Cuore di Gesù*, the Neapolitan *Messen-*

ger, which also tells us that the priests of the Archdiocese of Naples have arranged to have Mass said every day for the intentions of our Holy Father in view of his approaching Episcopal Jubilee. Each priest of the Archdiocese is to say this Mass in turn.

ECUADOR—The Republic of Ecuador is consecrated to the Sacred Heart. The President, his Cabinet, and the heads of the various departments are present at religious celebrations, and the Feast of the Sacred Heart may be called a national holiday. The country is often styled the Republic of the Sacred Heart. Quito is to have its basilica like Montmartre, and both the ecclesiastical and civil authorities are erecting it as an imperishable testimony of the gratitude of the Republic for the special favors received from the Sacred Heart. The corner-stone of this edifice was laid recently; and the President of the Republic, his ministers, the magistrates, and the army, vied with one another in celebrating the event. The parishes prepared for the day by a novena of prayers. The following was the order of procession from the Cathedral to the site of the Basilica: 1. Faculty and students of Holy Infancy College; 2. Christian Brothers with their boys; 3. Salesians of the Sacred Heart; 4. Congregation of Mercy; 5. Faculty (Jesuit Fathers) and students of the National College of St. Gabriel; 6. Ladies' Sodality; 7. Religious Orders; 8. Seminarians; 9. The Secular Clergy; 10. The Metropolitan Chapter; 11. The Right Reverend Bishops of the Province preceding the Most Reverend Archbishops of Quito. Then came the President of the Republic with the Secretary of State and the other members of the Cabinet, the Senate and Chamber of Deputies, then the Army.

Rev. Julio Matovelle, D.D., Senator of the Republic, preached the sermon. After the laying of the corner-stone, His Excellency, Luis Cordero, the recently inaugurated President of the Republic, delivered a magnificent address to the people. Garcia Moreno's words are true *Dios no muere!*

FRANCE—Besides the retreats, or triduums, of the spiritual exercises for workingmen, retreats for the conscripts on the eve

of their departure for the army are being organized in many dioceses in France. These retreats are followed by a Mass, attended by the conscripts and their friends. At Lille, lately, 483 conscripts were present at this Mass of leave-taking, and their relatives and friends thronged the Cathedral. At Quesnoy and Wambrechies the future soldiers all go to Communion at this Mass. At Anîche a collection is taken for the poorer of those who have been enlisted. The French *Messenger* is urging this work on all the French Diocesan Directors who can organize it.—At the Montmartre Basilica there have been 79 pilgrimages, 12,000 communicants, 810 Masses, and 725 adorers who have spent the night before the Blessed Sacrament.

MEXICO—On the 24th of June of this year the new ecclesiastical province of Oaxaca, Mexico, was solemnly consecrated to the Sacred Heart. The ceremony took place in the parochial church of Tehuacan. Archbishop Guillow pontificated, assisted by the Bishops of Yucatan, Chiapas and Tabasco. The coming Feast of the Sacred Heart was celebrated with the greatest possible solemnity. The act of consecration was read in all the churches, and a triduum, or, where it was possible, a novena, was made to prepare the faithful for the worthy reception of the Sacraments. That the fruit of the consecration may be lasting, it was recommended to have the League of the Sacred Heart established throughout the province. Moreover the Archbishop has granted an Indulgence of 80 days, and the Bishops in their respective dioceses an Indulgence of 40 days, for every act tending to promote the spreading of the Apostleship of Prayer.

AUSTRALIA—The Australian *Messenger* for September reprints from our June number the account of the Local Centre of St. Aloysius' Church, Washington, D.C. In the same issue is given a Promoter's report from a centre in the remote bush district. It is a good instance of how the League helps every other parish work and devotion. "Thank God," it reads, "I have succeeded beyond all expectation in making the Holy League known and admired. There had been a catechism class at one time, on and off—mostly off. Now I have a Sunday-school of 40 children

(two teachers besides myself), and a library of 19 volumes. Every child has Rosary beads, catechism, and hymn book, and knows how to use them. All the elder ones are invested with the Scapular; and several have been to Holy Communion, and about 30 are preparing for Confirmation. I hope the children may bring the grown-up people light, and make reparation to the Sacred Heart for their sins. What a blessing the Holy League has brought upon this district, which so sorely needed it. The monthly visit of the MESSENGER is a great consolation to us all."

SPAIN—In Spain the Sacred Heart is worshipped in a manner worthy of the Catholic spirit for which that country has ever been distinguished. There is a revelation on record that promises to Spain a pre-eminence among the nations in honoring the Heart of Jèsus, a promise that would seem to be rapidly approaching fulfilment. One of the more recent evidences of the development of this devotion in Spain is the fact that that country has produced a poet who is pre-eminently the "Poet of the Sacred Heart." His name is Hyacinth Verdaguer. His "Dream of St. John," which obtained a prize offered for the best poem on the Sacred Heart, is a work of surpassing merit. The very fact that such prize-contests are held is a proof that the devotion in that country is widespread and popular.—The first Friday of June was a day of unusual triumph for the Sacred Heart in Spain. The Archbishop of Grenada established the "Hour of Guard"—intended especially for priests. On that day between 10 and 11 A.M. the Holy Hour was observed before the Blessed Sacrament. The Archbishop presided, about 100 priests were present, and the devotion was concluded with Benediction. This edifying act of homage to the Sacred Heart will be repeated on the first Friday of every month.

CENTRAL AFRICA—In every land into which the Gospel of Christ penetrates the devotion to the Heart of Jesus seems destined to follow in its wake. Even in the depths of African forests the Divine Heart of Jesus sheds the sweet radiance of Its love amidst those who are sitting in the shadow of death. The following extract from a letter of a Jesuit missionary in Central

Africa tells its own tale. The Father had just arrived at a place called Zumbo, where he was to erect a new missionary station. "After securing a small hut," he writes, "I was anxious to provide a dwelling-place for our Divine Lord. So, therefore, after stowing away our luggage in one part of the little structure, I consecrated the remaining portion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. After fitting up a sort of chapel, I placed on the altar a picture of the Sacred Heart. . . . When altar and chapel had been fittingly decorated, our Divine Saviour Himself came to take up His abode with us, and now we are blessed by His abiding presence in the Sacrament of the Altar. Besides a lay-brother, I had taken with me four negro children, whom I had baptized several years before. These children are thoroughly instructed in the devotion to the Sacred Heart, and have practised it for a long time. . . . The neighborhood is swarming with wild beasts, and even lions come here to seek their prey. It is not surprising, then, that during the night we are frequently roused from sleep by the howling of hyenas, and other dismal sounds. At such moments as these it rejoices the heart to catch a glimpse of the light before the Blessed Sacrament, as its faint rays glimmer through the rude trellis-work in the chapel window. The presence of the merciful Heart of Jesus in this wild region has not been unattended by blessings for the mission, for in a brief space of time I have baptized as many as forty negroes, and made them worshippers of the Heart of Jesus and heirs of His Kingdom."

It is not too early to begin collecting the MESSENGERS and *Pilgrims* of the current year so as to have them ready for binding by December. It is not always possible to supply a missing number, but it should be very easy to save all the numbers in a fit condition for the binder. To help our readers to do so, and to furnish an attractive cover for keeping current numbers on library and reading-room tables, we have prepared the new MESSENGER Binder which we advertise in our columns. It is made up in red cloth, and the face cover is neatly lettered with the titles of the MESSENGER and of the Apostleship of Prayer, and stamped with the design of the League Badge.

THE READER.

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By the time the November MESSENGER reaches our readers, the Central Direction of the Apostleship of Prayer will be located in its new offices at 1611 Girard Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa., where the correspondence of the League of the Sacred Heart and the editorial work of the MESSENGER will henceforth be done.

* *

We have chosen for the date of this removal the Feast of Blessed Margaret Mary, October 25, and we ask our Local Directors, Promoters, Associates, and MESSENGER readers to unite with us in praying for her special intercession with the Heart of Jesus, that this change may enable the Fathers engaged in the Central Direction, and their worthy clerical helpers, to labor more efficiently in promoting the cause of our Apostleship, and in advancing the interests of the Heart of our good Master.

* * *

It is for this purpose only, for the better service of Him with Whom we are associated in our League of Prayer, that we have decided to take all the trouble and incur the expense of this removal. Although intended for some time back, the change of offices could not be conveniently attempted until now. Even now we consider our opportunity for making this attempt the result of long and fervent prayers. With all the more confidence, therefore, we appeal to the prayers of the League to secure the blessing of God upon the new central office of our pious work.

* * * *

After a ferry-boat collision in one of our Eastern rivers, which might have resulted in the loss of many lives, a thoughtful Promoter at once sent us the newspaper account of the accident, with this request: "Please thank the Sacred Heart, through the MESSENGER, for this wonderful preservation of life. Surely there must have been some members of the League on board." Not a few of our Promoters and Associates are watchful to ask

prayers, or to have thanksgivings reported, on similar occasions. They know how to detect the interests of the Heart of Jesus in events not merely of personal, but of common, concern.

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Ordinarily we are more apt to look forward to our festivals than to look back upon them when past. We like to entertain the prospect of the coming pleasures of a holiday more than we care to profit by a studious retrospect of an instructive celebration. One feast over, the calendar is searched for the date of the feast ensuing; and so the fruits of our great festivals are rarely secured or preserved.

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What is to be the fruit of all our Columbus celebrations? It is incredible that they should not have increased our knowledge of the man, and it is quite sure that they have made all worthy men grow in their esteem of him. Praise always provokes the censure of the ill-natured; and so the generous praise given to Columbus has excited the envy of some, and they have been unable to discover any merit in him; not that they had anything against himself, but that they cannot bear to let his own principles and those of his admirers be held up unchallenged to the admiration of the world.

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With a greater knowledge of the discoverer and a greater regard for his merit, can we have failed to grasp the lesson of his career? What a vast lesson it is! How sublimely it illustrates the laws and doctrines of our holy religion! Regard for the ways of Providence, love for the mysteries of the Redemption, and devotion to the great Mother of God were proved to be all sincere in one whose great achievements began and ended in trials and misery borne with such heroic constancy. The great explorer was also a man of prayer. His plans were matured with an abiding reference to God of all that he meant or strove to do, and of all that he succeeded in doing. If not an apostle in the strict sense of the word, he had an apostle's spirit, and he prepared the ways of the Lord for those who were to preach His Kingdom.

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In the same manner, for very special reasons, every Associate of the League should cultivate his apostolic spirit. The common impulse which moves every Catholic American to see our country won over to the cause of Jesus Christ, should move us more especially to perform more thoroughly the exercises and practices which are designed to secure this great conversion. The attention which has lately been called to our Apostleship as the great means of effecting this conversion, should make us grow in esteem for it, and confirm us in all its practices. Even those who are not content with an Apostleship of Prayer, and who demand also an Apostleship of Work, recognize that our Apostleship combines both prayer and work, and utilizes every human energy for advancing the interests of Christ in this world.

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The general and kindly notice that has been taken of our explanation of the Great Promise of our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary proves that our readers are by no means of the trifling class. It is only too common to set aside subjects of this kind with the inconsiderate remark that, the "Commandments, or, the gospel promises are enough for me," or again, "These extra devotions and revelations are too many for any man to examine and practise." These are not the sayings of serious minds. Even should one be unable, or too busy, to consider and examine divine revelations and promises of eternal import, every serious man should still look upon them as worth his study, desire to examine them closely, and respect the zeal and devotion of those who manage to inquire into them for their own and for their neighbors' benefit.

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In July, our General Intention was The Associations of Workmen and Employers. How desirable it is to unite both classes in societies benefiting both, has been amply proved by the painful strifes which have disturbed our peace, and trade and travel, during the past few months. Perhaps there is no more convincing proof of the advantages of such Unions, when conducted according to Christian principles, than the hostility which is slowly developing against them among the un-Christian rulers

of France. These godless men want to imitate their 1789 models, who began their pretended struggle for liberty by denying workmen the right of free association in guilds. The guilds were excellent institutions; but from all accounts, even their excellence is surpassed by the Notre Dame Factory Associations, which have made the workman's life so comfortable, respectable, and secure, that, once engaged in a factory in which a branch of the organization exists, no one cares to leave it. On the contrary the workmen willingly desert the shops of godless masters, and betake themselves to those conducted on Christian principles. Hence the bitter spirit of the anti-clericals against this freedom of the working classes.

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The latest contribution to the literature of the Sacred Heart that has fallen under our notice is *The Holy Year of the Guard of Honor*, which comes to us from the Convent of the Visitation, Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn. The contents of the volume are gleaned from the *Bulletin* of the Guard of Honor. With a view to perpetuating a practice instituted by St. Francis de Sales, the *Bulletin* in its successive issues proposed the practice of some particular virtue for each week in the year, and furnished, at the same time, a number of apt reflections to stimulate the fervor of its readers. These reflections are now gathered into a single volume, which, we are sure, will prove an excellent book of spiritual reading for all classes of persons.

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Now that we are beginning a series of studies in the life of Blessed Margaret Mary, we are fortunate in being able to recommend *The Heart of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque*. It is a manual of considerations published by the Sisters of the Visitation of Holy Mary, in the Roselands, of Walmer, Kent. Besides portraying the special virtues of the Blessed Nun of Paray, apt quotations are given from her writings. The book is worth more than its price, for besides the precious matter it contains, it is well edited by the Rev. George Tickell, S.J., and neatly printed by the Art and Book Company of Leamington, and of 23 King Edward Street, London. The Sisters of this same Convent have also sent us the short Life of Blessed Margaret Mary.

GENERAL INTENTION

FOR NOVEMBER, 1892.

Designated by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with his special blessing, and given to His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer—for recommendation to the prayers of the Associates.

THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF IRELAND.

THERE is something very touching in the words in which our Holy Father recommends the General Intention of this month to our prayers. He passes over the cold and general terms, race and people, to ask us to remember before God "The sons and daughters of Ireland." The land that brings its children forth in sorrow may justly expect its offspring, if a generous one, to call it by the endearing name of mother country. The offspring of Ireland gratefully rejoices in the titles of sons and daughters of a land that has borne them in pain, and our Holy Father, in his great sympathy with these tender names of his children in Ireland, asks us to pray for the sons and daughters of Ireland.

I.

Why is the Vicar of Christ solicitous at this critical juncture in the political state of Ireland for the faithful people of that country? Can it be that he fears lest prosperity may betray them into indifference, either as to their religious or national welfare? Or does he apprehend any coldness in their relations with the Holy See? He has had too many instances of their fidelity to him at times when submission to his advice seemed to portend political disaster. Nor does he fear the effects of national prosperity upon a people so long oppressed; rather he desires their prosperity, their liberty, and their political harmony, as the best means of extending the influence of their Catholic spirit.

Could Pope Leo entertain for a moment any misgivings of

Ireland's fidelity to the Holy See, he would need only to recall his own testimony of this, their greatest glory as Catholics, when he wrote to the Archbishop of Dublin, Primate of Ireland, the 3d of January, 1881: "We highly esteem the virtue of the Catholics of Ireland, which has been severely tested by adversity, not for a brief period only, but for some centuries. With the greatest fortitude and constancy, they preferred to endure every misfortune rather than forsake the Faith of their fathers, or deviate, even in the slightest degree, from their ancient fidelity to this Apostolic See."

In paying this well-deserved tribute to his faithful children in Ireland, our Holy Father had in mind the repeated testimonies of his predecessors since Pope Paul V., in 1607, wrote to his beloved sons, the clergy, nobles, and people of Ireland: "We know that the adversaries of the Catholic Faith do absolutely all in their power to sever you from union with the Holy See." And yet he declares, in a tone of prophecy: "Our confidence in you is confirmed by the Faith, which in these recent times shines out in your martyrs, as resplendent as in the early days of the Church." That good Pontiff's letter were worth repeating in full, so universally have its sentiments been approved by every one who knows the trials and the virtue of Catholic Ireland, and so true are these sentiments even in our time.

"We have heard of the increase of the afflictions and straits, to which you have been reduced for upholding the honor of the Divine Name and the unity of the Catholic religion—where you expected peace, you found greater trials. We render thanks to the Father of Mercies for having consoled Us by your admirable constancy, which, to the greatest glory of your name, is extolled by all the Church. The Lord hath chosen you to renew, in these most calamitous times, the bright example of the Primitive Church. You glory in the fact, that your forefathers, by their singular holiness, won for Ireland the title of THE ISLAND OF SAINTS—prove yourselves therefore the worthy descendants of such men."

II.

The Holy See does not fear for Ireland's devotion to its cause; on the contrary, the more free and prosperous the Irish people are the more they will show that devotion.

The Vicar of Christ is not afraid that a nation so faithful may abuse any blessing that God can bestow upon it. He knows that as Ireland's spirit of faith has prompted it to make good use of its very sufferings as so many blessings from God, so would the same spirit enable it to enjoy greater national freedom and use it discreetly as a gift from on high. If he recognizes better than we, that sufferings have confirmed the virtue of his children of the faith in Ireland, he is keenly alive to the truth that even a noble spirit may be broken by afflictions so long endured against every sense of justice.

If exiles from the land of Faith have gone abroad spreading everywhere the message of Christ's Kingdom, if Irish patience and fortitude and generosity have made their enemies love and admire what at first they would fain have despised, let us remember that often the exile has been driven very far from the altars of his Faith, and that even his most heroic virtues have been sadly impaired at times by force of the degrading surroundings into which poverty has brought him. Suffering is not always an unmixed good, and it is a miracle of God's providence that Ireland has escaped so many of its evils.

Valuable as is the world-wide confession of faith made by the sons and daughters of Ireland, who have been driven from the home of their birth, wise and faithful counsellors of the Irish Catholics have of late years advised them to prefer the hardships of home to the miseries of exile, until they become numerous and influential enough to make their country once more a nursery of great souls as well equipped to be the bearers of the faith to other peoples as were their saintly apostles in ancient times.

To pray for the Catholics of Ireland, is to pray for the interests of the Church not in Ireland alone, but in every country of an Irishman's adoption, so loyal is he to his faith and so ready to conform himself to the requirements of the Church wherever

he may be. To pray for Catholic Ireland is to pray not only for its religious interests, but also for its political welfare and greater national freedom. How closely the religious interest of every soul is bound up with national freedom, few know as well as we Americans. The Irishman, whose very patriotism is so identified with his religion, never thought of separating the two. In penal days, as our sketch of the Irish Worthies proves, to give up one's faith was, in the eyes of the people, to disown one's nationality; and it is a common occurrence that the few perverts there are in Ireland lose the very character of Irishmen.

Finally, to pray for the sons and daughters of Ireland means not merely to beg for favors on this chosen race, but also to praise God for the glory He has reaped from their virtues, and for the mercy by which He has kept them faithful in spite of their heavy afflictions.

The old Irish Litany to the Blessed Virgin which begins by calling her, "Mary, greatest of Marys," may well direct our prayers for the children of Erin. "Hear the petition of the poor," it concludes; "spurn not the wounds and the groans of the miserable. . . . O powerful mistress of heaven and earth, wipe out our trespasses and our sins. . . . Bestow upon us through thyself the blossoms and ornaments of good actions and virtues. . . . Obtain, through thy potent supplication, before thy only Son, that is, Jesus Christ, the Son of the living God, that God may defend us from all straits and temptations."

Offering for the Intentions of the Month.

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sin, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer: in particular, for the sons and daughters of Ireland. *Amen.*

APOSTLESHIP NOTICES.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.—To the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus (from September 12 to October 12, 1892).

(Name of diocese in *italics*, before that of parish or community aggregated.)

Alton, Illinois: St. Mary's, Edwardsville; Church of the Sacred Heart, Effingham.

Baltimore, Maryland: Sacred Heart Chapel, Baltimore; St. Mary's Church (Redemptorist Fathers), Annapolis.

Brooklyn, New York: St. Bridget's Church, Brooklyn; St. Mary's Church, Bensonhurst.

Buffalo, New York: Seminary and College of Our Lady of Angels (Lazarist Fathers), Niagara Falls.

Burlington, Vermont: St. Dominic's Church, Proctor.

Davenport, Iowa: St. Paul's Church, Burlington.

Detroit, Michigan: St. Vincent de Paul's Church, Pontiac.

Dubuque, Iowa: Church of the Sacred Heart, Early; St. Agnes' Church, Plymouth Rock.

Grand Rapids, Michigan: Church of St. John the Baptist, Cheboygan.

Marquette, Michigan: St. Patrick's Church, Hancock.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin: College of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart (Holy Cross Fathers), Watertown.

Nesqually, Washington: Academy of the Holy Names (Sisters of the Holy Names); Sacred Heart School (Sisters of St. Dominic), Seattle; Church of St. Mary of the Rosary, Che-we-lah.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania: St. Thomas Aquinas' Church, Philadelphia.

Syracuse, New York: St. Joseph's Church, Oxford.

Trenton, New Jersey: St. Paul's Church, Trenton.

Winona, Minnesota: Mater Dolorosa Church, Madelia.

(Twenty-two aggregations.)

Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Diplomas of aggregation, received from the Roman *Prima Primaria,* have been transmitted to the following:

Charleston, South Carolina: Ursuline Convent, Columbus.

Denver, Colorado: Church of the Assumption B.V.M., Silver Cliff.

Hartford, Connecticut: Church of the Immaculate Conception, Birmingham.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin: St. James' Church, Templeton.

Newark, New Jersey: St. Patrick's Church, Elizabethport.

New York, New York: Church of St. Thomas Aquinas, New York.

Vincennes, Indiana: St. Joseph's Church, St. Joseph's Hill; Church of the Immaculate Conception (2), Evansville.

(Nine aggregations.)

The Treasury of the Sacred Heart.

Associates can gain 100 days' Indulgence for each action offered for the Intentions of the League.

Offerings for the Intentions of the Sacred Heart, received from September 12 to October 12, 1892.

	No. of Times.		No. of Times
1. Acts of Charity	929,795	11. Masses Heard	672,438
2. Beads	146,629	12. Mortifications	1,185,329
3. Stations of the Cross .	106,546	13. Works of Charity . .	276,168
4. Holy Communions . .	333,729	14. Works of Zeal	766,177
5. Spiritual Communions .	240,705	15. Prayers	5,209,138
6. Examens of Conscience	948,081	16. Charitable Conversation	735,048
7. Hours of Labor	567,459	17. Sufferings or Afflictions	2,630,375
8. Hours of Silence . . .	220,822	18. Self-Conquest	378,043
9. Pious Reading	181,505	19. Visits to B. Sacrament	529,367
10. Masses Celebrated . .	8,589	20. Various Good Works .	815,348
Total			16,881,291

The above returns represent eight hundred and three of the Local Centres in the United States.

The total number of parishes, communities, schools, and religious societies regularly aggregated by Diploma to the Apostleship of Prayer is 50,357, an increase of 75 during the past month.

IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 53,343.

——*For what thanksgiving can we make to God?* (I. Thessalonians, iii. 9).——

MINNEAPOLIS, ——. Special thanksgiving is offered for a favor granted by the Sacred Heart, although it was almost despaired of.

WEST HOBOKEN, N. J., ——. I wish to thank the Sacred Heart for relief from an eye trouble by the use of St. Ignatius' water.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 13.—Thanksgiving is offered to the Sacred Heart for a favor granted.

ST. LOUIS, SEPTEMBER 13.—Thanks are returned for employment obtained shortly after sending in a petition, and promising to publish the favor, if granted.

HARTFORD, CONN., SEPTEMBER 13.—A Promoter thanks the Sacred Heart for a great temporal favor granted two days after the close of a novena.

——, SEPTEMBER 16.—Please thank the Sacred Heart for a reconciliation between husband and wife.

NEW YORK, ——. Sincere thanksgiving for a favor granted in a wonderful manner, after fourteen years of praying; also for the extraordinary death-bed conversion of a man fifteen years away from the Sacraments.

MARKSVILLE, LA., SEPTEMBER 18.—Thanks are returned

for a great spiritual favor obtained after recommending the intention to the League every month for three years and a half.

CHICAGO, KY., SEPTEMBER 18.—The prayers of the League had been asked once a month for over a year to obtain a resident priest in a certain place. At a time when the prospect was poorest the priest arrived.

CINCINNATI, SEPTEMBER 20.—A lady was afflicted with a malady which rendered a surgical operation necessary. In dread of this she had recourse to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and promised that, if He would cure her without the operation, she would do in His honor whatever her confessor would suggest. She was so ill just then that she was unable to go to church. Next morning (First Friday) she found herself perfectly cured, and went to church to return thanks to the Sacred Heart.

BROOKLYN, SEPTEMBER 20.—Thanks are returned for the conversion and happy death of a young man who seemed to have completely lost his Faith.

STAUNTON, VA., SEPTEMBER 20.—Seeing that you recommended that favors be asked through the intercession of Father Jogues, I immediately had recourse to him, and obtained my request.

DENVER, COLO., ——. Heartfelt thanks are returned for the conversion, at the age of sixty-five, of a person who had never belonged to any religion, and who had been recommended to the League for several years.

FANCY FARM, GRAVES CO., KY., SEPTEMBER 21.—Please return thanks for a temporal favor received almost immediately after it was asked, and after a promise to publish it in the MESSENGER.

TRENTON, SEPTEMBER 25.—A Promoter returns thanks to the Sacred Heart for the cure of a friend after a novena and a promise to publish the cure in the MESSENGER, if granted.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 25.—Thanks are offered for obtaining lucrative employment, a comfortable home for my family, a special temporal favor, and many others, through the prayers of the League.

SHAWNEE, O., ——. Thanks are returned for the recovery of a child from croup, after pinning on the Badge.

——, SEPTEMBER 26.—A person who was suffering from an illness for which an operation seemed necessary was cured within a couple of days after promising a novena of Communions and publication in the MESSENGER.

TOLEDO, O., SEPTEMBER 26.—Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for a reconciliation between two persons who had been enemies for fifteen years. This intention had been recommended every month for three years.

OMAHA, NEB., SEPTEMBER 27.—Thanksgiving is made to the Sacred Heart for improvement in health in four instances, for a very happy religious vocation recommended for over four years, for great improvement in the condition of an insane person, and for various spiritual favors.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 29.—A Promoter returns special thanks for a favor obtained three days after a promise was made to have a Mass said in honor of the Sacred Heart, and to publish the favor, if obtained.

VICKSBURG, MISS., ——. Special thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart and Blessed Margaret Mary for restoration to health, and other favors.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 29.—A Promoter who had been a helpless invalid for fourteen months made a novena to Our Lady of Martyrs, and had her written intention placed on the altar at Auriesville, at each of the Masses said during the pilgrimage of the 15th of August. She has since completely recovered.

BROOKLYN, SEPTEMBER 30.—Thanksgiving is offered for what seemed to be a miraculous healing of a running sore, at the end of a novena to St. Anne and the Sacred Heart.

HALIFAX, ——. A poor woman wishes, through the MESSENGER, to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for a great temporal favor received.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 1.—Thanksgiving is returned for the unexpected liquidation of a large debt, after invoking the Sacred Heart and promising to publish the favor.

——, October 7.—Thanks are returned for the conversion of a woman who had given up her Faith several years ago, but who went to confession on the eve of the First Friday.

——, October 8.—A person who was in danger of losing an important position in consequence of intemperance was recommended to the Sacred Heart and promise made of publication in the Messenger. Our prayer was heard.

Scranton, Pa., October 9.—I desire to thank the Sacred Heart through the Messenger for immediate relief in sickness, after promising to return public thanks, if the favor was granted.

——, Tenn., October 9.—Most heart-felt thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for what seemed a wonderful change of mind in a Protestant husband towards his Catholic wife. She had the greatest difficulty in bringing her children up Catholics. Attacked by a serious illness she prepared to have a priest come to see her by stealth. Meantime she was being prayed for by the League, and her husband, to the great surprise of all, not only consented to admit the priest, but showed himself desirous to obtain for his wife every spiritual assistance in her last hour.

Utica, N. Y., October 9.—In fulfilment of a promise I wish to thank the Sacred Heart for obtaining much-needed work.

Various Centres.—Thanks are offered to the Sacred Heart for the reformation and return to the Sacraments of sixteen persons.—For recovery or relief of thirty-five sick persons.—For employment or means obtained by twenty-two persons.—For the success of a table at a fair.—For obtaining Sisters for a school.—For preservation from injury.—For a much desired partnership.—For the success of a school, a mission, and an examination.—For three conversions to the Faith.—For the liquidation of a large debt.—For five reconciliations.—For the reform of six intemperate persons.—For relief in sickness by the application of the Badge in six cases.—For four vocations.—For the success of four surgical operations.—And for many other favors, temporal and spiritual.

REGINA SOCIETATIS JESU.

THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. VII (XXVII). DECEMBER, 1892. No. 12

JOHN THE AGED.

By Rev. H. K. W., S.J.

ALL, all have gone, and thou art left alone;
The martyr's palm in Paradise each bears;
Each has been summoned to His heavenly throne,
Where now for aye a radiant crown he wears;
Whilst thou, the best beloved, oppressed with cares,
To drear old age thy fellows hast outgrown:—
Treats thus the Master those He calls His own?
Is't thus His glory with His friends He shares?
Cease, murmurer, cease! Know that our gracious Lord
Weighs not as man His love, but counts that great
Which on us lays great burdens. If I wait
Even till He come again, my long reward
Shall be more glorious far, though given late,
Than should I now His beauty contemplate.

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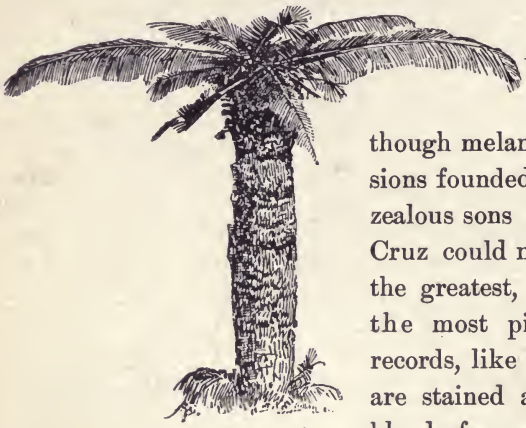
SANTA CRUZ AND ITS MARTYR FRANCISCAN.

Father Andrew Quintana, O.S.F.

Slain October 11, 1812.

By Rev. George O'Connell, S.J.



TWELFTH of the long and glorious, though melancholy, chain of Missions founded in California by the zealous sons of St. Francis, Santa Cruz could not claim to be one of the greatest, yet it was certainly the most picturesque, while its records, like those of San Diego,[1] are stained a deep red with the blood of a martyr, Father Andrew Quintana. To-day it is one of the loveliest seaside resorts in the world. From noble Ben Lomond on the northwest, six miles away, and many another mountain cleft with precipitous canyons and covered with monster redwood trees, to its elevated tablelands, its rolling hills, its teeming orchards and vineyards, its forests of oak and madrona, and at its feet the incomparable bay of Monterey, its attractions are well-nigh numberless.

I.

First Foundations of Santa Cruz.

The site of the present city of the Holy Cross was known as early as October 18th, 1769, when Father Crespi and his companions encamped on the banks of the San Lorenzo, on their overland journey to San Francisco. Father Palou in 1775 was charmed with it, and declared it eminently suited, not only for a

[1] "Where Father Jayme Was Killed," in Messenger, September, 1892.

Mission, but for a town, and even a large city. The bay was unsurpassed on all the coast; the supply of fresh water, wood, and timber was abundant; the soil was extremely fertile, the scenery matchless, and communication with the interior remarkably easy. At the time, however, the number of possible neophytes, who furtively peeped at the missionaries from behind the trees, did not seem to warrant the foundation of a new Mission, and that of San Carlos at Monterey seemed amply sufficient for the conversion of those along this part of the coast.

Fourteen years later, in 1789, the missionaries found that the wants of the Indians demanded at least two new erections,

ERECTING THE MISSION CROSS.

and those of Santa Cruz and La Soledad were decided on. The government agreed to pay $2,800 to the Fra Sindico, Father Jerome de Sampelayo, $1,000 for each Mission, and $200 for the traveling expenses of each of the four friars necessary. On the first of April in the following year, Father Sampelayo forwarded the necessary tools and provisions to Santa Cruz. In July, Fathers Alonzo Salazar and Baldomero Lopez arrived with other missionaries from Mexico, and remained at Santa Clara[2] until further orders. Meantime preparations dragged somewhat owing

[2] For a history of this Mission see "One Mission's History" in the MESSENGER of October, 1891.

to trouble in securing workmen and church vestments. The latter they were told to borrow from the neighboring missions till the promised supply should come from Mexico, and the former were in time furnished them by the government vessel, the *Aranzazu*.

With the arrival of the workmen, Father Lasuen, the successor of Junipero Serra as President of the Missions, started for Santa Cruz across the sierra from Santa Clara. He was accompanied by Don Hermenegildo Sal, the commandant at San Francisco, who was to act as god-father for the new Mission. On finding the accounts which had been given him in no wise exaggerated, he pitched upon a site for the Mission about five hundred yards from the San Lorenzo, and on St. Augustine's day, the 28th of August, 1791, he erected the first Mission cross and said the first Mass at Santa Cruz. The Indian chief Sugert and a few of his followers were awe-stricken spectators, and promised to be the first to receive instruction and baptism.

Father Lasuen then gave orders that a number of little huts should be built for the missionaries, and that the road to Santa Clara should be improved. On September 22d, Alferez Sal arrived at Santa Clara with Corporal Luis Peralta and two privates, and with these men and a number of Christian Indians, Fathers Salazar and Lopez set out to begin their labors.

A great supply of timber was soon cut, and the Fathers' huts erected, while the Fathers themselves located a place to sow some twenty-five fanegas of wheat, in a broad plain open to easy irrigation from a little stream called the Arroyo de San Pedro Regaldo. The total extent of the Mission field was to be three miles from north to south and seven to nine miles from east to west. Of these, however, only some three square miles were of any use.

Sugert and the other Indians gathered in great numbers according to their promise, and were briefly instructed in the meaning of the ceremonies about to take place. They were particularly warned of the nature of gunpowder, lest, like so many of their people, they should take to their heels at the report of

the firearms. With the celebration of high Mass on the following day, and amidst a salvo of guns and cannon, the Mission of Santa Cruz was then formally opened, September 25th, 1791.

II.

The Savage Tribes of Santa Cruz.

They were a strange, uncouth, and fearfully degraded people whom Fathers Salazar and Lopez had come to reclaim. Like most of the California Indians, they were reckoned almost the lowest in civilization of all the tribes of the earth, presenting a striking and painful contrast, on the one hand, to the barbaric splendors of the Mexicans, and, on the other, to the savage nobility and courage of the Indian east of the mountain-ranges.

The principal tribes at the Santa Cruz Mission were the Olhones, Escelens, Rumsens, and Achastliens, though indeed it is difficult, amidst the confusion of names so prevalent in California, to write these names with accuracy.

The villages or rancherias connected with the Santa Cruz Mission were, as we learn from the baptismal register, Aulintac, where the Mission itself was established, Chalumu, Hottrochtac, Wallanmai, Sio Cotchmin, Shoremee, Onbi and Choromi.

These Indians were about five feet eight inches in height, with a pronounced Asiatic cast of countenance. Their color was nearly black. A crown of thick, bushy, and matted hair rested on a low and retreating forehead, with eyes black and deep-set and a nose depressed at the root and large and broad at the end.

Their houses in summer hardly deserved the name. All they seemed to desire was shade from the sun. A rough pile of bushes was quite enough, and oftentimes they were amply pro-

vided for in the shadow of some big tree. In winter they built themselves huts on the level ground, though they preferred to build them over some natural excavation about three or four feet deep and from ten to thirty feet in diameter. Around the edges they drove in willow-poles, and gathering these together at the top, formed a commodious conical-shaped enclosure.

Grasshoppers were a great delicacy, as were also certain little insects not named to ears polite. Small fish were caught in the receding waves, and larger ones captured in nets or speared in the river. A stranded whale made a week's gluttonous festival. Even deer and other wild animals were sometimes shot with arrows. Some ingenuity was shown in the disguises adopted in order to approach these animals, but the savages were commonly too lazy for the efforts, or too stupid for the work thus required. Their acorn bread has been described as coarse and black, and being as savory and digestible as baked mud.

The skins of deer and other animals served them for clothing, being now and then replaced by strips of otter's skin twisted together, by a species of rope made from the feathers of water-fowl, or by fringed aprons of tule-grass. Wreaths of leaves or flowers often crowned their heads, and on feast days they were brilliant with coronets of feathers. Their ear-ornaments were long, round, and carved bits of woods, to which were sometimes suspended strings of beads and shells. Their commonest decoration, however, was a liberal coating of mud.

Their knowledge of religion was about as meagre as that of the other refinements of life. They believed vaguely in a future abode in the landing of the setting sun, where the good spirit lived. They also believed in some sort of a malignant genius, but neither to the good nor to the bad did they seem to offer any worship. Cremation was practised upon the bodies of warriors and allies who perished in battle, while those who died a natural death were buried at sundown. The burning of the dead was a weird and ghastly sight. The friends and relations would gather in a circle round the funeral pyre and set up a long-continued and dismal howling. As the flames leaped higher, their

frenzy waxed stronger, and as long as they could bear the ordeal they jumped, kicked, yelled, and lacerated their bodies, and even went so far as to tear out a handful or two of the smoking flesh and devour it. In burials, the knees of the corpse were bent up against the chest and tied there, and the body placed in a sitting posture in a circular grave. Sometimes, however, they were buried perpendicularly, not unfrequently with the head downwards.

Their vices were manifold. They were inhospitable, and so given to lying that it is said they would almost always, whether asked or not, confess to offences they had never committed.

Sorry prospect this for the missionaries, and yet before the

SANTA CRUZ MISSION, FOUNDED SEPTEMBER 25th, 1791.

year 1791 had closed, Fathers Salazar and Lopez had instructed and baptized ninety-four of these savages, and in nine years had trained four hundred and ninety-two to the habits of civilized and Christian life.

III.

Progress of the Mission.

While the Fathers at Santa Cruz were waiting for their first crops to mature, they were as usual liberally supplied with presents from the sister-missions. Fathers Salazar and Lopez were no less successful as farmers than as missionaries. Their yield of agricultural products in 1800 was forty-three hundred bushels. At this time neophytes were four hundred and ninety-two.

THE OLD CHURCH AND THE NEW.

During the first ten years of the Mission, there were some seventeen hundred baptisms, and five hundred and seventy marriages. Few, if any, of the Missions enjoyed for a time so much spiritual and temporal prosperity.

Stirring events do not mark the annals of our Mission. Some fears were at first, indeed, entertained of the natives, but they were founded on little but rumor, the occasional absconding of a neophyte or the theft of a few animals. To keep themselves in practice, however, against such possible outbreaks as marked the history of Santa Clara, the soldiers were kept busy hunting bears. The corporal and a soldier were attacked and injured by some of the natives in December, 1793, and two parties were sent down from San Francisco to punish the offenders. In January, 1795, Sergeant Amador was sent to capture two of the Indians who were raising disturbances along the Pajaro River, and in April, 1798, ninety runaways were recaptured and returned to the Mission by Corporal Juan Mesa, the same man, it may be remembered, who crushed the Yoscolo rebellion at Santa Clara in 1831.[3]

Religious services at the Mission were held in a poor little tule-thatched edifice till February, 1793, but on the 27th of that month the corner-stone of a fine and commodious new church was laid. The site had been changed a little from the original one, to escape the danger of inundations. To the height of three feet the foundations were of stone, the whole front being of solid masonry, and the body of the building of adobe. It was thirty feet wide by one hundred and twelve in length and twenty-five in height. The walls were about five feet thick. It was formally dedicated on May 10, 1794, by Father Thomas de la Peña of Santa Clara, amidst the usual pomp of such occasions. Alferez Sal was present as god-father and received the keys. This church had scarcely fifty years of existence, says P. J. Thomas, when part of it fell down. It was repaired, but a few years afterwards, in 1857, the front walls fell in. It had finally to be

[3] See "Rambling Stories of an Old Mission," in the MESSENGER, November, 1891.

demolished, and nothing now remains save the side walls of the sanctuary, the vestry, and a long building in the rear which is used for storage. It is now covered with a new roof of shingles, and its present existence is probably due to the strong iron braces which support it.

When the Mission days were long since departed and the American flag was floating over the town, Father Benito, then pastor, dedicated what is now known as the old church, with a seating capacity of three hundred and fifty, at a cost of eight thousand dollars. The Catholic population of Santa Cruz, however, increased so rapidly that on September 15th, 1889, amidst an extraordinary gathering of clergy and laity, Father Hugh McNamee, the present pastor, formerly rector of the Cathedral at Los Angeles, opened the existing grand edifice, built at a cost of forty thousand dollars. But let us not anticipate.

Father Salazar remained at Santa Cruz until July, 1795, when he retired to Mexico. We afterwards hear of him at the College of San Fernando, as the author of a long report on California. Father Lopez remained one year later, when, overcome with a serious attack of hypochondria, he also returned to Mexico. His health was there restored, and in August, 1818, we find him guardian at San Fernando. These Fathers were succeeded by Fathers Jose de la Cruz Espi and Manuel Fernandez. The names of all their successors need not be repeated here, except to say that under Padre Antonio Suarez del Real, the brother of the last of the Franciscans at Santa Clara, the Mission was secularized.

IV.

The Martyrdom of Father Quintana.

In 1805, Captain Goycoechea reports that all the Indians about Santa Cruz had been converted, and that they might now be divided between Santa Clara and San Juan Bautista, so that the friars could be employed elsewhere. There was evidently some serious mistake in this report, and the Mission continued to live. It was in this year that Father Andrew Quintana, a native of Antoñana in Spain arrived at the Mission, which seven years

later he was to water with his life's blood. He was joined in 1808 by Father Antony Rodriguez, who left, however, in 1811, to be succeeded by Father Marquinez, who was Father Quintana's co-laborer at the time of his death.

On the morning of October 12, 1812, Father Quintana did not arise at the usual time. As he had long been ill, so seriously in fact as not even to be able to dress himself, no notice was taken of this for a couple of hours. Then, with some anxiety, Father Marquinez endeavored to enter his room, but found the door locked. Surprised at this and calling in vain for an answer, he broke open the door and to his horror found the poor Father lying dead on his straw pallet. Nothing apparently

THE RUINS OF THE OLD MISSION.

could be done, and on the following day Fathers Viader of Santa Clara and Duran of San Jose, who happened to be then at Santa Cruz, mournfully buried the remains.

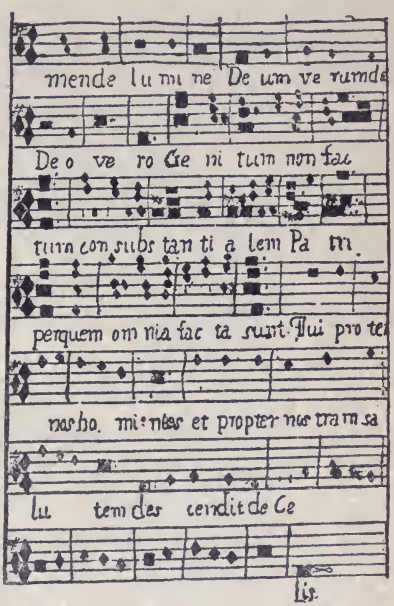
The suddenness of his death, however, prompted Governor Arillaga to order Lieutenant Estudillo to make an investigation. The conclusion to which this officer came was largely based on the fact of Father Quintana's long illness, and he accordingly gave it as his opinion that he had died a natural death. People were satisfied with his opinion until, about two years later, strange suspicions were started and a new investigation was ordered, in which the whole sad truth was discovered.

Conflicting stories are told as to exactly how the discovery was made, but it seems clear that a clue was first established by the confession of a dying Indian at San Luis Obispo, who said that he had helped to murder the missionary. Nine or ten Indians were arrested on his accusation, and tried and sent to Mexico for final sentence. On the trial it appeared that these men had entered into a conspiracy, and, the better to get the Father into their power, had aroused him at night on the false pretence of a visit to a dying neophyte at some distance from the Mission. Sick as he was, Father Quintana responded immediately. He went to his death in the service of God and his fellow-man. Arrived at a lonely spot, the assassins fell upon him, and murdered him in a manner simply diabolical. They then carefully carried his corpse back to the Mission under the cover of night, replaced it on his bed, and, locking the door of his room, hastened away.

The assassins claimed as their defence that the Father had been exceedingly cruel, but Governor Sola, upon a strict examination, could find no grounds for the charge. On the contrary, he declared, the unfortunate priest had oftenest erred on the side of leniency. Father Quintana, he said, was essentially a man of prayer and sacrifice. This was evidenced in many ways, but especially in his promptly leaving his post at San Carlos to relieve a sick Father at Santa Cruz, and in the last supreme act of his life, in rising with alacrity from a bed of sickness in the dead of night to administer the Sacraments to the dying. His very charity had brought about his martyrdom. Father Quintana's eulogy is best spoken in these words. No monument marks his grave, and the Felton Railroad crosses the spot where he laid down his life.

The assassins were sentenced in the spring of 1816. Two had already died in prison, and five others were sentenced to receive two hundred lashes and to work in chains for from two to ten years.

The invasion of California in 1818 by the French pirate Bouchard was the next cause of serious disturbance at the Mission. On the approach of the pirate, Governor Sola ordered Padre

Ramon Olbés to abandon the place and retire to Santa Clara. The Governor was at first inclined to burn the Mission, but afterwards sent an order to Judge Buelna of Branciforte to go there and remove everything that was possible. A kind of conspiracy had meantime been started among the *villaños* to sack the place, but with the aid of a few good citizens Buelna succeeded in dispersing the mob. A little later he sent each of the conspirators a copy of some of his own original verses. The wretched *villaños* mistook the poetry for something devilish. Terrified, they hastened in solemn procession to the Father to restore the stolen goods and implore him to obtain their pardon from Buelna. Undeterred by the fate of this poem, Francis Rodriguez afterwards composed and publicly recited another poem on the event and in honor of Buelna. Father Olbés soon returned to the Mission. Bouchard had not molested it, and, in spite of the Father's excited complaints, it had suffered little from the mob.

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FROM THE OLD MISSAL.

V.

Secularization and the New Life.

The suppression of the Santa Cruz Mission was proposed in 1823. What the reasons were we have not been able to ascertain. It seems, however, to have been the result of a spite on the part of certain white settlers, because the Fathers had claimed for the Mission the rancho of Salsipuedes. Ten years later, the Mexican government, in its unquenchable thirst for church property, issued its infamous decree of secularization, on August

17, 1833. One by one, as rapidly as possible, the Missions fell beneath the axe. All secular administration was taken from the Fathers; the Indians, barbarians of only yesterday, were declared free and, with a pitiful aid from the government, were told to support themselves; and creatures of the government were set over the finances of the ex-Missions. Ruin alone could follow such brutal and stupid legislation.

Secularization was put into operation at Santa Cruz on August 24, 1834. The Mission was on that day delivered over to Alfonso Ignacio del Valle as commissioner. He named the place the Pueblo de Figueroa, and gave all the Indians Spanish surnames. Spiritual things were to be administered by a resident Father as in a parish of the second class, with a deceitful promise of a salary of one thousand dollars a year. An inventory of the Mission property showed cattle to the value of five thousand three hundred dollars, and sheep to that of two thousand two hundred. The total value was about eighty-four thousand three hundred dollars. When the accounts were closed, on December 1st, some ten thousand six hundred dollars' worth of effects had been distributed to the Indians, and Del Valle received three hundred dollars for his services.

The decay of the Mission was appalling in its swiftness. The poor Indians, deprived of the guidance of the Fathers and suddenly thrown amongst a set of greedy and immoral white men, were utterly helpless and wandered away to become veritable slaves of their new employers, or to lead for a few years the lives of drunkards and then perish like so many beasts of burden. Within five years of the decree of secularization, they had dwindled from three hundred and twenty to seventy. Governor Micheltorena sought, in 1843, to restore the old order of things in at least twelve of the Missions, on condition that one-eighth of the total annual produce should be paid into the public treasury; but his virtuous efforts were in vain.

The once fair and flourishing community of the Santa Cruz Mission was completely destroyed by 1842, when José Bolcof had charge as justice of the peace and acting administrator. The

name of Pueblo de Figueroa was no longer used, and the establishment became part of Branciforte, though the whole place was oftener called Santa Cruz. Father Antonio del Real returned to Mexico in 1844. His beautiful Mission was dead. The sons of St. Francis had been instruments here in the hands of God for saving two thousand Indians and more from paganism, and now

MEMORIAL ARCH TO FATHER QUINTANA, O.S.F.

the Mexican republic had destroyed the race of those Indians forever.

Sad, however, as was the ruin of the Mission, the blessing of Fathers Salazar and Lopez and the martyred Quintana still rests upon the land which their labors have hallowed. Where once three hundred Indians gathered in a long low church of adobe a parish of fifteen hundred souls now worships in a magnificent Gothic church of stone and brick, capable of accommodating

almost a thousand worshippers. Convent, academy and parish-schools are flourishing, and hereafter the boys will be handsomely housed in the pretty old church which Father Benito built. The three venerable bells that were cast in 1809 and once assembled the red men for prayer, have been recast into a single great bell of fifteen hundred pounds that rings in thunder tones the glory of God far out across the bay and up the mountain sides.

The City of Terraces has not been unmindful of the heroes who laid its first foundations. When the hundredth anniversary of the arrival of Salazar and Lopez drew near, Father McNamee planned the erection of a massive and graceful granite arch, to be set up before the church in their memory. The citizens of Santa Cruz, irrespective of creed, responded to his call with generosity, and on September 25th, 1891, his plan was realized. Some marble tablet in the church will yet, we hope, bear the names of all the missionaries, and one storied window be given to tell the martyrdom of Father Quintana.

ST. PETER'S NET IN CATECHISM CLASS.

By E. V. N.

AWAY back in the sixties of this fleeting age, a convent, situated near the ancient city of Montreal, was thrown into considerable agitation by the promised arrival of a half-dozen grown-up pupils. One of these was a showy girl from the metropolis of the Union, and would enjoy the privileges granted to a parlor-boarder. The rest came from certain cities of the "Great West," at that moment suffering from the destructive marches of the Northern and Southern armies. All of these young persons were to be improved in plain and ornamental studies, but to remain uninfluenced by the Catholic Creed of the teachers and pupils of the academy; for, they were all good Protestants.

This latter condition was very distressing to the Religious

appointed to the charge of governing the school, and directing the classes. A Belgian of aristocratic family, she had been educated in France, and in one of its most conservative Institutes, in which she imbibed certain prejudices, that made it hard for her to manage a *pensionnat* composed of Canadian and American pupils, speaking differing tongues, and believing different creeds. This time, however, Mme. —— resolved to shake off some of the load that the opening session of September promised to put upon her shoulders. Her prejudices led her to dislike English and English books; to detest republicans, for had not the success of the "American Revolution" been one of the most efficient factors in exciting the "Great French Revolution"?—and might not heresy linger in books printed in English, which language she had not yet mastered so as to be able to judge profoundly of its "uncouth idioms"? The eminent Foundress of "*St. Cyr*" and the "*Dames de St. Louis,*" could not have been more inimical to Jansenism than this worthy Instructress was to Protestantism; neither could she have used more effectual methods to banish every thought, word or deed that savored of the unholy creed of Negation, from the young persons whom Divine Providence entrusted to her maternal oversight.

Summer in Canada is of very short date, and Queen Autumn comes in dazzling robes of gold and green, surrounded by attendants in showy white and neutral brown, to enthrone herself beneath a canopy formed of dreamy cloudlets fringed with silver. The glories of June and August are soon scattered before her sceptre. The institutions of learning hail her approach, and their halls wear a festive air; within their hallowed precincts, made venerable by self-sacrifice to a noble cause, their pupils, from every point of the compass, gather like young doves seeking a safe shelter. In a few days the work of examining new pupils was completed, the designation of classes and class-rooms promulgated to the whole school, and Mme. —— was satisfied with all her plans, and referred them duly to the Rev. Mother Superior, who found them good. According to those plans Mme. —— had little to do with English.

Among the subordinate teachers was one, a convert to the Catholic faith, who had been appointed for the opening scholastic year, to instruct at the usual hour, a class of little English girls, in the elements of Christian Doctrine. The newly arrived band of grown girls would naturally be placed with the seniors in the First Division of Christian Doctrine, viz. under the special care of the Directress of the boarding school. But that instructress, as I have said, had laid her plan; she summoned the convert-teacher, and with the air of showing her an unwonted mark of confidence, consigned the tall new-comers to her care, saying, "Sister X—— you know their peculiar views and will be better able to speak before them so as not to wound them."

In vain Sister X—— suggested that as these Americans did not understand French, if Mme. —— took them there would be less chance of unwelcome discussions, so disagreeable, and so useless, and so etc., etc.

"Take them, dear, and do the best you can!" was the sole rejoinder.

Therefore the subordinate teacher accepted this very undesirable adjunct to her evening-class in Catechism, confiding her trouble to the Divine Heart of Jesus, and entreating Him to bring good out of apparent evil. Retiring from the altar in earnest prayer, the anxious Sister conceived an arrangement, which appeared to her likely to protect the young Catholics of her class from any expressions of doubt on the countenances of their elder companions, and put the non-Catholics at their ease. This was to allow the latter to sit apart at their desks and sew, crochet, read, or write during the lesson, provided, strict silence was observed.

A shower of "Thanks" fell simultaneously.

The subject chosen for recitation and comment in all the divisions was the Apostles' Creed; for the Bishop of M—— had appointed it to counteract the influence of "The Life of Christ," by the impious Renan, which had been scattered throughout his episcopal city.

Sister X——'s plan was going on marvelously well, it was

thought, and Mme. —— said to her encouragingly, "*Obedient soul shall speak of victories.*" But one evening on retiring to her cell, she was startled by a gentle tapping at a locked door of her small apartment that opened into the private room of the young lady from New York. Fearing the parlor-boarder might be ill, she softly turned the key and, opening the door ajar, was about to inquire, when she heard in a low tone:

"Madame, rule or no rule, I *must* speak with you. I *must* be a Catholic! I never heard the Creed explained before," she went on to the much surprised Sister X——, "and I am abhorring myself for standing up Sunday after Sunday, and saying to God and the congregation a famous untruth, 'I believe in the Holy Catholic Church'!"

"Well, I recommend you to speak to Mother Superior," kindly answered the alarmed Sister, trying to close the door, which the young person held open firmly. "No one can change her creed *here*, except with full consent of parents or guardians; so good-night."

"Very good," persisted Seila, "but my guardian will not refuse me his full consent, and I *must* have a catechism! Do please give me one?"

"To-morrow, if you see Mother, perhaps all will be arranged; but just now, you are excited, and maybe after reposing to-night your mind will change."

"Never, never!" reiterated Seila, "for several weeks now I have seen clearly that Protestantism is a sham."

"But there is the bell, so good-night, and pray for me."

On the following day Seila and Sister X—— each sought the Superior to confide to her the conversation of the previous night. Rev. Mother did not of course wholly discourage the young person's ardent hopes, but it often happens in similar cases, that homesick girls pretend that they wish to become Catholics, so that their parents may withdraw them with indignant promptitude. Happily Seila was sincere, and after a course of study and instruction from competent guides, with the full consent of her guardian, she forsook the erring doctrine in which

she had been brought up, and after leaving the Convent, married a worthy man, and had her children educated in Catholic schools.

II.

The ceremony of Seila's Abjuration and First Communion, carried out with all the solemn promises and poetic pomp usual in Convents on such occasions, made a highly favorable impression upon the Protestants, who had never discerned so clearly what it means to become a Christian.

Among the Americans was the daughter of a Methodist minister, whose Aunt had kindly afforded her an opportunity of mental improvement, welcomed by the young lady, but displeasing to her father, on the ground of his child being placed among Catholic educators. Amelia became a good deal agitated and every now and then would enter a little studio occupied by Sister X—— and try to make the pictures a pretext for chatting upon some controverted point. One day as the Mistress remarked, "You know of course, Amelia, that the Catholic Church is the mistress of true civilization?"

"Indeed! Then why does the priest come into the sanctuary, as you call it, with his hat on his head?" she quickly retorted, for she was a little brusk.

She found great difficulty in disassociating the idea of idolatry from the reverence due to pictures and statues of the Saints, but on Good Friday she begged the Sacristan to leave the Crucifix where she and some of her companions (non-Catholics) could go during supper and kiss the bleeding wounds.

In one of her visits to the studio she observed to Sister X——: "Well the Methodists agree in doctrine, at least in 'fundamentals,' although they have differing local titles."

"You are mistaken, dear Amelia," replied Sister X——. "In Hudson, New York, I was one morning aroused by an incessant tramping of many feet on the pavement beneath my windows, and, opening the shutters, I saw two processions, one on either side of Main Street, wending their way silently and in the same direction. My hostess, Miss S——, presuming that I would

naturally wish an explanation, tapped softly at my door, to inform me that these were two sects of Methodists, 'Wesleyans,' and 'Christians' (the first i long) going to the river to give Baptism to adults!

"'How I wish I could see an Immersion,' I cried.

"'There is no difficulty,' answered Miss S——, 'it is so early that we can go without the dread of being seen by any of our acquaintances.'

"So we quickly prepared, covering our faces with thick green barège veils (the fashion in that day), and arm-in-arm walked rapidly to the bluff that overlooks the Hudson. There, about a quarter of a mile apart, stood two congregations. The candidates for baptism were robed in long black gowns, with shot in the hem, to keep them from floating, and they issued forth for the rite from two little shanties erected for the purpose of robing. A prayer was offered, a hymn sung by each congregation, and, but for the stifling of the baptized ones from the water, the ceremony would have been rather solemn. The morning too was cold, and a hole in the ice had to be kept open, by men on each side of the hole; and their rough costume, and plying axes, added somewhat to the picturesqueness, how much soever it detracted from the solemnity of the whole affair. The recipients also looked very blue and shivered much; in fact, I was well acquainted with one of them, a dressmaker, who fell into a rapid decline, never enjoying a day of health after that cold morning dipping."

"But our Lord was immersed," said Amelia.

"Yes, dear, but in a hot climate, and in times and circumstances very different from our own. The Church changes her discipline to meet such differences. But I wish to call your attention to what followed. When the parties had been immersed the Christian minister and the Wesleyan were about concluding, when the former came over and said, 'Brother, suppose we sing "Old Hundred" and the Doxology together, since there is One Lord, One Faith, and One Baptism!'"

"'Certainly not,' said the Wesleyan; 'we are true orthodox sons of John Wesley, and do not deal with Separatists.'

"Miss S—— and I could hear distinctly all that was said, and saw the Christian minister bow very meekly and return to his flock. Soon the air was rent with some words set to a martial air, and we hurried home."

"I have heard my aunt say that there are many kinds of Methodists," rejoined Amelia; "my father is Wesleyan, but it appears to me that he believes in Infant Baptism. And now I think of it, this is of importance to me; since it is baptism that makes us Christians."

Very soon Amelia asked her father whether she had ever been baptized, and if so, when and where. The response came that it was not absolutely necessary for her to be baptized, for wrote he, *The promise is to you and to your children, and to all who are afar.* Hence he argued *children* of Christians may or not be baptized, etc.

In this letter he bade her express to Sister X—— his contempt for her unprincipled interference with his daughter's religious tenets, but the young lady said:

"I shall explain to father that you have made no effort to change my views unless by prayer, and the good examples I see around me."

But the good girl who was nibbling St. Peter's hook in earnest, was soon summoned to M—— to meet her father who had come on to the City-of-Mary with twelve young couples, whom he had made brides and grooms in Methodist fashion; they had paid his expenses, and would liquidate his daughter's expenses back to W——. Whether or not Amelia became a Catholic in practice, Sister X—— never knew.

Three other members of that American group became members of the one fold in the following way.

Mr. C——, their father, had business to transact in the capital of Nova Scotia. He called on his children at the Convent (the first time that he had ever entered one) on his way to Halifax, and the Mother Superior gave him letters of introduction to the Archbishop, and to the Nuns of her order, as presenting a Protestant gentleman.

Directly His Grace read the name of the person who presented a letter, he looked up with a smile of well-bred surprise, and said—"Sir, yours is a Catholic name—certainly your ancestors were of that Creed!"

"Yes, my grandparents came out into the wilds of Tennessee, I have heard; but I never saw any priests or Catholic Church there, so I dare say that my parents went to the meeting-house and school which they found handiest."

The Archbishop befriended Mr. C—— in a variety of ways, and before the latter left Halifax, he had become a member of the One Holy Apostolic Church and of course gave a counsel to his dear daughters to examine the doctrines of Catholicity and embrace them. They all made their first Communion at the Convent, and were accompanied by their amiable mother in that holy Act.

III.

Of the three daughters of Mr. C—— the younger ones rarely asked questions, but the eldest, in concert with Seila and Amelia, seldom omitted an opportunity of referring to Sister X——, of profiting by her solutions of their innocent and pious disputes on matters of faith and opinion. Only one of the "half-dozen young ladies" seemed insensible to all their chatter. I will designate her as Ida. A close observer of every rule, respectful to superiors, and amiable and obliging with her schoolmates, she merited the confidence of the Directress of the *Pensionnat*, and the votes of her companions for several of the highest honors. But she never talked about creeds! Thus she left the Convent, and Sister X—— grieved that such a model pupil should have resisted so many facilities for enlightenment.

Two years had elapsed, when one lovely day in June, the loveliest month of the Canadian cycle, the portress presented Sister X—— with a card, inscribed "Mr. and Mrs. B——" and requested the nun to go to the parlor. Sister X—— said there "was some mistake—she knew no persons of that name."

"Probably it is one of your former pupils; the two look like a newly-married couple."

Then Sister X—— went down to meet Ida! Mrs. B——, who saluted her most affectionately, and introducing Mr. B—— added, "*Now we have come to make our First Communion!*" Ah! how heartily Mrs. B—— laughed at the amazement of the teacher of "*English Catechism.*" "You thought," she went on, "that I was not interested in the lessons, but you were much mistaken, not a proposition did you lay down, not a passage of Scripture that I did not note on my *tablettes*, and I carefully examined them. The reason I was so calm was, that one day when two of us were sent over to the village on an errand of confidence, I managed, whilst my companion was transacting the business in French, to slip into the Parish Church. I asked the priest to baptize me and his Reverence consented. But Rev. Mother would not consent to my going farther, as I could not obtain my father's consent, and bade me keep my step a secret."

"And Mr. B—— is he too a convert?"

"Yes, and almost no," replied Mr. B—— playfully. "You must know that when I asked Mr. Y——'s permission to wait upon his daughter with a serious intention, he said that he had no objection, and that he had never heard his daughter say much on that subject, except, that she would never marry any one but a practical Catholic. I informed Mr. Y—— that I had never 'joined any church.'

"'But you have a Catholic name?'

"'Very true! I presume my ancestors were Catholics, since the majority of my race are of that persuasion.'

"'Look over your pedigree, young man, and if that matter can be arranged, I dare say you will win Ida.'

"I did so. I discovered that my immediate parents were Catholics, and I went to a priest that Mr. Y—— recommended to me, and received instruction and am baptized."

"And now," broke in Mrs. B——, "he has a letter to the Jesuit Fathers in the Residence here, and will make a Spiritual Retreat under them, and I would be glad to make one here, and then if Rev. Mother will allow, we shall receive our First Communion together in the Convent Chapel."

Sister X—— was overjoyed, and Rev. Mother consented to their amiable plans. When the young couple met in the parlor, after their five days of solitude, Sister X—— inquired why Mr. Y—— had consented to her marrying a Catholic.

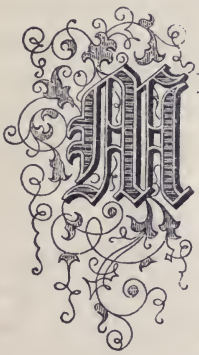
"Well, he was well acquainted with the Rev. F. McAleer; my mother and father often entertained him," replied Mrs. B——; "they liked his maxims, and often quoted them."

Ten years later, Mrs. B—— called at the Convent, in mourning for her father, who at her request saw a priest during his last illness, and died after receiving the Holy Sacraments.

Thus St. Peter's net, cast in the humble lakelet of a rudimentary Catechism Class, caught some excellent fish indeed.

LOVE'S RECOMPENSE.

By Rev. John J. Mallon.



ILD, loving eyes that haunt the dismal room,
Like twilight's close; lips sweet with oft-kissed dew,
Whose words returning, be they false or true,
In our abstraction, sway the heart and loom
And linger lovingly;—their end the tomb
At best: eyes, lips, words, love and lover too.
Grief pines the loss that grief cannot undo
And says: death is affection's awful doom.

Our earth seems cheerless when we moan and cry,
And yet each heart, instinct with love that wooes
Wreathes its own coil,—hence joy or grief ensues.
Turn, then, thy passion and its dream thereof,
Frail son of man! from earthly things that die,
And know that Life is recompense of love.

BOY SAINTS.

XII.

Floscellus, Flower of the Martyrs, A.D. 239.

HE was a lad of 12 years of age, young Floscellus; the very name indicates how young he was, when at Autun in Gaul, in 237 A.D., he went about from house to house, from place to place, and urged the Christians to hold to their faith, despite the efforts of the Emperor Valerian to destroy it.

I.

Unlike Septimius Severus, Valerian did not fear the Christians because they were very numerous. He had seen them and known them too well: too often he had been witness to their devotion to himself and to their country, for him to fear that they would be hostile to the Empire. He had been a close friend and ardent admirer of Denis of Alexandria, who tells us "none of his predecessors not even they who are thought to have been openly Christians, as 'the two Philips,' treated our brothers so familiarly and so lovingly."

The Christians may have had an advocate near him: perhaps his daughter-in-law (or step-daughter?) Salonina was the friend, whose counsels shaped his judgment, or he may himself have perceived and appreciated the good work they were doing among the people as well as their toleration of whatever could be tolerated without sacrifice of principle, according to the customs of the pagan communities entering the fold. The converts were in no case obliged to give up the innocent joys to which they had been accustomed, but only to abandon sinful pleasures. Purity of life was enjoined, not the long-faced piety of the Puritans of Protestant times. And so it was permitted to take part in civic processions, but they were sanctified; and banquets and festivals, formerly turned into a worship of the gods, were held at the tombs of the martyrs in all Christian decorum. It was the aim of the

Church to change the private life of each one, but not to interfere with the exterior public and social life, except insomuch as it had been degraded and debauched by idolatry, cruelty and licentiousness.

But the Church could not long escape the persecution of a government, which, like all pagan governments, was disposed to meddle in all the details of life, and was consequently jealous of any society not directly and completely under its control. Like absolute governments of even our day, every combination of the people among themselves, every union to aid in attaining particular objects was forbidden. Thus Trajan, in a letter to Pliny, forbade the formation of a guild of freemen, because they might form an association and hold meetings. How strange this seems to us to whom the right of meeting seems to be like a right to breathe and eat.

But the opposition of the pagan populace was often more fierce and bitter than even that of the rulers. Indeed, the rulers often sought to check the persecuting spirit of the mob who had an ignorant dread lest the gods, outraged, as they deemed, by the neglect of the Christians, should avenge themselves by sending calamities on the whole community or empire.

The strong and immediate reason which changed Valerian from a friend to a persecutor, was the cupidity aroused by the supposed immense wealth of the Christians. When he saw the sect, as the Christians were called, so well organized and so benevolent towards one another, that they suffered little or no want at a time when the credit of the Empire had been brought to the lowest ebb by crushing commerce and agriculture under heavy imposts and by obliging the people to accept in payment of their debts a debased currency, he was forced to heed the cry which was raised that the Christians had monopolized the gold and silver which was no longer seen in circulation, and the absence of which was causing the public ruin, and that they had in their coffers immense piles of the precious metals, either in ingots or worked into sacred vessels. "We demand this money," they cried; "the public treasury claims it; the emperor needs it."

The once kind-hearted Valerian yielded to these clamors, and decided to dissolve the Christian assemblies that he might seize upon their immense treasures and thus save the State. His plan was a sagacious one. He did not, like Decius, demand a formal denial by the Christians of their faith. He demanded only that they should sacrifice to the divinities of the Empire. Individually they might worship Christ; to that he had no objection; but they must take part in the official ceremonies, and, with the rest of the people, burn incense at the feet of the gods. This was directed only against the bishops, priests and deacons. To gain them was to gain the people and to destroy the Church. The punishment of disobedience was exile, not death, as in former persecutions. Against the body of the people, the mass of laymen the second clause of the edict was directed, forbidding them to go to the cemeteries or to hold meetings. To disobey was to incur the penalty of death.

This was the edict which caused such consternation among the Christians throughout the world, and which struck such terror to the hearts of the faithful in Gaul. It was about 237 A.D. that Valerian came to Autun and strove to restore the worship of the gods and to crush the Christians by the power of the sword, when the heroism of our boy of twelve years checked him in his cruel career. There can be no doubt that Valerian's former kindness to them, as well as his not exacting a formal denial of Christ, caused many Christians to submit to his edict. Remember that these Christians, so recently pagan, had been taught in paganism that it was not wrong to act a lie in religious matters. Even Cicero, the great and good, as this age styled him, had said, while in the act of rejecting the ancient superstitions that he did so only to comply with the national rites;[1] and Seneca while deriding the popular rites, says "the wise man will observe these things, not as pleasing to the deities, but as commanded by law, and this worship should be regulated by custom, not by belief."

[1] De Div. II. 33 and De Nat. Deor. II. 3.

II.

What an awakening to men in whose ears the teachings of such sages still rang, must have been the lesson taught by this boy, that there was a higher law than that of men, that conscience and duty to God were above mere expediency and compliance with the commands of men! It was to the priests and deacons, who were weakly complying with the Emperor's orders, (for it was only such who were obliged to sacrifice by the edict) that the boy spoke, saying: "Do not fear them who kill the body, but who cannot kill the soul. Fear Him only Who casts into hell both the body and the soul of the sinner." He was running hither and thither in the city, from house to house of the Christians, to reassure them, to give them new courage and to strengthen them in their faith. He was denounced by a traitor Camarinus to the Emperor, who ordered that the young hero be brought by the lictors to the forum. "Detestable youth," he said, when Floscellus appeared before him, "what plot are you forming against our authority? Who advises you to destroy the worship of the gods?"

"Unjust persecutor and teacher of evil," answered our hero, with the majesty of an apostle, "hear me. If you desire to enter the Kingdom of God, take care not to profane the Church of Jesus Christ."

"And do you take care lest you be loaded with torments as the Crucified was, in return for the treacherous counsels you have striven to make prevail against us."

"I do not fear your threats," answered the young martyr; "I fear the Lord our God."

Thus bearded the angry emperor ordered that Floscellus be extended upon the rack and scourged. "Christ is my confidence," said the brave little soldier, as the rods tore his body; "He is the source whence I draw my courage. It is He Who aids us and sustains us."

And when the angry Emperor cried out to the executioners: "Beat him more severely, for he deserves it."

"O what foolishness!" said the boy. "You will gain noth-

ing by my sufferings, for I believe in that God Who gives me strength."

"Break his jaw-bone," cried the tyrant, "that he may stop his insults."

"My courage increases with my confidence in the Lord," answered the child.

Then, beside himself with anger, Valerian ordered that the bruised and mangled boy be cast into a dungeon with a lion, whence shortly was heard a child's voice in prayer. "Come to my aid, O God, for Thou art all-powerful"; and instantly the lion fell dead at his feet, the dungeon was miraculously lighted by torches, sweet odors of delightful perfumes were borne from the noxious place to the nostrils of the astonished on-lookers, and angels brought him a mysterious bread, which gave to the young martyr a new strength to resist and to overcome his enemies.

When Valerian sent his lictors to see and to report what had taken place in the prison, they saw the brilliant light therein, and the lion dead, and hearing the young martyr singing hymns of praise and thanksgiving to God, they hurried to report to the prince the marvels of which they had been witnesses. The weak old man whose waverings, when urged to despoil the Christians, had been dispelled by the diabolical magical spells, believed that this was but another exercise of that same diabolical power, and ordered the executioners to burn the young apostle alive. Then they lighted a funeral pile: but the flames surrounding the Saint were instantly extinguished by a storm which suddenly arose, and the martyr was again saved from the hands of the executioners. Then they pierced his hands and his tongue, stripped him of his garments, and sent him covered with a linen tunic to the public square, where, in the presence of a savage mob, and under the eyes of a prince, made even yet more barbarous by the superstition which always possessed minds devoid of faith, they cut off the head of this child of twelve years of age.

Thus Floscellus gained his crown. Flower of the Christian flock, as his name signifies, his taking off made many imitate the beauty of his sacrifice.

WHAT POLAND HAS DONE FOR THE SACRED HEART.

WHEN the Polish bishops presented their famous Memorial to the Sacred Congregation of Rites, in 1765, requesting it to permit a Mass and Office in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, although they made this request for the universal Church, they took care to urge it with special insistence in behalf of Poland, of Spain, and of the Arch-confraternity of the Sacred Heart of Jesus in the church of Saint Theodorus in Rome.

The reason of their special plea for Poland, is that no one questioned that devotion to the Heart of Jesus had struck deeper roots in Poland than elsewhere. There was every reason for permitting that country to celebrate a Feast of the Sacred Heart, "since," to quote, with its bishops, the words of the Bishop of Plock, "devotion to the Sacred Heart flourishes throughout the kingdom of Poland and its annexed provinces, in Confraternities erected everywhere; and since in many of the parish and regular churches a Feast is kept on the Friday after the Octave of Corpus Christi, on which day Mass is sung and the word of God solemnly preached to the people."

The bishops added another reason, for, like true followers of their humble-hearted Redeemer, they did not base their plea so much upon their deserts as upon their needs,—their need of help or at least their need of consolation from the Heart, which alone could help or console them in the many trials and calamities were already impending over their nation, since so loyal to the Faith and to the Church of Christ, though it has been so ill treated and severely persecuted.

These were the Pastors to whom the Supreme Pastor of all the faithful Clement XIII. addressed his congratulations in his letter of September, 1765, as animated with the fervent zeal for the true Faith, and as deserving so much the more of true worshippers of the Sacred Heart, the more they were abused by the shameful onslaught of Jansenism.

It was a signal triumph for the Polish Bishops to obtain the consent of the Sacred Congregation to celebrate this Feast. Eminent Cardinals, Archbishops, bishops and the secular and regular clergy, religious congregations, kings and queens and eminent statesmen had urged the petition at various times. To the petition of the Visitation Nuns, urged by the exiled English Queen Mary Beatrix, and commended by His Eminence Cardinal de Janson, the Sacred Congregation, under Innocent XII., in 1697, had granted for the Visitation Sisters a Feast of the Sacred Heart with the Mass of the Five Wounds.

This was not enough for the believers in the revelations to Blessed Margaret Mary. Nor was it enough for the true believers in Christ Himself, since the Mass of the Five Wounds was not a definite approbation of devotion to the Heart of Christ as the fullest expression of His divine and human love for us. Yet even this was denied to other religious congregations and to Archbishops urging the same request. And the denial was more pronounced still under Benedict XIII., no matter who the petitioners might be, the bishop and clergy of Marseilles, Philip, king of Spain, or Frederic Augustus king of Poland.

It is needless to remark that the opposition to the establishment of this Feast arose from the Jansenists, who used all their ecclesiastical and civil influence to prevent the spread of a devotion which above all others would make its pious observers familiar with the love of Christ. It is just as needless to note that their opposition was naturally directed very strongly against a Feast which was to be kept on the Friday after the Octave of Corpus Christi, a tacit admission, therefore, of the great revelation of Christ to Blessed Margaret Mary; and it was chiefly directed against a Mass in honor of the Sacred Heart, since this besides being a definite declaration of the propriety of such honor, would also imply an assent to the doctrine and to the practice of the devotion to the Man God.

Hence it was that when His Holiness Clement XIII. ascended the Chair of Peter, it seemed almost vain to renew the petition which had been refused so often by his predecessor. The Polish

kings Frederic Augustus, and Stanislaus, and Mary Leczinska his daughter, and Clement, Duke of Bavaria led the way for the Bishops of Poland and their Memorial, the text nowadays both of the history and doctrine of devotion to the Sacred Heart, which prevailed upon the Sacred Congregation to permit the celebration of this Feast, with its own Mass and Office.

Since this great triumph of the love of Poland for the Sacred Heart, its sons have never wavered in their fidelity to the object of their devotion. That fidelity they have had occasions enough to prove by the persecutions which have fallen to their lot. Suffering, after all, is the best test of devotion. But may we not say they have deserved to be put to this test and to stand it so well, because of their persistence, as a nation, in making the Heart of Christ known and honored as only its Feast can make it known and honored?

THE WORK OF THE RETREATS.

AT Tronchiennes the number of general Retreats has risen from 248, in 1888, to 348 during the year 1891. Last Christmas-tide alone there were 53 Retreats. Owing to increasing applications a seventh annual retreat has been added, beginning on Low-Sunday. To form some estimate of the number of men who make these retreats, 72 were present in Passion week, 94 in Holy Week, and more than 80 for the retreat of Whit-Sunday.

In 1890, Father Lechien gave a "Closed Retreat" to workmen at Charleroi, on the model of the retreats given in the house established near Lille. The great hall of the College was used as a dormitory, and 80 workmen joined in the retreat. Soon after Fathers Lechien and Lebrocquy founded a House of Retreats at Fayt. Since August of 1891, 350 merchants and workmen have taken parts in the retreats given there, the number on each retreat varying from 5 to 33.

Our Thanksgivings contain a note from one of our own Houses of Retreats, which speaks well for the work in our midst.

THE ICONOGRAPHY OF THE APOSTLES.

By Caryl Coleman.

IX.

Saint Thomas.

Apostle and Martyr, A.D. —.

Latin, Sanctus Thomas. *Greek*, Agios Thomas. *Italian*, San Tomaso.
French, Saint Thomas. *German*, Heilige Thomas. *Spanish*, San Tomé.

Feast: December 21. The Greek church keeps the feast on the 6th of October, and the Malabar Christian Church on July 1st.

Patronage: St. Thomas is the patron of the kingdom of Portugal, of the cities of Parma and Urbino in Italy, and of the following trades: architects, builders and masons.

Life: Historical and biographical facts relating to the life of St. Thomas are few in number, while on the other hand legends concerning the Apostle are over abundant, contradictory one to another, and of doubtful authenticity; but on the whole, it will be found that Christian artists have generally followed in their art the facts, and only such legends as are probably based upon truth.

It is believed by all that the Saint was a Jew, and it is surmised by some, that he was a native of Galilee, but this conjecture is contrary to an almost universally received tradition that he was born of Jewish parents at Antioch,[1] and had a twin sister named Lydia and a brother by the name of Thaddeus. That he was a twin cannot be doubted, or he would not have been given, in addition to his true name Judas,[2] the distinguishing one of Thomas, which in Hebrew means "a twin," as well as its Greek equivalent, Didymus, a word used by St. John when naming the Apostle.[3]

[1] Patres Apostolici, Cotel. Edrs., pp. 272, 501.
[2] Eusebius, Eccl. Hist. B. 1, C. XII. p. 32 Bohn's Ed.
[3] St. John, xxi. 2.

ST. THOMAS.
Perugino.

There is a story extant that Thomas had been married before he was called to the Apostleship, and that the fruit of this marriage was a daughter, who married in her turn one Dionysius, who was appointed the first bishop of Andronopolis, by her father, and that from her husband's hands she received the consecrated veil, renouncing her marriage rights, living only for Christ, and at last, for confessing His Holy Name, was beheaded by the pagans.

As to the occupation of the Apostle prior to his becoming a follower of Jesus of Nazareth, there is little known beyond a constant tradition that he was a mason or builder, a tradition that is worked out in the legendary life, as will be shown hereafter, and it has also given to Thomas one of his emblems: a carpenter's square.

The Saint is first mentioned in the Sacred Narrative at the time when our Blessed Lord, on the summit of Koroun-Hattin, in the early morning of the day on which He preached the Beatitudes, called together twelve of His Disciples to become His immediate companions, that He might train them for the Apostleship. The names of the twelve have been carefully recorded by the first three Evangelists[4] and among them the name of Thomas appears as one of the group headed by St. Philip; he is next mentioned in connection with the dangerous journey the Master made to the neighborhood of Jerusalem, in order to raise Lazarus to life, on which occasion all the other Apostles were filled with fear because of the hatred of the Jews toward the Lord, excepting Thomas, who incited his companions to accompany the Lord, rousing their courage by the words that have been echoed by all the martyrs of subsequent ages: *"Let us also go, that we may die with Him."*[5]

By these words the manliness and fearlessness of St. Thomas' character is exhibited, while his incredulity, a weak point, is first shown at the Last Supper in his failing to understand the words of our Lord: *"I shall go, and prepare a place for you; I will*

[4] St. Matthew, x. 2–4; St. Mark, iii. 13–19; St. Luke, vi. 12–16.
[5] St. John, xi. 16.

come again and will take you to Myself, that where I am, you also may be. And whither I go you know, and the way you know." Thomas then said: "*Lord, we know not whither Thou goest; and how can we know the way?*" Thomas did not understand, because he had not yet acquired the habit of looking below the surface of things; to him there was no esoteric meaning in words, he took everything in a material sense; he was what is called in the world a practical man, the spiritual side of his nature was dormant, he allowed his will to be governed solely by his senses, in fact he was like the man described by St. Augustine: "I will not believe," says this one, "anything but what I see. See, here is what I know, and am sure of. Such a thing is white or black, or round, or square, or colored so and so; this I know, am sensible of, have a hold of; nature itself teaches me. I am not forced to believe what you cannot show me." It was this impediment, this imperfection of character that kept St. Thomas from accepting at once the Resurrection of our Lord.

The Apostle, for some reason unknown to us, was not with the other disciples when Jesus appeared after His resurrection and when they told him that they had seen the Lord, specifying the circumstances, he did not believe them, but in his incredulity and presumption dictated to God the means by which his weakened faith might be made whole, these are his words: *Except I shall see in His hands the print of the nails and put my finger into the place of the nails, and put my hand into His side, I will not believe.*[6] For eight days the Saint persisted in his unbelief, and then, when the disciples were gathered together behind closed doors, the Master suddenly stood in their midst and said: *Peace be to you.* "He comes to all, that he who erred in the presence of all, and by his unbelief grieved all, should by his faith rejoice all—He rebuked Thomas, not with open but with closed door, lest the fair fame of His disciple should be endangered.[7] *The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which is lost.*"[8] Turning to

[6] Ibid. xx. 25.

[7] Avancino's Life and Teaching of Jesus Christ. Vol. I. 379.

[8] St. Luke, xix. 10.

Thomas He speaks to him alone, to show him that for his sake alone He came; He heeds not the worthiness of the majority, but the needs of the one. He said to him: *Put in thy finger hither, and see My hands and bring thither thy hand, and put it into My side; and be not faithless but believing.* Thomas answered and said to Him: *My Lord and my God!* Sorrow and love prevented further speech; his heart was flooded with contrition and shame; the wounds of Christ healed the wound of doubt in the soul of Thomas, for he saw the Manhood and believed in the Godhead. Jesus answering, said, *Because thou hast seen Me, Thomas, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen and have believed.*[9]

The incredulity of Thomas had passed away forever, an all embracing faith had taken its place, and henceforth he walked fearlessly in faith until, through death for truth's sake, he became united once again to his beloved Master, Christ Jesus. The name of the Apostle occurs for the last time in the Bible with those of the other Apostles in the first chapter of the Acts, when they came together in Jerusalem, after the Ascension of the Lord, to elect some one to take the place of Judas. He remained in the Holy City until he received the Holy Ghost, when he entered his appointed field of apostolical labor, a field which, it is said, included Mesopotamia, Persia and India.

Before starting out upon his mission he sent his brother Thaddeus, one of the seventy-two disciples, to the people of Edessa, to whom he taught the doctrine of the Crucified. St. Thomas followed in the footsteps of his herald and founded a school of Christian truth at Edessa, which reached a high degree of culture, and assisted in the propagation of the faith among the Persians and other neighboring nations.

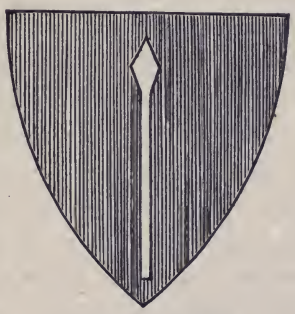
St. Thomas having established the Church in Edessa, probably turned his face toward India,[10] the seat of his great mission, taking the Northern route for that country through the city of Tigranocerta, called also Soltania in writings of the apostolic age, and from thence passing over the road built by the old Persian kings to Media, from there by the way of Aria to the head-waters

[9] St. John, xx. 29.

[10] Eusebius Eccl. Hist., B. II., c. 1.

of the Indus, passing around the foot of Western Himalaya mountains into Little Thibet, where he turned into an almost open road to Bengal, by following a tributary of the Ganges until he reached the river itself, upon which he embarked, leaving it however at the city of Palibothra in order to go overland to Meliapore,[11] where he fixed his see and where he gave up his life for the truth.[12]

This long journey took our Saint some time to accomplish as he preached the Gospel to the people of the countries and cities he passed through, organizing his converts into churches and placing bishops over them, everywhere meeting with success until he arrived at the head-waters of the Indus and the Ganges, where he encountered Buddhism, a great obstacle in the way of truth, an obstacle that is just as potent to-day as it was in the time of St. Thomas, and upon which Christianity has hardly yet made an impression. The Apostle, finding this sect blind to the simple mission of Christianity, turned his footsteps toward southern India and erected his see in the city of Mylapore on the Bay of Bengal. The inhabitants of both the city and the country round listened willingly to his instruction, many of them becoming converts, the others giving him their esteem because his life was holy, because the miracles he wrought struck them with wonder and awe. All this irritated the Brahmins and the ruler of the country so much, that they determined to take his life; an armed band was formed for the purpose, and when a favorable opportunity occurred, while the Saint was engaged in prayer they fell upon him, assailing him with stones and darts. At last one of them dispatched him



ARMS OF ST. THOMAS.

[11] Meliapore is the Portuguese or Arabic form for Malapore. See Illustrated Catholic Missions, Oct. and Nov. 1892 for a most "startling" paper on the mission of St. Thomas in India.

[12] The Church and the Gentile World, by Rev. Aug. J. Théband, S J. Vol. II. 96, 116.

by running St. Thomas through with a spear, and thus he sealed with his blood the faith he had expressed in those burning words, drawn from him so lovingly and patiently by his Saviour: *My Lord and my God.*

The Apostle's body was borne by his beloved followers with hymns of praise to the church, where it remained until discovered in 1523, together with a part of the lance with which he was slain. A long time previous to this happy discovery in the year A. D. 234, during the reign of the Emperor Alexander Severus, a part of the body of St. Thomas was translated to the city of Edessa and placed on a silver coffer[13]; and, at the beginning of the fifth century, the city of Brescia in Italy acquired another portion of the holy relics.[14]

The city, the Mylapore of St. Thomas, has long since passed away, submerged beneath the waves of the Bay of Bengal, through the subsidence of the land, yet the church he planted still exists, holding its own against the vicissitudes of time, but not against the leaven of error, for sometime either in the seventh or eighth century, or perhaps later, a false teacher by the name of Mar Thoma introduced Nestorianism into the Church of India. When Portuguese established colonies on the coast of Hindostan at the beginning of the sixteenth century, large numbers of these so called St. Thomas Christians, claimed their protection against the Mussulman and were won over to the Church.

APPEARANCE: In Greek art St. Thomas is represented as a young and beardless man; in Western art he is usually a man between thirty-six and forty, and as a rule always bearded; there are however exceptions.

COSTUME: A red tunic with cloak of the same color, or all in white; sandals on his feet; a nimbus of gold; in his hand an arrow and a book, or a builder's rule, or, as Albert Durer has represented him, holding a lance.

EMBLEMS: An arrow, one of the missiles with which he was

[13] Ordericus Vitalis. Eccl. Hist. B. II. C. 8, 263. St. Chrys. Hom. 26. The Abbè Fouard says in his work on St. Peter that the body of St. Thomas was transported from India to Mesopotamia during the lifetime of Thaddeus.

[14] Gaudentius Serm. 17; Patrol. XX. 959.

assailed by the Brahmins; a lance, the instrument of his martyrdom; and a builder's rule, given to him as he was said to have been a builder, and because in one of the legends related in the

THE INCREDULITY.
(Rubens.)

Legenda Aurea occurs the following story: Gondoforns, an Indian king, commanded the Apostle to build for him a magnificent palace, and gave him much gold and silver for the

purpose. The king then went into a distant country, and was absent for two years, and Thomas meanwhile, instead of building a palace, distributed all the treasures intrusted to him among the poor and sick; and when the king returned, he was full of wrath, and he commanded that St. Thomas should be seized and cast into prison, and he meditated for him a horrible death. Meantime the brother of the king died; and the king resolved to erect for him a most magnificent tomb; but the dead man, after that he had been dead four days, suddenly arose and sat upright, and said to the king, "The man thou wouldst torture is a servant of God: Behold I have been in Paradise and the angels showed to me a wondrous palace of gold and silver and precious stones; and they said, 'This is the palace that Thomas the architect hath built for thy brother the king Gondoforns.' And when the king heard these words, he ran to the prison, and delivered the Apostle; and Thomas said to him, "Knowest thou not that those, who would possess heavenly things, have little care for the things of this earth? There are in heaven rich palaces without number, which were prepared from the beginning of the world for those who purchase the possession through faith and charity. Thy riches, O King, may prepare the way for thee to such a place, but they cannot follow thee thither."

The arms of the Saint are *gules*, a lance *argent*.

Symbolic Types: The prophet Malachias is often used as a type of St. Thomas on account of his words: *And I will come to you in judgment*, words that foreshadowed the seventh article of the Creed, the one contributed by the Apostle: *From thence He shall come to judge the living and the dead.*

The symbolic stone in the foundation wall of the Heavenly City belonging to St. Thomas is the watery Beryl, a symbol of those who are wise in the wisdom of this world; the same stone is found in the breastplate of the Old Law, bearing the name of the tribe of Israel he will judge.

Representation: The one great incident in the life of St. Thomas, which has inspired the greatest number of artists to paint the subject, is the Incredulity. This has been portrayed by Raphael, Rubens, Vandyck, Poussin, Guercino, and many others.

There is a subject drawn from the legendary life of the Apostle which has been often painted: Our Lady of the Girdle, which the Italians call *La Madonna della Cintola*. The legend is that St. Thomas was absent at the time of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, and, on his return, doubting the truth of her bodily translation into Heaven, he caused her tomb, three days after the event, to be opened, whereupon it was found to be empty. The Holy Mother seeing his weakness of faith, threw down to him her girdle, that he might be cured of his doubts; hence he is sometimes represented holding the girdle in his hand, or receiving it from the Virgin. This subject was very popular with the Florentine painters, and was sometimes painted in a mystical manner. The best example of this treatment is the fresco in the Duomo at Viterbo, wherein the Christ Child, standing on His Mother's knee, is represented loosing her girdle and about to present it to St. Thomas.

The Martyrdom of the Apostle has also been painted by some of the best masters. In what year it occurred is not definitely known.

THE LEAGUE ALMANAC FOR 1893.

FOR the past five years the Central Direction of the Apostleship has been publishing its own Almanac and Calendar, indicating for every month of the year the special Indulgences attached to the various practices of the League, and also of the other Confraternities and Pious Works for which the Central Direction is an Agency. For each month also short stories, verse and indulgenced ejaculations are given together with the latest statistics of the Apostleship, of the Sodalities, the Bona Mors, the Holy Childhood, the Sanctuary Society and the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, at Auriesville, N. Y. The Almanac is illustrated and the cover page bears, in a beautiful design in colors, the arms of the Apostleship.

FOUNDERS OF HOUSES OF RETREATS.

II.

Mademoiselle de Francheville.

Born, 1620. Died, 1687.

WHAT Father Huby and M. de Kerlivio did for men Mademoiselle de Francheville, so far as her sex and position permitted, did for women. A brief sketch of this remarkable woman's career will furnish an interesting study of the ways of Divine Providence in Its dealings with those who are singled out to be the instruments of Its great designs.

Catharine de Francheville was born September 21, 1620, at the Chateau de Truscat, in the peninsula of Ruys, in Brittany. Her family ranked among the first in the kingdom, and was no less distinguished for its piety than for its wealth and prosperity. This hereditary trait was conspicuous in the training of Catharine. A vein of piety mingled with the infant thoughts of the child. She was not more than four or five years of age when she had learned by heart the quatrains of Pibrac, a collection of moral precepts in

simple rhyme; and whenever there was company at the house she used to be summoned to recite her little piece before the guests.

As Catharine advanced in the years of girlhood her thoughts and inclinations retained the impress they had received in the years of infancy. And yet, during this period of her life, there was little or nothing that gave promise of the sanctity that distinguished her after years. Notwithstanding the pious trend of her thoughts, she had many of the failings and imperfections characteristic of her sex and condition, and was especially fond of dress and external show. She had been born into the great world of luxury and fashion; and, although she never surrendered her heart completely to its attractions, yet she had never given it entirely to God. We shall see presently how she was won at last to a complete and unreserved devotion to the service of God.

On arriving at the years of early womanhood she was urged by her friends to enter the married state. She had many suitors, but none of them were to her taste. At last, however, she consented to bestow her hand upon the Dean of the Counsellors of the Parliament of Brittany. The marriage was to be celebrated at Rennes, and thither she repaired. She was just entering the city in a carriage when she noticed a long funeral procession on its way to the church. Prompted by a natural curiosity she inquired who the dead person was, and learned to her horror that the corpse was that of her intended husband!

From this moment the whole current of her life was changed. She regarded her bereavement as a sign of Heaven's will in regard to her future life, and resolved henceforth to see and know as little of the world as possible. She now lived a life of comparative retirement, and gave herself up to a round of pious exercises and works of charity. She still, however, retained some remnants of the worldly life she had renounced. We shall now see how grace completed the conquest of this generous soul.

She happened one day to be present at a sermon preached by Father Francis Berthelot in which the preacher took occasion to speak of the lack of faith shown by so many Christians. His

words produced a deep impression on his hearers, and Mademoiselle de Francheville felt moved to the depths of her heart. There was one sentence in the sermon that went home to her with especial force. "You tell me," said the preacher, "that you are Christians: show me your faith by your works!" No sooner did she hear these words than divine grace wrought a wonderful change in her heart. She resolved to give herself to God without any reserve. On arriving home she found there several ladies of her acquaintance, to whom she addressed these remarkable words: "Ladies, we must live absolutely for God. For my part, I wish to be entirely His; and to show you I am in earnest, I beg you to cut off my hair." Mlle. de Francheville was particularly proud of her fine head of hair. "Any one," she continued, "who will do me this service will lay me under the greatest obligation." Her friends remonstrated with her. She must not be precipitate; her ardor would doubtless cool, and be followed by regret for the hasty step she had taken in a moment of misguided fervor. But she was deaf to their appeal. She heard naught but the voice of grace bidding her to break with the world and turn to God. "I have confidence in God, Who sustains the weak," was her only reply. Without more ado she seized a pair of scissors, and before her guests could recover from their astonishment her beautiful tresses lay in a disordered heap on the floor.

We know but little about the ways of God in the distribution of grace. At one time or other in the course of our lives a grace is offered us, which, according as we accept it or reject it, may easily be the making or marring of our spiritual lives. Mlle. de Francheville had seized the moment of grace, and from that hour to the end of her life she lived but for God. She now made rapid strides in the way of the Saints. Her one desire was to devote herself and all she possessed to the service of God and the help of her neighbor. She began by distributing her jewels among the churches of the province and converting her rich dresses into vestments for the use of the sanctuary. In order to cut off all unnecessary connection with the world she retired to an upper chamber in her residence in the city, and never left it except to

visit the churches, or to make a pilgrimage on foot to some shrine of our Lady, or in fulfilment of some mission of charity. Meantime she busied herself in seeking out the deserving poor, and relieving their necessities. We fain would linger on this phase of Mlle. de Francheville's life; but as our interest chiefly centres in her work in connection with houses of retreats, we shall now briefly describe the circumstances connected with the establishment of the first house of retreats for women.

Seeing the abundant fruits reaped by Father Huby's establishment for men, she conceived a desire to found a similar institution for women. In default of a larger building she turned her own house into a house of retreats, and thither her confessor, Father Daran, of the Society of Jesus, sent his penitents, from time to time, to make the spiritual exercises. There was one circumstance that made Mlle. de Francheville's house objectionable as a house of retreats. She would never accept anything from her guests for board or lodging, and the result was that some persons were chary of asking admission. To obviate this difficulty a house was rented outside the city. It was no sooner made ready for habitation when applications came in from all quarters, and in the short time the work was well under weigh. But, like most great undertakings in which the glory of God is greatly concerned, it was destined to meet with persecution.

The Devil, jealous of the immense good wrought by the new establishment, aroused against it an opposition that for a time nearly proved fatal to its existence. There were persons in high places who looked with disfavor on these novel assemblies of women; and one of the grand-vicars of the Bishop went so far as to denounce them from the pulpit and forbid their continuance. Monseigneur de Rosmadec was just then absent on a visit to Paris. On his return he suggested a compromise that seemed likely to quiet all opposition. He proposed that apartments be constructed in some convent, where the exercises might be conducted with more facility and with perfect edification to the faithful. The proposition was accepted, and an addition was made to the Convent of the Ursulines, who were themselves to take part in the

conducting of the exercises. The direction of the retreats was given to Mother Jeanne de Pelaine, a religious of distinguished merit. The work went on for nine or ten months, and was attended by extraordinary results; but in the very height of its success the note of alarm was sounded again. Envy and calumny were once more astir. Mgr. de Rosmadec had been transferred to the archdiocese of Tours, and his successor was prejudiced by ill reports. The friends of the work were either dead, or powerless to assist it. The opposition at length culminated in a decree of the Bishop by which the work was entirely suppressed.

The enemies of the work had triumphed, and Mademoiselle de Francheville saw all her efforts result in disaster. But she did not lose hope. She conferred with M. de Kerlivio and Father Huby, and the three servants of God agreed to work and pray together till they succeeded in starting the work anew. Knowing that all human means should be used to effect their purpose, they resolved to employ the mediation of Madame d'Argouges, a lady whose influence with the Bishop might possibly effect in him a change of sentiment. The result of this lady's interposition proved that the work of the retreats was the work of God, Who would have it triumph over all opposition. The friends of the undertaking could hardly believe their ears when they heard that the Bishop's objections had been entirely removed. Mlle. de Francheville was permitted to resume the work, but in a building set apart for that sole purpose. A new diocesan seminary had just been erected; but it was not furnished, and for want of funds was likely to remain long untenanted. It was suggested that Mlle. de Francheville should rent it for a few years, and stipulate that when she quitted it she would leave it furnished and ready to be occupied by the seminarians. The proposition was agreed to, for Mademoiselle de Francheville was only too glad to be able to do anything in behalf of God's ministers. But by the time her lease expired she had erected a large building which became the permanent house of retreats, and thus the great work she had so much at heart was at last firmly established.

The mode of conducting the spiritual exercises was the same as in the establishment for men, with the exception that not all the exercises were conducted by priests. In fact, the immediate direction of the retreats would seem to have been the work of pious and experienced women, who acted under the supervision of M. de Kerlivio and Father Huby. Mlle. de Francheville was so diffident of her own powers that it was a long time before she could be induced to take a personal share in the work of direction; but she no sooner began than the exercitants had reason to congratulate themselves on having so able a directress.

The work of the retreats was now assuming vast proportions. The first retreat had begun with the comparatively small number of eleven exercitants. A few years later it was a common thing to see as many as two or three hundred assembled for a single retreat. These numbers will give us an idea of the importance of the exercises as a means of sanctification for the masses of the people. Thanks to Divine Providence, the work founded by Mlle. de Francheville is not unknown in our own day. The re-establishment of houses of retreats, and the success they have met with, are among the encouraging signs of the times in countries that have been fast becoming the prey of impiety and irreligion.

Meantime Mlle. de Francheville was advancing in years, and becoming more and more subject to bodily infirmities. Nevertheless she relaxed none of her accustomed austerities; and although she was being slowly consumed by a fever which at last brought her to her grave, she was always found at her post. The daily instructions and conferences, in which she so much excelled, were continued without interruption, even to a period when age and infirmity might have justified her in retiring from an active participation in the work she had so solidly founded.

At last, however, nature must yield. She saw that her end was approaching, and she began to prepare for her final departure. She had long prayed for the favor of having Father Huby assist her in her last moments. Her prayer was heard. Father Huby was at her bedside, administering the consolations of religion, and

encouraging her by his presence and his prayers. After granting her absolution for all the sins of her life, he bade her, by way of penance, to pronounce thrice, the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary. She made an effort to do so, and after pronouncing the name of Jesus the third time, she rendered her soul to her Maker. Her death occurred on March 23, 1687. The passing of such a soul could not but make a deep impression on the world in which she was so widely known and loved. Her well-known sanctity, her numerous charities, her work in connection with the house of retreats, had endeared her to thousands; and for many a year her name was held in benediction, especially in the house of retreats, in which her remains were afterwards preserved with the greatest veneration.

III.

Father Louis de Kerlivio.

Born, 1621. Died, 1685.

We have now come to the last of the saintly trio to whose joint endeavors the world is indebted for the blessings conferred upon it by houses of retreats. M. de Kerlivio's part in the founding and sustaining of these establishments was so important that without it they would probably never have come into existence.

Louis Eudo de Kerlivio was born at Hennebond, in Brittany, on November 14, 1621. His family was distinguished for

its wealth and high descent. It was also noted for its immense charities; and it was to its bountiful almsgiving that were commonly ascribed the blessings that descended upon its members. After completing his education abroad, his rare accomplishments and many personal attractions made him a favorite of the fashionable circles in which he moved.

It was not long before he found himself in love with a young lady of great beauty but little fortune. Notwithstanding the inequality of their condition he promised to marry her, and thereby provoked the indignation of his parents. He was immediately forbidden all intercourse with her. Filled with grief and chagrin, his wounded affections sought consolation in travel. Whilst sojourning at Paris the young lady proved herself less constant than her lover by marrying another. Louis's parents immediately sent him word of the event, and bade him return home.

We here arrive at a turning-point in the life of one upon whom Divine Providence had exceptional designs. During his stay in Paris grace had wrought a great change in his heart. The gay world had lost all its attractions for him, and his one thought was of leaving it. He obtained permission to prolong his stay in Paris, and went into retreat in the house of the Carmelite Fathers. He was assured by his director that God called him to the ecclesiastical state, but not to religion. Shortly after, he was received into the seminary des Bons Enfants, where he had the good fortune of being directed by one who was afterwards raised to the altars of the Church under the name of St. Vincent de Paul. His parents, on hearing of the step he had taken, did all in their power to induce him to return to the world, but he turned a deaf ear to their entreaties. He now entered on a career of self-conquest and contempt of the world which transformed him into a man of apostolic sanctity. When some years after his ordination he returned home everyone was surprised at the change that had come over him. The gay young cavalier was transformed into an humble priest of retiring habits, whose whole exterior bespoke his contempt for the world. His father was at

first repelled by his new manner of life, but was afterwards so edified by his virtues that he became his imitator, and even chose him for his confessor, as well as for his adviser in matters connected with his numerous charities. After his father's death, being possessed of a large patrimony, the only use he made of his fortune was in relieving the poor and distressed, and not content with this he resolved to devote his life to the service of the unfortunate. In pursuance of this resolution he took up his quarters in a small apartment in the hospital at Hennebond, with the intention of serving the inmates in quality of chaplain and confessor. He now gave himself up to an heroic devotion to the poor and afflicted. So assiduous were his attentions to the sick that he was known to pass whole weeks without retiring to bed. He lived among the poor like one of themselves. His dress was of the simplest kind, and was frequently covered with patches. His whole exterior showed his utter contempt for all that the world prizes, and his ardent love for all that could make him like his poor and humble Saviour.

It was so arranged by Divine Providence that the humble and retiring chaplain should be brought under the notice of Mgr. de Rosmadec, Bishop of Vannes. Having occasion to pay a visit to Hennebond, the prelate was informed of the virtues of the good priest at the hospital, who, as he was told, was never seen out of the house except when at the altar. The Bishop was so charmed by the young priest that he conceived a desire to have him in his service. M. de Kerlivio was loath to quit the humble and obscure career upon which he had entered, and he would never have consented to do so had he not been advised to that course by two experienced Jesuits, Fathers Rigoleu and Huby, whose acquaintance he had made about that time.

We are now brought to the second important stage of M. de Kerlivio's career. He was soon raised to the important position of grand-vicar of the diocese, an office that required him to possess an intimate knowledge of the diocese, and all the prudence and discernment of a bishop. We cannot here describe in detail the manner in which he discharged the duties of this

important office. It will suffice to repeat the eulogium of one who knew him intimately, and who tells us that all he needed was the episcopal character to make him one of the most zealous and saintly prelates in the history of the Church. We must pass now to the work of M. de Kerlivio in connection with houses of retreats.

The Jesuit Fathers at Vannes had conceived the project of establishing a seminary for the education of young men aspiring to the priesthood. Father Rigoleu having communicated the design to M. de Kerlivio, the latter promised his support and co-operation. He accordingly bought a piece of land adjoining the Jesuit College, and handed over to Father Rigoleu a large sum of money with which to begin the building. The seminary was no sooner finished than a storm of opposition thwarted the design of its founders. The Bishop, who at first favored the project, was now against it, and the matter was laid before the diocesan synod. The rectors opposed the design to a man. When the decision of the synod had got abroad, M. de Kerlivio had to bear the obloquy that so frequently attends reputed failure. His relations with the rectors were now so changed that he thought of resigning his office of grand-vicar and contenting himself with the care of the parish of which he was rector. Before taking this step, however, he went into retreat, in order to seek light from above, and light was vouchsafed him in an extraordinary way. At three different times he heard a voice saying to him distinctly, "Make it a house of retreats." He confided this inspiration to Father Huby, who had conceived the same idea himself. Their mind was soon made up. M. de Kerlivio laid the project before the bishop, who promptly and gladly gave it his approbation.[1] The work was soon under weigh. At first not more than eight or ten persons came at a time; but the number went on increasing, and before many months had elapsed the house was filled on the days appointed for retreats. It was now

[1] The seminary here spoken of must not be confounded with the diocesan seminary which was secured by Mlle. de Francheville to serve as a house of retreats for women.

clear that Providence had guided the events that led up to the opening of the house of retreats. A house had been supplied ready to hand, and admirably suited to the purpose of the founders; whereas if they had erected a building under other circumstances, they certainly would not have built on so large a scale, as they could not have reckoned on having so vast a number of exercitants. The Bishop of Vannes was now among the foremost supporters of the work. He issued an ordinance in which he enjoined upon the clergy to second the undertaking by every means in their power. Notwithstanding this public act of approbation there were still some of the rectors who openly denounced the establishment; but their opposition soon gave way to admiration at seeing the blessings that were showered upon the diocese by the house of retreats. Many of these rectors were afterwards found among the exercitants; and not unfrequently they acknowledged publicly, and with tears in their eyes, the wrong they had done in condemning so excellent a means of sanctifying souls.

Meantime M. de Kerlivio exerted himself to the utmost to secure the permanent success of the work. He employed to this end both his private means and his authority as grand-vicar of the diocese; and it was to his exertions, either directly or indirectly, that the institution was indebted for all the external aid it received during his own lifetime. He also had a principal hand in establishing the house of retreats for women, and without his counsel and support the work might have been destroyed or considerably retarded in its development.

Our limited space will not permit us to present in detail the rest of the career of this truly apostolic man. His life was not without its trials and vicissitudes. But M. de Kerlivio was a saint, and he bore all his trials with saintly fortitude and joy of spirit. During his life, although he bore about him the marks of high sanctity, he received but few of those divine consolations with which the Saints are so frequently rewarded for their fidelity to God's service. In fact he spent all but the last few days of his life in a state of spiritual dryness and desolation. But in his

last illness the flood-gates of joy were suddenly thrown open, and the servant of God had a foretaste of the happiness of the Blessed. After his death, which took place in his sixty-fourth year, there were several revelations of the glory he enjoyed in the heavenly kingdom, and many experienced the effects of his powerful intercession before the throne of God.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF BLESSED MARGARET MARY.

III. Her Vocation.

INCE the Master deigned to speak with Blessed Margaret from her earliest childhood, it may occur to some to think that when He called her to His more perfect service, He must have done so in a way which left her soul no reason for questioning His call or for demurring at it.

It is strange that one, so familiar with our Lord as Margaret Mary was, should have held out so long against His instant summons. It is stranger still when we consider that her early fondness for prayer, for the Blessed Sacrament, and for the virtue of chastity, should, by the ordinary law of our nature, have predisposed her soul to any invitation on the part of her Master no matter how sudden or trying.

Indeed, from her first days in a convent boarding school, she used to "look upon the nuns as saints, and to think that, should she become a religious, she would like to be one of them [Urbanists], and she desired this so much, that she lived for nothing else, although their cloister did not seem strict enough." Still when the time came for her decision between the world and the religious life, she had to undergo a severe struggle not merely as to which religious congregation she should enter, but even as to entering any religious congregation at all.

To add to her own interior struggles, her relatives, distant

and near, made all possible interference with her desires and plans. Some would oppose her leaving the world, many of them tried to make her marry, and all the others seemed to have some motive for having her enter any congregation but the one of her choice.

In the story of her vocation, therefore, there is a great deal to interest those who study her life closely. The most superficial reading of the story is enough to show that this interest is not limited to the time when she was actually listening to the voice of God calling her to a religious life. It reaches before and after, from those early beckonings of grace which she was often heedless enough to ignore, to those later trials of her constancy when the religious women, with whom she had cast her lot, let her know that it was doubtful if God really meant her to live in their midst.

It would be too close a study to attempt in these pages how Margaret Mary's final vocation to the religious state depended upon every impulse of divine grace which had moved her soul from the beginning. We can only select for our consideration certain stages in the working of grace in her young soul and in her own apparent or fancied resistance to its influences.

To win her finally to His own service, our Lord had begun very early to rob even her innocent pleasures of their sweets, and to cast a bitter flavor over all her joys. At times, as between her tenth and twelfth years, her own desire of suffering seemed even to exceed the measure He had meted out for her; and at other times, bodily ailments and petty annoyances from the invaders of her mother's household made her too serious to care for any worldly relief. But spite of all these sobering influences, she was wayward enough to run after vanity, and to rejoice in having her own way. "Restored to perfect health," she writes, "I turned eagerly to the love of things about me, liking to see the world, to please it and to find all the gaiety I could in it." The Master reminded her with gentle warnings: since she would not heed, He checked her wayward course by severe trials.

What we look upon as a check to Margaret's self-will, she

always spoke of as a compulsion. Our Lord was so determined to make her heart His own, that by His grace He compelled her to yield it to Him after many a bitter struggle with that grace. When pleadings and warnings and threats proved unavailing, sufferings came, not her own sufferings, which Margaret feared least, but the sufferings which she dreaded most of all, the sufferings of a mother whose helplessness made her trials all the more painful to her pious daughter. There was no thought of vain show, or of worldly pleasures, so long as that mother was treated as a prisoner in her own home; and there was a fresh recourse to prayer and to the Blessed Sacrament until she was cured of a painful sickness. All seemed right again with Margaret, and the thought of living for Christ alone came back to her naturally. Her chastisement had been the chastisement of love, and she now thought only of gratefully returning the love of Him Who had inflicted it.

This was the effect which the Master had sought in sending her these afflictions. His enemy Lucifer, and the world, which ever opposes His Kingdom, artfully tried to secure their own aims by the very motive which made Margaret feel her chastisement most keenly. If she really meant to sacrifice herself for her mother, why not make her independent at once? Why not deliver her from the invaders of her home, by a marriage which would secure for daughter and mother alike an independent and comfortable settlement? And so from having led her back to Christ, the evil one sought in his wily way to make the object of her sufferings lead her away from Him, or at least from what she had promised Him. The world, of course, was with the evil one, and her poor nature seemed for a time disposed to give away, to entertain the proposal at least, to be imposed upon by this specious reasoning, and to faint for the obscurity and desolation which were at this time in her soul.

Released from this distressing trial, her only seeking was to find the home in which her soul could be free to do her Master's bidding unrestrained. In this seeking she was again to be opposed. Somehow her relatives all seemed to know the needs

of her soul better than she knew them; but their choice was in every instance determined by some selfish or worldly interest, whereas Margaret's was the choice of Christ Himself. Why she chose Paray-le-Monial she could not clearly say; but she was convinced it was her Master's choice. How well He confirmed her assurance is known now by the special interest He took in her stay there, in spite of the common opinion of her sisters in religion that she was not fitted for their mode of life. As He had brought her thither, so He disposed all things that she should remain there, and become in due time not only one of the model religious of the community, but also one of its superiors and perhaps its greatest directress.

NOTES FROM HEAD CENTRES.

BOLIVIA—A new Head Centre has been established in the Republic of Bolivia (Upper Peru). The Director named is R. P. Gomez de Arteche, S.J. This makes the number of Central Directors forty-three in all throughout the world, seventeen of whom are in North and South America.

INDIA—The Associates of the League in Mangalore send their thanksgiving to the French *Messenger* for the fruits reaped by their prayers and works for the christianization of Hindostan. To the Apostleship of Prayer they look for the conversion of that country. Fortunately the League is very prosperous in their midst.

CHINA—In Macao, the Portuguese settlement, not only the First Friday is devoted to the honor of the Heart of Jesus, but the First Sunday is also set apart for the practice of the Holy Hour. The Promoters have more to do than enrol Associates and distribute Rosary Tickets to their Bands: their chief work of zeal is to take care of the Catechism classes, and to do so they must help not only to clothe the native catechumens, but also lead them to the classes.

INDO-CHINA—The League of the Sacred Heart has been introduced into Malacca with solemn ceremonies. The Archbishop Monseigneur Antoine, and his Vicar-General Sebastien Marie Apparicio da Silva, not only encouraged but also took actual part in the ceremonies, which were conducted by one of the canons of the cathedral, M. Pinto.

PORTUGAL—"It is indeed consoling," writes Father Rodriguez, the Central Director of the League in Portugal, "to see in our unhappy Portugal and her distant colonies, the fervor of the Apostleship. Owing to the zeal of our Promoters, devotion to the Sacred Heart displays itself in so many forms of charity, that the parish priests find in all their necessities the aid they need. So many conversions happen, so many sad scandals are put to an end, and God's altar thronged by so many communicants, we can never be grateful enough!"—After enumerating the many evils which afflict the Church in that country, the interference of the so-called Liberals, the dependency of the clergy, the profanation of the Sunday, and the penal laws against embracing the religious state, the *Revista Catolica* of Lisbon adds: "But in spite of these sad facts, there is undoubtedly at present in Portugal, a Catholic revival, due, we are sure, to the spread in that country of the Apostleship of Prayer. To it we ought to ascribe the choice by the Government, in spite of itself, of many admirable Bishops. These have revived among the clergy the spirit of the priestly vocation, and we are told of Retreats to which come hundreds of priests, headed by their Bishop, to take part in the Spiritual Exercises given by the sons of St. Ignatius. . . . There are other hopeful signs: the Catholic Congress at Braga last year was a great success, and at the same place next September there will be a Congress of Catholic journalists and writers. The liberation of the Church in Portugal is the first step towards rescuing the country from the abyss of corruption, bankruptcy, anarchy and slavery in which it is now engulfed."

FRANCE—The Moderator General has made a special appeal to the Associates, who join in the League of Prayer for France and the Religious Orders, to prove the sincerity of their prayers

by the part they take in the approaching elections. With a view to preparing a national petition against the present school laws, a committee, known as the National Union, has been formed at Paris, to induce all fair-minded men, whether Catholic or not, to arrest the efforts to paganize the schools. The petition is circulated through the Promoters' Councils so numerous in France. It is surely an Apostleship much needed in a country where the enemies of religion have so long been allowed to oppress the Church in its chief interests.—The work of Retreats for the Conscripts, which we noticed in the MESSENGER for November, keeps growing, bishops and priests have engaged in it so zealously, and the future soldiers are responding so widely to their efforts that the terms "Conscript Retreats," "Mass of Departure," and even "Communion of Departure," for most of the conscripts receive Holy Communion when leaving for the army, have become common, or, more properly, household terms. Howsoever widespread the spirit of infidelity may be in France, the solemn occasions of life make men have recourse to religion for the consolation and strength which are beyond human resource. That the reign of the Heart of Jesus is something real in the hearts of Frenchmen is clear from the determination with which they are gradually consecrating France to the Sacred Heart. Since 1870, the Consecration of Families, which we have also been making these past few years, has been extending that reign, and now each year more than 1000 representatives of the commerce and industry of the nation meet at the Basilica at Montmartre to consecrate their interests to the Heart of Jesus. With a view to making these public Consecrations customary in every department of life, the Moderator General of the League in France is striving to induce the Central Directors of rural districts to consecrate with the same solemnity the agricultural interests of the country to the Heart of our Divine Lord.

SPAIN—The queen of Spain is a member of an association in St. Sebastian whose sole purpose is to honor the Sacred Heart. Her example has had a widespread influence and the most prominent ladies of the city imitate her. One Friday morning

recently accompanied by her ladies of honor she entered the church of St. Vincent. Solemn High Mass was celebrated, and when the services were over the queen promised to return at the same hour every Friday in the future.

MEXICO—The number of Mexican pilgrims who will go to Rome in commemoration of our Holy Father's jubilee will most probably reach 400. On April 10th they will leave Vera Cruz, and expect to reach Naples before the 30th. Before returning they will visit Jerusalem, Lourdes and Paray-le-Monial. An album of consecration is being prepared which will be placed on the altar of the Sacred Heart.

CENTRAL AFRICA—The following incident, related by a missionary on the Zambesi, will show us how the devotion to the Sacred Heart is practised in Central Africa: The country had been visited by a long drought. The heathen magicians were naturally prompted to lay the blame on the missionaries; the more so as they saw themselves unable by means of their superstitious practices to bring down rain. The missionaries long urged the heathens to turn to the true God for help, and their words at last had this effect. They came to the missionaries of their own accord and begged them to have a procession, promising to join in it themselves. Of course the missionaries were only too glad to accede to their request. A procession was formed, in which a picture of the Sacred Heart was carried aloft. With banners flying, and the voices of children filling the air with hymns, the procession wended its way to the church, where one of the missionaries recited a prayer written for the occasion, in which he offered to our Lord the homage of the heathens. They had scarcely left the chapel when there were signs of a coming storm, and the people had not reached the nearest villages when the rain came down in torrents. It lasted twenty-four hours. A deep impression was produced on the natives, for which the missionaries express their heartfelt gratitude.

UNITED STATES—We learn that the League of the Sacred Heart of St. Francis Xavier's Church, New York, received, in the first half of this year, fifteen hundred new Associates, and con-

tributed within a few weeks fifteen hundred dollars for the beautiful Shrine of the Sacred Heart, and the illumination of the Sacred Heart chapel. From June to November, 1892, the Centre has been increased by eighteen hundred additional Associates, and has generously contributed, in five weeks, over one thousand dollars for the new marble statue of the Sacred Heart. This will make the Shrine one of the most beautiful in the country. The zeal and generosity of the Promoters of this Centre are worthy of universal imitation.

ALASKA is not without its League Associates and Promoters, as the incident told in the following verses shows. It tells of the salutary use of the Badge by a missionary when his skiff was drifting on a dangerous coast in a dense fog. Rev. Francis Barnum, S.J., has not forgotten the practices of the Apostleship, which he was often called upon to establish when a missionary with us in the East.

Brave lonely heart! press forward still,
Unheeding toil and anguish,
"More souls to save"; in good or ill
That thought can never languish.

He brings where'er his steps may rove,
The missionary's blessing;
While, emblem of his dearest love,
The Badge his heart is pressing.

"To me be welcome life or death!
Not my will, O my Master,
But Thine," he murmurs,—with that breath
The frail bark plunges faster.

"Star of the Sea, be thou my guide!"
Helpless the skiff is drifting.
He stands, and o'er the waters wide
The Sacred Heart uplifting,

Behold, he nails it to the mast!
When, breeze the mists upraising,
The light of heaven shines at last,—
His heart that Heart is praising.

THE SPIRITUAL TREASURY

Of the League in St. Francis Xavier's, New York.

ON November 3d, 1892, a lady wrote to the Director of the League: "Ask the prayers of the League for my father, a Protestant, who is dying; pray for his conversion and recovery."

This was Thursday before the First Friday. On the evening of the First Friday at the meeting of the League, the Rev. Director, among other announcements, said: "Your prayers are asked most earnestly for a Protestant gentleman, who is dying; pray for his conversion and, if God wills it, his restoration to health." At the League meeting on the Sunday following, November 6th, the Director again recommended the intention. The same day he called upon the man, spoke to him, said the Sacred Heart League was praying for him, and gave him a blessed medal of the Sacred Heart. Though the sick man had never showed any inclination to the Faith, he had worn a League Badge.

On the following morning, before eight o'clock, his daughter again called, with the message: "Papa has asked to be baptized." The Reverend Director answered: "You ought to thank our Lord all the way home for this great grace from the Sacred Heart." And at half-past eight the gentleman was baptized and received into the Church, and, the same day, was prepared and received the last Sacraments.

A young man had been absent from the Sacraments for seven years. He had a great difficulty about making his confession. The picture of our Lord knocking at the door went to his heart. He made his confession, received the Sacraments, went to Communion on the day after the feast of St. Aloysius, and, a short time after, died in an act of thanksgiving for what had been done for him. How can we sufficiently thank the Sacred Heart of Jesus for this glorious fulfilment of His Divine promises?

THE NEW GENERAL OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS.

THE Rev. Louis Martin, the recently elected General of the Society of Jesus, was born in Melgar, in the province of Burgos, on the 19th of August, 1846. His early studies were made at the ecclesiastical seminary of Burgos, and on the 13th of October, 1864, he entered the Society. After completing his philosophy in 1870, he was appointed to teach rhetoric to the young Jesuits at Poyanne, a post he held for three years, until, in 1873, he began, in the same house of studies, his course of theology.

In September, 1876, he was ordained and in the following year, when he had completed the study of theology, he was appointed to assist the Master of Novices. The next year he was promoted to a chair of theology. He began his career of government with the rectorship of the seminary of Salamanca, which was confided to him in 1880. In 1885, Father Martin became Central Director of the Apostleship of Prayer, in Spain, and editor of the Spanish *Messenger*. [For his zealous labors in this office he has a special right to claim the prayers of the Associates of the Holy League. Hence, with our Director-General, we ask them to thank the Sacred Heart for Its choice, and to beg the same Divine Heart to strengthen, direct and support the new General.] On the 8th of December, 1886, he was appointed Provincial of the province of Castile.

In 1891, he was released from the duties of superior, and summoned to Fiesole to assist the late Father Anderledy by his advice and prudence. The late General had the highest esteem for Father Martin, to whose hands at his death he entrusted the direction of the entire Order. The Society has now confirmed Father Anderledy's choice, for on the feast of the Holy Rosary the Fathers deputed for the election of a new General, chose Rev. Father Martin.

A REMARKABLE ANSWER TO PRAYER.

THE recipient of an extraordinary favor from God, through the intercession of Blessed Margaret Mary, makes known the following facts, in testimony of her gratitude, for the exaltation of Blessed Margaret Mary, and for the spread of the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

For about two years she suffered from what doctors pronounced chronic Bright's disease, after an attack of grippe. Cold followed cold in rapid succession, bringing a distressing cough with spitting of blood, difficult breathing, at times so oppressive as to threaten smothering. Whenever she went to church, she was almost sure to take sick. Sudden fevers, faintness, and momentary loss of sight were of frequent occurrence. To these ailments was added a swelling of the body, which caused much pain.

She went to Atlantic City, but returned unbenefited. A skilful doctor advised milk diet at once, and, after four weeks, this treatment had the effect of reducing the swelling; but the lack of solid food made her very weak. With nourishing diet the swelling reappeared, accompanied by intense pain in the back, head and limbs.

Consulting another doctor later on, she was advised by him to go to the University Hospital, to take to bed and limit herself to milk diet. He gave but little hope of a cure, one chance in a thousand to get better even for a while. Reflecting on his advice, she determined to consult her regular physician, and resolved to go to St. Agnes' Hospital and there follow the prescribed treatment for four weeks more. She became so weak that the Sisters thought she would die. One day her respiration rose to 104 a minute. Solid food was given once more, followed by an improvement in strength; but the swelling soon returned. Finding no permanent benefit in the hospital she returned home.

At home she kept growing worse. Her doctor gave up her case, saying he could do her no good. Still he advised her to

consult a specialist, who, on examination, pronounced her case chronic Bright's disease. She was told to return to the hospital, and not stay shorter than six months or a year, though even then she was not promised a cure, as the swelling might go to the heart and carry her off at any moment.

She ceased to hope save in God alone. Whilst perfectly resigned to die, she was urged by a friend to seek a cure through the intercession of Blessed Margaret Mary. She obtained a relic and began a novena on Sunday, October 2d. During the novena she coughed incessantly, spat blood, was not allowed to sleep apart for fear of smothering, had violent headaches, swelling of the body and other serious ills. On Monday, October 10th, she went to Holy Communion and was freed from every trace of her malady. Bright's disease, dropsy, everything disappeared at once, and without a taste of medicine since the novena began. Next day she resumed her household duties, and began by white-washing a room. To God and His Blessed Servant, Margaret Mary be the honor and the thanks for so great a favor.

OUR FRONTISPIECE.

OUR frontispiece is called *Regina Societatis Jesu*, or, Queen of the Society of Jesus, after the design of Gagliardi. It is no mere assumption nor fancy sketch on the part of a Jesuit to represent our Lady as Queen of his Society. Father Martin Gutierrez, who was martyred by the heretics at Cardiliac in France, in 1573 was renowned for his very great devotion to the Mother of God; indeed, it was at his request that the illustrious theologian, Father Suarez, S.J., wrote his famous treatise on the splendor of Mary's virtues. In return for his devotion to her, our Lady gave him knowledge of many heavenly things. He actually had a vision of the Mother of God extending her mantle over the favored sons of the Society. The wood cut of this vision is given in Tanner's *Societas Militans*, Vol. II., as the illustration for the sketch of Father Gutierrez' life.

THE READER.

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We do not mind if Father Cullen reaps any benefit from the publication of this brief appeal, provided our own Associates and Promoters do for their MESSENGER what this should make them disposed to do for the Irish *Messenger*.

DEAR CLIENT OF THE SACRED HEART:

The Irish *Messenger* has done great good during the past year. We have now 44,000 subscribers over the world. We are anxious to increase the circulation still more widely next year. Do help to spread it at home and abroad and thus glorify and console the Sacred Heart. Each member will procure seven additional readers and each Promoter a great many more. Be all workers and no sleepers! J. A. CULLEN, S.J.

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In Chapter IV., Article 1 of the Handbook of the Apostleship, the MESSENGER is recommended as an organ of the Work, almost indispensable to Local Directors, Promoters and Associates. The more they help it by obtaining subscribers for it, the more they enable it to do its proper work and thereby help themselves.

* * *

THE MESSENGER has no word about the improvements it is going to make the coming year. It is reticent in this matter not because it is satisfied that it has reached perfection, but because it prefers to let its improvements speak for themselves. Besides it has of late years improved so rapidly and so steadily that its readers know by this time that, instead of waiting for change of season or of year, it seizes upon every opportunity offered for bettering its work and pleasing its readers.

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THE MESSENGER may however announce a real improvement in its Almanac and Calendar, which is now in its fifth year. The cover of this year's Almanac presents an entirely new design. The blazon of the Apostleship expressing the practice of each degree of the League has been reproduced in five colors. No Associate should be without this year's Almanac, were it only for the sake of the devotion which this design is sure to excite.

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No Associate should be without this or any year's Almanac even were there no such design to enhance its value. The Almanac is a complete and authentic Calendar of the days consecrated to Patrons of the League and of the Indulgences granted to every practice of the League. How carefully and accurately it has been prepared may be judged from the number of publications which copied the Calendar of last year (often without due respect to our copyright), and from the fact that even some of the clerical Calendaria had to acknowledge its correctness when they were not quite correct themselves.

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December is very properly the month for the Holy Childhood. Naturally enough the thought of the Babe of Bethlehem elicits sympathy for the abandoned babes of heathen countries. Very properly also does the same thought suggest to Christian parents, and teachers in charge of children that, instead of leaving them in a measure abandoned, in that they may be deprived of a true Christian training, they should instill into their souls a spirit of compassion and of eagerness to help those poor deserted children, and to redeem them from misery of both body and soul, to the salvation of their souls at least, and, in some instances, of their bodies also.

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The *Reader* is in its proper sphere when recommending to MESSENGER patrons good books and good authors. It is never more within its sphere than when recommending books and authors who are as deserving by their solidity of doctrine as by their piety. No two books have deserved our praise so much as the new *Life of Christ* and *A Day in the Temple* by a learned professor of Woodstock College, Rev. A. J. Maas, S.J., published by B. Herder of St. Louis. The first is already in its second edition, and its typography is so much improved that reviewers must now say as much in praise of its print and paper, as they have already said in praise of its interesting and solid explanations of the gospel text of our Saviour's life. *A Day in the Temple* is in many ways a help to the study of the *Life of Christ.* It is a graphic sketch of the usages and ceremonies which would most impress the visitor to the Temple's courts in the days of

Herod, and when it is not actually describing our Lord's own part in some of these ceremonies, it is shedding light on the chief influences which shaped the character of the people with whom He had so much to deal.

The Sacramentals of the Catholic Church, by Rev. A. A. Lambing, LL.D., is a book which the author's Sunday School Teacher's Manual proved him capable of writing. Though Catholics take to the use of the Sacramentals with unquestioning faith, infidels and heretics often find them a barrier to belief in the dogmas of our Faith. Father Lambing's book is devotional as well as doctrinal, and priests and people may read it to their profit.

Benziger Bros., the publishers of Father Lambing's book, publish also *A Primer for Converts* and *Meditations for Advent*. The latter is by Richard F. Clarke, S.J., and, like all his other devotional manuals, it gives with great simplicity the account of the devotion he is advocating. The very index will be enough to show most of our readers that heretofore they have not grasped the spirit of the Advent season.

Rev. John Ming, S.J., has written a pamphlet on the Temporal Sovereignty of the Holy See which Fr. Pustet & Co. publish. Perhaps no reading will prepare us so well for the coming Jubilee of our Holy Father as this moderate but forcible presentation of his claims on our homage, not merely as a spiritual, but also as a temporal sovereign. It is only the modesty of Father Ming that could have suggested a preface which mentions the word "untimely" in connection with this work: such an able review of the Pope's rights can never be out of place or out of time.

Let readers of THE MESSENGER not overlook the charming Christmas Souvenirs which William J. Woods, of Troy, New York, has prepared for their benefit. The *Reader* utters a fervent *Deo Gratias*, that such truly Catholic and truly artistic Christmas cards have been offered to us at so low a rate. It is gratifying to see the poems of Father Faber and Adelaide Proctor so beautifully illustrated, and a real pleasure to find our own cultivators of verse, Rev. Abram J. Ryan and Rev. William Livingston represented in the series.

GENERAL INTENTION

FOR DECEMBER, 1892.

Designated by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with his special blessing, and given to His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart—for recommendation to the prayers of the Associates.

CATHOLIC POLAND.

THE sad words of Kosciusko, when his Russian conquerors found him wounded and blood-stained near the plains of Vistola, were very true of Poland as a nation, but wide of the truth of Poland as a country faithful to the Church of Christ. Faithful to their Church in a marked degree before that brave commander uttered his bitter exclamation, *The last of Poland!* the Polish people have by reason of their sufferings had occasion to give unequivocal proofs of their faithfulness to their Church since that time. Their steadfastness deserves our prayers as much as their pressing needs compel them.

I.

One of the poets of Poland bespeaks our interest for his country, by making known the part it has ever played in the designs of divine Providence. "As the nations of the earth," he writes, "are decreed by God, so they are conceived by Thy grace, O Jesus Christ! There dwells in each of them a spirit which comes from Thee, and which shapes their destinies. Now, among the nations there is one whose mission it is to defend the cause of truth and of heavenly beauty, to root up the crimes of the world and give an evangelical example, by carrying for a long, long day its heavy cross over a road washed with its blood, until by a sublime struggle it has inspired men with thoughts more godly, a love more holy, a larger brotherly affection,—all in exchange for the sword which is piercing its own breast. Such is Thy Poland, O Jesus Christ!"

For the past two centuries a sword has pierced the breast of this Catholic nation, and the pain has been borne with so much heroism, that we scarcely hear from it a cry for aid or for relief. The nation, which during the seventeenth century was the barrier for Europe against the threatening invasions of Tartar and Mussulman, has ever since been the prey of schismatic and heretical governments which have tried to rob it of its faith, as they had from the start robbed it of its national rights.

Throughout this long persecution Poland has remained constant. Perhaps in no other nation have citizens fallen from such splendid affluence to such wretched poverty. Certainly the social degradation which they are obliged to undergo must be most galling to men, whose greatest national defect was always a dislike to submit to any ruler or chief. Still even without such trials of their constancy, the brutal tortures inflicted by their Russian masters, with a barbarity and fanatical hatred, which only a schismatical government is capable of, would have broken the spirit of any people less loyal and intrepid than this truly Catholic nation. In many ways the national spirit of this afflicted people has been broken; but this loss only proves that their tyrants have now no reason for oppressing them except their unwavering adherence to the Church. The Catholic spirit of Poland grows stronger and stronger under persecution; by suffering for the Faith as they do, they become daily confirmed in the fortitude and constancy of martyrs.

When Poland was in the height of glory among the nations of Europe, many of its kings and princes so lived amid the dangers of court life, that their names are now in honor in the Church and their holiness an object of our veneration. Saint Casimir, Saint Ladislas, Saint John of Canty, Saint Josaphat, Saint Stanislas, are some of the Saints which justify our calling Poland a nation of Saints. No doubt, the poet Krasinski is right when he says: "Such is Thy Poland, O Jesus Christ." Its people, like its princes, make it a holy and a chosen nation, and a priestly nation also, if the true priestly spirit consist in a readiness to sacrifice, or, better, to victimize oneself in the cause of Christ, the Great High-Priest of all.

II.

When we speak of Poland nowadays, it is well to remember that the old Polish nation has been divided among several of the nations, and that a great part of the Polish people has been practically driven into exile in regions most remote from the land of their birth. In Austria they are treated with some consideration; in Prussia, they are less ill-treated since the downfall of Bismarck; but in Russia their persecution is of the most bitter sort.

The Jews, who are scarcely tolerated in Russia, are permitted to devour the substance of Poland, and their rapacity has made poverty the common lot of the Polish inhabitants. Deprived in this way of every source of material comfort, and exposed to all the hardship of need, as well as to the humiliations of the poor, they are, moreover, shut out from every source of the religious aid, which they all prize so much. It is a common thing to hear of their priests being sentenced to the mines of Siberia; and it is an everyday occurrence to have their church property confiscated, or, at least, to have their church doors closed, the people prohibited from attending divine service, and punished with the brutal mode of Russian whipping, and even with death, in case of disobedience.

During the past month our Holy Father, Leo XIII., has had to protest against a still more radical measure of the tyrannical Russian government, and warn its ministers that they should not dare to suppress some of Poland's episcopal sees. The Chief Pastor of all the faithful well knows the harm which the flock must suffer if its pastors should be cut off from exercising the ministry confided to them.

The needs of Poland, therefore, compel our charity to offer our most fervent prayers in its behalf. As Associates of a League whose great object is to unite ourselves with the Heart of Jesus, and to make His interests our own, let us remember that for its devotion to the Sacred Heart Catholic Poland is one of His leading interests. If at present His providence is afflicting this chosen people, the affliction is a chastisement of love, as He loves those whom He chastises. If, for the welfare of the Polish people, His

providence intends to afflict them still more, it is because they are to remain His chosen people, and because He means their example to edify and benefit ourselves. In any case our prayer is His own prayer. Whatever be the reason why the persecution of a faithful people should continue, we know that the wish of the Heart of Jesus is that they should bear patiently, as He bore, with whatever trials His providence may permit.

To Associates of the League it should appear that the poet whom we have just quoted does not detect the true secret of Poland's sufferings, howsoever beautifully he may have described her influence. We cannot have heard much of devotion to the Sacred Heart without having learned the active part which this nation has taken in increasing the means and the motives of this devotion. Perhaps, also, we know that of all the Centres of the Apostleship of Prayer Poland is one of the most fervent. There is a close connection between this devotion of Poland to the Sacred Heart and the persecution which its people are at present undergoing. May not Poland be fulfilling the office of Repairer to the Heart of Christ for all the outrages which other nations, nominally Catholic, are perpetrating against His honor? Reparation, according to His own revelations, He prizes above everything else. May it not be that, as a reward for Poland's devotion to His interests at a time when no other nation was united in His cause, He is now rewarding its people with the grace of offering what He prizes and rewards most? Let us pray that they may be as faithful in suffering as they proved themselves two centuries ago in maintaining His interests against His enemies.

Offering for the Intentions of the Month.

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sin, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer: in particular, for Catholic Poland. *Amen.*

APOSTLESHIP NOTICES.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.—To the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus (from October 12 to November 12, 1892).

(Name of diocese in *italics*, before that of parish or community aggregated.)

Alton, Illinois: St. Mary's Church, Edwardsville.

Baltimore, Maryland: St. Joseph's College (Xaverian Brothers), Baltimore.

Boston, Massachusetts: St. Patrick's Church, Brockton.

Brooklyn, New York: St. Mary's Church, Bensonhurst; Immaculate Conception Church, and St. Francis Xavier's Church, Brooklyn.

Cleveland, Ohio: Sacred Heart of Mary Church, Barryville; St. Vincent's Church, Akron.

Denver, Colorado: Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Denver.

Dubuque, Iowa: St. Joseph's Convent (Sisters of Charity), Dubuque.

Galveston, Texas: St. Mary's Church, Austin.

Green Bay, Wisconsin: St. Francis' Church, Merrill; St. Mary's Church, Tomahawk.

Hartford, Connecticut: St. Joseph's Church (Franciscan Fathers), Winsted; St. Patrick's School, Hartford; Immaculate Conception Church, Waterbury.

Louisville, Kentucky: Sacred Heart Church, St. Vincent.

Nashville, Tennessee: St. Joseph's Church, Nashville.

Newark, New Jersey: St. Joseph's Church, Guttenberg; St. Leo's Church, Irvington.

New York, New York: Church of the Sacred Heart, High Bridge.

Richmond, Virginia: St. Vincent de Paul's Church, Newport News.

Sioux Falls, South Dakota: Church of the Holy Family, Mitchell.

St. Louis, Missouri: Sacred Heart Church, Columbia; Holy Rosary Church, Monroe City; Immaculate Conception Church, Jackson.

St. Paul, Minnesota: St. Anne's Church, Le Sueur.

(Twenty-seven aggregations.)

In sending "Offerings of Good Works" for the Treasury of the Sacred Heart, and "Intentions" for the prayers of the Apostleship of Prayer, the blanks that have been prepared expressly for the convenience of our Promoters and Associates should be used. In most of the large League Centres, the Secretary sends a single small blank containing a summary of all the Intentions together with the name of the Local Centre; this facilitates work at the office of Central Direction, and we are grateful for the help thus given.

*

To make sure of having the Intentions, Treasury Offerings or Special Thanksgivings recorded faithfully it is necessary to write on the Blanks the name of the Local Centre from which they are sent to us. The post-mark on envelopes is not always clear, and although the total number of Intentions or offerings reported from Centres, whose names are not given, may be added to our lists, there is no means of ascertaining such names unless Directors, or Local Secretaries and Promoters, are careful to write them on the Blanks.

*

It is desirable that Thanksgivings, which are to be published in detail in our pages, should be as brief and as definite as to the object of the Thanksgiving as circumstances will permit. Details of place and of persons which might make known the writer or recipient of the favors need not be given, nor even lengthy or

minute details of the favor and of the manner in which it was granted, unless they should deserve special remark. But the nature of the favor is something which ought to be made known when possible; to know it helps greatly the edification and faith of the readers.

*

It will prevent misunderstandings if orders sent to our office are in each case made in the name of the person to whom the supplies are to be sent. It would be well, too, if, in each Local Centre, either the Local Director himself, or the Secretary of his Promoters' Council should undertake the office of receiving and distributing supplies of Rosary Tickets, Reports, Intention and Treasury Blanks, so that we need not be sending, as we are often called upon to do, double allowances of these prints to the same Centre. Of course, we need not remind Local Directors of the importance of notifying us at once of changes which might require a change in the addresses to which supplies are to be sent.

The Treasury of the Sacred Heart.

Associates can gain 100 days' Indulgence for each action offered for the Intentions of the League.

Offerings for the Intentions of the Sacred Heart, received from October 12 to November 12, 1892.

	No. of Times.		No. of Times.
1. Acts of Charity	42,126	11. Masses Heard	58,269
2. Beads	99,636	12. Mortifications	21,998
3. Stations of the Cross .	13,239	13. Works of Charity . .	38,975
4. Holy Communions . .	17,585	14. Works of Zeal	11,469
5. Spiritual Communions .	53,811	15. Prayers	2,516,084
6. Examens of Conscience	43,306	16. Charitable Conversation	11,124
7. Hours of Labor	228,283	17. Sufferings or Afflictions	28,535
8. Hours of Silence . . .	42,206	18. Self-Conquest	10,554
9. Pious Reading	20,374	19. Visits to B. Sacrament	53,352
10. Masses Celebrated . .	1,745	20. Various Good Works .	41,491
Total	3,367,252		

The above returns represent 721 of the Local Centres in the United States.

The total number of parishes, communities, schools, and religious societies regularly aggregated by Diploma to the Apostleship of Prayer is 50,398, an increase of 41.

IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, .

——*Father, I give Thee thanks because Thou hast heard Me* (St. John, xi. 41).——

ALGIERS, LA., ——. Thanksgiving is offered for the immediate relief of a person in convulsions by the application of the Badge. Also for the cure of hiccup by the same means.

RICH HILL, MO., OCTOBER ——. Permit me to acknowledge through the MESSENGER some very special favors received at a time when, humanly speaking, there was no prospect of obtaining them.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 13.—Please ask the Associates to thank the Sacred Heart for the success of a surgical operation, after a novena and a petition for the prayers of the Apostleship.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 13.—A person afflicted with a nervous affection promised a Mass for the souls in purgatory in honor of the Sacred Heart. She speedily recovered, and has not been troubled since.

——, OCTOBER 13.—A father of a family wishes to return thanks for employment obtained. He had asked the favor twice, and the third time he promised to publish it, if granted, for the honor of the Sacred Heart. The petition was granted before it was taken out of the box.

——, OCTOBER 16.—In fulfilment of a promise heartfelt thanks are returned for the recovery of a lost position when there seemed but little prospect of it.

WILMINGTON, DEL., OCTOBER 16.—Please return thanks to the Divine Heart of Jesus for special graces and blessings received after asking the prayers of the League.

MT. STERLING, ILL., OCTOBER 19.—A father of a family was suffering from a fractured limb. A few days after the accident he joined the League, and the attending physicians were astonished at the rapid progress of his cure.

——, MASS., OCTOBER 21.—A Child of Mary wishes to thank the Sacred Heart for great success in an educational undertaking, after a novena and a promise of public thanksgiving.

MONROE, LA., OCTOBER 24.—We return thanks for the speedy recovery from a lingering illness of one who is very dear to us. After we had promised to make public thanksgiving the patient immediately showed signs of improvement, and in a very short while was up and about.

NORMAL INSTITUTE, AMMENDALE, MD., ——. For the greater glory of the Sacred Heart, please make mention in the MESSENGER of graces obtained by this institution. We commenced to say daily a special prayer to obtain from the Sacred Heart a particular favor. We have been heard beyond our expectation.

BOSTON, ——. A child taken with a serious illness recovered within an hour, after a Mass of thanksgiving and publication in the MESSENGER had been promised.

——, OCTOBER 24.—I wish to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for a very desirable home obtained three days after the petition was sent in.

BLOOMINGTON, ILL., OCTOBER 24.—Thanks are returned for the healing of a fractured knee, which the physicians had small hopes of curing.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 25. — Most heartfelt thanks are returned for the recovery of a child from a serious complication of diseases, after the mother had promised a Mass of thanksgiving, a novena to the Sacred Heart, and publication in the MESSENGER.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Thanksgiving for the conversion and happy death of a man who for years had been practically an infidel.

——, Md., October 25.—Thanks are returned for a favor, which has been asked through the prayers of the League for the last nine years.

Frederick, Md., October 25.—Thanks are returned for the preservation of our school from diphtheria. At a time when the disease was fatally prevalent in the city one of our pupils was attacked by the disease under a form sufficient to excite our alarm. We pinned the Badge on every child in the school. In a few days the child had recovered, leaving no further cause for alarm.

New York, October 26.—I wish to thank the Sacred Heart for many favors, especially for the cure of a troublesome eye-complaint.

Toledo, Ohio, October 26.—Thanksgiving is offered for the restoration to health of one commended to the prayers of the League, after promise of a Mass of thanksgiving and publication in the Messenger.

Springfield, Mass., ——. Most heartfelt thanks are returned for a successful operation on a diseased foot. About two months previous a consultation of physicians had been held, and they decided that amputation would be necessary. Trusting, however, to the goodness of the Sacred Heart and the intercession of Blessed Margaret Mary, novenas were made. An operation was performed with the best results. The foot is almost entirely healed. Before and after the operation a relic of St. Anne was placed on the part affected.

Bryn Mawr, Pa., October 29.—In fulfilment of a promise I return thanks for three favors for which I have been praying.

Altoona, October 29.—Thanks are returned for two special favors. Also for the return of a person to his religious duties after neglecting them for several years.

Plymouth, Pa., October 30.—Thanksgiving is offered for the recovery of a person who had received the Sacraments of the dying. Having promised to make the nine First Fridays, she began to feel better, and now is in a fair way to recovery.

Minneapolis, October 31.—I wish to thank the Sacred Heart of Jesus for signal help and encouragement given to a very dear friend.

GALENA, KANS., OCTOBER 31.—Sincere thanks are returned for the marvellous manner in which a position has been obtained.

KANSAS CITY, MO., NOVEMBER 1.—Heartfelt thanks are returned for the wonderful preservation of two persons from a sudden and terrible death.

ST. LOUIS, NOVEMBER 2.—In fulfilment of a promise I make public thanksgiving for the restoration of my husband's health.

ST. PAUL, MINN., NOVEMBER 4.—Thanks are returned for a remarkable favor obtained after a novena to the Sacred Heart.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 5.—A Promoter of the Cathedral Centre returns thanks to the Sacred Heart for the conversion of a man who had not been to church or received the Sacraments in twenty years, but through the prayers of the League at length consented to see a priest, and, having received the Sacraments, died a happy death.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 7.—We wish to thank the Sacred Heart for the withdrawal of a lawsuit that would have caused great loss and a great deal of trouble. We have been praying for this intention since last March.

BALTIMORE, NOVEMBER 8.—In performance of a promise I wish to return thanks for a reconciliation in my family.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 10.—In fulfilment of a promise I thank the Sacred Heart for a much needed temporal favor. We obtained double what we asked for, and from an entirely unexpected source.

VARIOUS CENTRES.—Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for a conversion to the Faith.—For two vocations.—For relief by the application of the Badge in four cases.—For preservation from fire.—For the success of a school and of nine examinations.—For employment obtained for thirteen persons.—For the reformation of five intemperate persons.—For the return to the Sacraments of persons away from one to twelve years.—For recovery from sickness for ten persons.—For two reconciliations.—For eight special favors.—And for many other favors, temporal and spiritual.

"HONOR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER." Exodus xx, 12.

"And He was subject to them." Luke ii, 51.

THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. VIII (XXVIII). JANUARY, 1893. No. 1

CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

By Rev. H. K. W., S.J.

BLEAK the air, the blast is chill;
Earth her snowy mantle wears;
Shivering on the wind-swept hill
Shepherds, 'neath the glistening stars,
While the world is sunk in sleep,
O'er their flocks their watches keep.

Through the stillness of the night,
Hark! a voice so sweetly clear,
Dropping from the heavenly height,
Rapt the astonished shepherds hear.
Joy to earth when angels bring
Tidings of the new-born King.

Glow the heavens, the stars grow dim;
Opens wide each pearly gate;
Pouring forth the wondrous hymn
See Heaven's citizens elate.
From each golden street they throng;
Louder swells the holy song.

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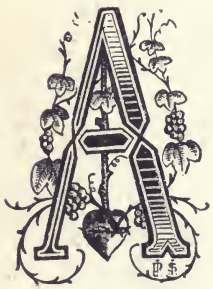
Rank on rank they fill the sky;
Choir is answering to choir,
"Glory be to God on high."
Joy and love their strains inspire.
"Praise to God" they cry, and then
Gentlier echo, "Peace to men."

God from curious worldly gaze
In a stable lies concealed
Strangely wonderful His ways!
But to shepherds in the field
Angels tell the lowly birth
Of the Lord of Heaven and earth.

OUR LADY OF KEVELAER.

I.



LL out for Kevelaer!" is the signal which nearly empties the passenger-trains that run on the left bank of the Rhine between Krefeld and Kleve. And, though the Kevelaer depot is extraordinarily large for a village of about four thousand inhabitants, the whole available space is often crowded with special pilgrim-trains. Surely, the people's devotion to Our Lady of Kevelaer, "the Comforter of the Afflicted," is a rich source of profit for the railroad company, if it does not advance civilization, in the modern sense of the word. But as nature provides every land with its hot-springs and mineral waters for the cure of the body, so God provides every part of the Church with shrines and sanctuaries for the welfare of the soul. What Loreto is to Italy, Lourdes to France, Montserrat to Spain, that Kevelaer is to Rhineland, Westphalia, and Holland. More strangers throng the village of Kevelaer

than visit Geldern, the historical capital of the district, or the far-famed beauties of the centre of the department, Düseldorf. Over 400,000 pilgrims yearly pay their love and respect to Our Lady of Kevelaer.

The history of the little village can be traced back to the fourteenth century. It then consisted of only a few houses, but it had already a little chapel dedicated to St. Anthony the Hermit. During the following century, probably in the year 1472, Kevelaer became a parish, and its chapel was turned into a parish-

KEVELAER.

church. At first, the parish belonged to the archdiocese of Cologne; in 1559 it became subject to the Bishop of Roermond, in Holland; in 1802 it was joined to the diocese of Aix-la-Chapelle erected by order of Napoleon I.; and finally, in 1821, it became part of the diocese of Münster. Kevelaer has also undergone a number of changes in its civil government since the thirteenth century. Subject to the Duke of Geldern till the death of Charles the Bold of Burgundy, it was in the year 1477 given over to Austria; but when Charles V. abdicated in 1556

it came under the rule of the Spanish branch of the Habsburg family; and finally by the Peace of Utrecht, concluded in 1713, it became part of the kingdom of Prussia. In its social life the little village has not changed much these five hundred years. Its inhabitants were from the earliest times busy farmers or thrifty herdsmen, as they are at present; for, though the numerous pilgrims require care and hospitality, their visits are limited to the few summer months between June and November.

The darkest page in the history of Kevelaer is filled by the period from 1568 to 1648. For when the district had fallen under Spanish rule at the abdication of Charles V., the popular hatred of foreign domination occasioned constant insurrections on the part of the people and as many violent measures on the part of their rulers. Besides, the armed troops which during the Thirty Years' War (1618–1648) daily passed and repassed, pillaged hostile cities and hamlets along their route, and levied burdensome taxes on those that were friendly. Most of the towns and villages built entrenchments, whither they might convey their little property whenever an army approached; and Kevelaer imitated the example of its neighbors. On the fatal first day of August of the year 1635 a detachment of friendly troops consisting of Austrian Croatians marched from Geldern to Kleve. The inhabitants of Kevelaer took refuge in their entrenchment, and the regiment passed by without showing any hostile designs. But then—was it an accident, or was it wanton imprudence?—a shot was fired from the fort, and one of the soldiers was killed instantly. Revenge was the only thought of the Croatians. The fort was taken by storm; all the men—about a hundred in number—were butchered in the most cruel way, and the women and children were treated after the barbarous manner of the age. Kevelaer was virtually wiped out of existence, and a simple stone cross which stands there to-day, was erected on the spot where the massacre took place. But God is nearest when we think He is furthest. The depth of Kevelaer's misfortune was about to be equalled by the bounty of the "Comforter of the Afflicted."

About this time there lived in Geldern a poor but pious pedlar named Henry Buschmann. While he made his rounds through the villages and hamlets, his good wife, Mechel Scholt, kept a little store at Geldern. Whenever Buschmann passed by Kevelaer he invariably prayed before the hail-cross which stood

CONSOLATRIX AFFLICTORVM ORA PRO NOBIS
Vera Effigies Matris IESU Consolatricis afflicto
rum in agro Suburbano Luxemburgi Miraculis
et Hominum Visitatione celebris Anno 1640

near the place, about a five minutes' walk from its parish-church. A hail-cross differs from a common crucifix only by the absence of the sacred image of the Crucified, and is erected to ward off hail and tempests from the surrounding fields, over which it extends its protecting arms. In the year 1641, about Christmastide, Buschmann was praying before the cross at Kevelaer, when he heard

a distinct voice: "Here thou shalt build me a shrine." No man was in sight on the whole prairie-like plain; still Buschmann had his doubts about the nature of the charge that had been committed to him in such a mysterious way. A few weeks later, whilst praying before the hail-cross, he heard the voice again. He paid more attention to it now than he had done before, and shortly after the command was renewed the third time. The good pedlar now had recourse to his ecclesiastical superiors, who urged him to erect the desired shrine. In order to defray the necessary expense of about one hundred *gulden*, an enormous sum for a poor man, especially in those troublous times, Buschmann and his wife agreed to save two or three *stüber* every day; and thus the story of the widow's mite repeats itself at Kevelaer. But there was a more serious difficulty to be overcome. What was to be the form of the shrine? and to whom was it to be dedicated?

Owing to these doubts Buschmann delayed his work till about three weeks after Easter of the same year. At that time his pious wife saw during the night an extremely bright light in her room, and in the light the figure of a shrine, with a picture of our Blessed Lady. Her vision could not be a mere dream, because in the morning her neighbors came to inquire about the intense light they had seen in Buschmann's house. The form of the shrine was thus determined; and even the very picture was pointed out, for Frau Buschmann distinctly saw that the picture in the sacred shrine was the one which, a few days before, two Hessian soldiers, who were quartered in her house, had offered her for sale. Only a *blaumüser*, or about four cents in our money, had been asked for the picture, but even this trifling sum exceeded the good woman's means. The soldiers had indeed two copies of the picture, a representation of Our Lady of Luxemburg, both of which were intended for their captive lieutenant at Kempen. When the husband on his return was informed of these occurrences, he sent his wife after the departed regiment, but the Hessians had meanwhile delivered the pictures to their owner. The good woman obtained one of them without much

difficulty, and on her return to Geldern the shrine at Kevelaer was well nigh finished. Its lower part consisted of square masonry; at about a man's height there was a niche for the picture; and the whole was covered by a gable-roof. Below the niche we see even now the original brick wall, while the rest of the shrine is at present covered with marble. The sacred image was translated from Geldern to Kevelaer on June 1, 1641, by the Rev. John Schinck, parish-priest of Kevelaer, and on the same day deposited in the new shrine.

When Frau Buschmann brought the image from Kempen to

GRACE CHAPEL AND KEVELAER STATION.

her house, such a crowd of pious worshippers flocked together that the frightened couple secretly entrusted their treasure to the Capuchin Fathers. But as soon as the shrine was finished the concourse of devout pilgrims became marvellously great. At first the pastor of Kevelaer took charge of the pilgrims, obtaining for this purpose two special assistants from the bishop of Roermond. But this arrangement proving inefficient, the Vicar-General of the Diocese requested the Fathers of the Oratory at

Mecheln to take the shrine in charge. Two members of the Congregation, the Rev. L. van Omel and L. Verachten arrived in Kevelaer on April 17, 1646, and three days later they were followed by their Superior, P. de Corte. Till early in May the Fathers lived in the house of one of the parishioners; then they moved into the school-house of Kevelaer; and finally on June 15, 1647, the little community was established in a permanent residence. This, together with considerable additions of a later date, forms the present monastery.

In the course of time a chapel in the form of a regular hexagon was built around the little shrine, but without in the least disturbing either the miraculous image or the modest structure erected by the founders of the shrine. Some fifteen or twenty years ago the original altar of the chapel was replaced by a marble one, and of late the whole interior has been newly painted. The artist, the well-known painter, Stummel, has gilded the cupola and ornamented the whole chapel with figures and symbols suggested by the Litany of Our Blessed Lady. Under the altar there is a representation of the Three Magi in bronze, and at each side of the altar there is a door leading to the marble-covered shrine. Ordinarily a grating hides the miraculous picture, but at the pilgrim season the covering is removed and the image is visible. The larger edifice near the hexagonal grace-chapel, as it is called, is the chapel known as the candle-chapel, a name derived from the numerous candles which the devout pilgrims offer in it to be burnt in honor of Our Lady of Kevelaer. The chapel was built as early as 1643, two or three years before the Fathers of the Oratory took charge of the shrine. Now all the pilgrim-processions enter this chapel on arriving at Kevelaer, and here they assist at the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament before leaving.

But we have anticipated somewhat, in order to tell the story of the two chapels connectedly. Miraculous cures and supernatural answers to prayer were of almost daily occurrence from the earliest days of the shrine; and owing to the constant passage of troops during the last years of the Thirty Years' War the fame of Kevelaer spread very rapidly through all the countries engaged

in hostilities. The episcopal chapter of Roermond thought it its duty to investigate the supernatural character of at least some of

INTERIOR OF GRACE CHAPEL.

the extraordinary events which had happened at Kevelaer. The synod called for this purpose opened at Venlo on February 11,

1647, and was composed of the Vicar-General, the Chancellor of the diocese, eight pastors, ten theologians, and four medical doctors. There could be no question of investigating all the wonderful cures that had taken place during the four years of the shrine's existence. But eight facts were, after mature examination, pronounced miraculous. These cases included miracles that had been wrought upon the lame and the blind, and among others upon a woman who had been blind from her birth. Though ecclesiastical authorities have not considered it necessary to inquire into the strictly miraculous nature of all the other wonders that have occurred and do still occur at Kevelaer, the poor sufferers who are thus helped by the "Comforter of the Afflicted" esteem their favors none the less. And as to the miraculous conversions that have been brought about at the holy shrine, their number will be fully known only on the day of judgment. Reckoning, however, from the numberless bodily cures granted, the spiritual favors bestowed by Our Lady of Kevelaer must be legion, since external miracles take place only to further the principal end of the shrine, the spiritual welfare of the pilgrims.

Owing to these unmistakable signs of God's special approval of Kevelaer's devotion, ecclesiastical dignitaries and secular princes were from the first found among the regular visitors of the holy shrine. Not to speak of the bishops of Roermond and the archbishops of Cologne, or of the nobles and princes who mingled with the common people at the feet of Mary of Kevelaer, we cannot omit mentioning the most remarkable of all the pilgrims, the Protestant king of Prussia, Frederic William I. When the king, in 1714, visited the new dominions he had acquired by the Peace of Utrecht, he paid his respects to Our Lady of Kevelaer. His Majesty behaved most reverentially towards the holy image of our Lady, and on seeing the candles which are sold to the pilgrims as votive offerings, he took the largest on his shoulder, and would have carried it publicly into the candle-chapel had not the Superior of the Oratorians prevented him. About fourteen years later, in 1728, the King sent the Governor of Magdeburg to Kevelaer, to offer in his name

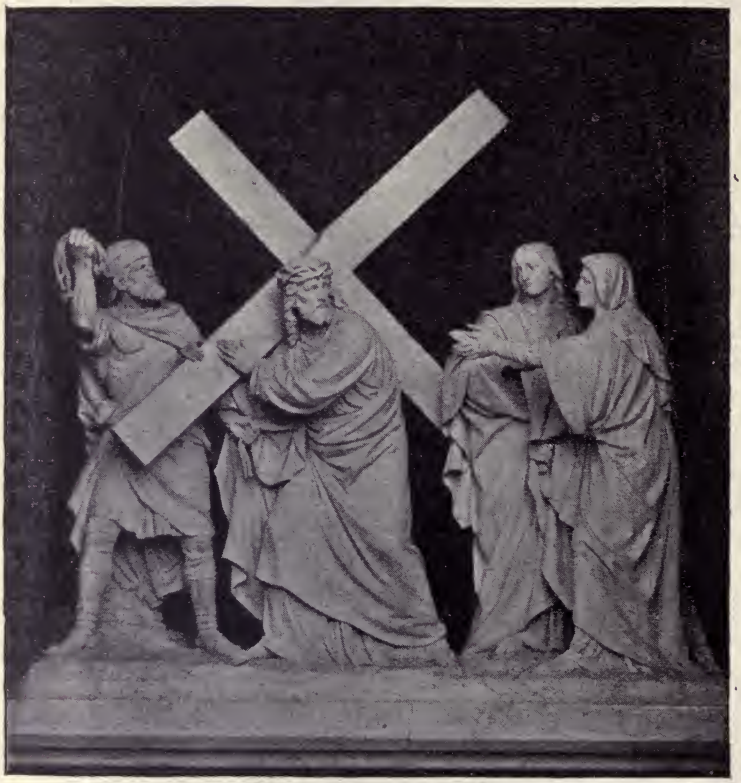
another candle to our Blessed Lady. The Latin inscription which His Highness had ordered to be appended to his votive candle, and which may still be seen among the other votive offerings in the candle-chapel, reads thus: "Frederic William, through his special devotion to the Blessed Virgin, offered a

CHURCH OF OUR LADY AT KEVELAER.

candle on July 14, 1714, and again, after sending his royal arms, on July 12, 1728."

The large new church of the pilgrimage which now adorns Kevelaer was consecrated on July 2, 1864, seven bishops being present on the occasion. It is built in the early Gothic style, and

will be most beautifully painted. South of Kevelaer, in the open field, the stations of the cross have been erected. Each mystery has its separate little oratory. The twelfth station, or the Crucifixion, occupies a site that might well inspire a poet's fancy. It stands under an immense old beech-tree, called the cross-tree, because a red cross has been standing there from time



THE FOURTH OF THE GREAT STATIONS.

immemorial. The fourth station, the meeting of Jesus with His sorrowful Mother, is in the grace-chapel, at the epistle-side.

The pilgrimages to Kevelaer have been twice interfered with by the secular authority. In 1802 Napoleon I. abolished all the monasteries in the provinces then under French rule. The churches of Kevelaer were closed just at the moment when a

large procession of pilgrims from Amsterdam was at the shrine. The weeping and lamentation of the people were really heartrending, and produced such an impression on the French authorities that on the following day the Prefect of Kleve thought it advisable to remove the French seals from the church-doors. Then all the bands of pilgrims united in chanting a joyful *Te Deum.* In 1876 the Fathers of the Oratory were obliged to leave their monastery in consequence of the Prussian Culturkampf. They lived in private residences till 1884, when they were allowed to return to their beloved home. Since then the number of pilgrims has increased every year, so that at present there is no parish or city in the surrounding country that does not send its annual procession to Our Lady of Kevelaer, the Comforter of the Afflicted.

GAVREEL.

A Glimpse of Polish Catholic Life.

By J. C.

I.

"IS it good or bad? what do *you* think?" The questioner was a little fellow seven or eight years of age, and the question was propounded to his own shadow on the wall, for other company he had none. He stood just within the half-open door of the basement corridor of the convent church of St. Catharine. The corridor led into one of the numerous rooms set apart by the Fathers for certain of their workmen and a few privileged poor of both sexes. It adjoined the receiving-vault, and the voice of the priest chanting the funeral prayers might be distinctly heard by any one passing along the corridor.

The little questioner had not asked himself the question apropos of nothing. His whole heart had been in the effort that had called it forth. He had been practising alone, and, as he

supposed, quite unseen, the Russian national dance—a lively dance indeed and one demanding infinite agility. Pausing a second to take breath, he asked himself the momentous question, "Good or bad?" and catching sight of his shadow on the wall, he had added, "What do *you* think?" "I say good, for sure," he shouted, as he ran out of the door, through the great gates and into the Place Michel, where, turning sharply and suddenly, he seemed to drop into the earth and disappear. He had only descended, with one plunge, the steep flight of stone steps leading down into a chandler's shop, where cucumbers and black bread were to be procured, as well as tallow candles and pottery of all kinds.

"A pound of black bread," he demanded in clear, ringing tones. While waiting for it, with a snap of his fingers and an involuntary movement of his impatient and restless feet, "Good, very good, *I think*," he whispered to himself. "Good, very good!" he again repeated aloud, as the pound of black bread was thrust towards him.

"Of course it is good," said the shopman. "Take it, and be off."

The boy laughed merrily as he flew up the stone steps, looking back an instant before he disappeared, to show a saucy face to the merchant, and singing blithely as he dashed back through the stone corridor and into a room small, dark, and close.

The day was gloriously bright though bitterly cold, and the boy was in high spirits, though for what reason he could not have told. His young blood was dancing in his veins, his feet keeping time to some inward melody, and his blue eyes sparkling with glee.

You would have taken him for the very happiest boy in all the world; yet, look where he stands. The room is low-ceiled, and is dark, in spite of the bright winter sun and gleaming snow and sparkling frost that make all the earth without so dazzlingly fair; in fact, the contrast makes it seem darker than ever. There is an old iron stove in the room; an old chest of drawers that serves for clothes-press, side-board, book shelf, and what not, and

that very nearly falls to pieces every time it is opened or shut; a wooden bench, or settle, with a miserable cushion that serves for some one's bed, while above it is swung a shelf, on which lies another cushion and a bolster, probably stuffed with hay or straw, which serves for the bed of this gay, dancing, blue-eyed boy himself.

He has hardly time to lay down the black bread when he hears a heavy step. He springs to open the door.

"Here it is, my Dyada," and he points to the loaf. "My Dyada" (my uncle) he pronounces in a caressing tone, with a little emphasis on the pronoun that is very touching to hear.

"*My* Dyada" takes the loaf and cuts one generous slice, and one small one; then, sprinkling both liberally with coarse salt, he begins his breakfast.

"Take the big one this morning, Dyada; it is too much for me."

Dyada shakes his head and goes on eating, or pretending to eat. The boy makes no pretence, and eats his portion as he does everything, quickly, promptly, and begins to busy himself about the room, though there is nothing to do, nothing to arrange, nothing to put away.

"Gavreel!"[1]

"Here I am, my Dyda."

Dyada was fumbling in his pockets. He was old, partially paralysed, and consequently very slow in his movements.

Gavreel waited as patiently as he could, though not without certain restless liftings of his head; he was accustomed to wait thus for Dyada's communications, thinking his own thoughts the while, to keep from breaking into dance or song.

"Good, very good!" He formed the words with his lips, but did not utter them aloud.

"Gavreel, kneel down."

Gavreel obeyed, and Dyada placed his trembling hand upon his head. Had the boy looked up he would have seen tears in the dim old eyes; but he did not look up. Looking down, he

[1] Polish for Gabriel.

beheld a heavy walking stick, and a bundle tied up in a handkerchief; and he felt awed, without knowing why.

"Gavreel," at length spoke the old man, "I must leave you for a day or two. This money is for your bread; and the watchman's wife has promised me to give you a bowl of soup each day. You are to go to her for it. Hold out your hand."

Gavreel held out his hand, and Dyada counted into it five *kopecks*, the price of two pounds of bread.

"Will you take care of the place till I return, and be a good boy, Gavreel?"

"Yes, my Dyada; but would it not be better if you were to take me with you?"

"Impossible, Gavreel. Surely you will not be afraid to stay alone one night, or two at most?"

No, Gavreel would not be afraid, but he would be very lonesome.

"I will come back as soon as I can, dear. Be good and brave. Lock the door whenever you go out; let no one enter and bring no one in with you till my return. Go into the church in the morning if you are cold."

Gavreel promised all these things and followed Dyada to the door and out into the court-yard of the church. He would have gone on still further had not Dyada sent him back. The old man had no fears for the little lad; the house was safely guarded by watchmen and dvorniks, or porters; but it was, for all that, a lonesome thing to think of him sitting alone in the twilight and the long dark evenings, all by himself.

He would have plenty of time to practise his steps now; and he did, till he was tired, for there was a strong spirit of rivalry raging in the hearts of the boys of the court, as to who should best dance the *trepaka*. He danced till he was so tired that he fell asleep on Dyada's bed; and when he awoke it was so dark that he did not know for certain whether it was not the middle of the night.

Presently he heard a knocking at the door, and a voice calling him. It was the watchman, who, true to his word, had come to look after him.

"Hey, what, asleep in the middle of the afternoon! Why didn't you come for your plate of soup, youngster?"

Gavreel rubbed his eyes and looked up in the man's face, smiling the while. "Come, come," said the kind, rough voice; "there's a little left in the bottom of the pot yet"; and he led him away to his own room, a larger and a lighter one than Dyada's, and made him eat the plateful of cabbage-water they called soup, and a delicious salted cucumber besides, and another good slice of black bread with salt. Gavreel enjoyed these dainties immensely, and without invitation he began to play with the chubby baby that was toddling after the watchman's wife as she went about her household work.

Presently he heard boys' voices outside, and knew that school was out, and he bade the baby Timka, or little Timothy, good-bye and ran out to join them in their sports.

"Gavreel! Gavreel!" He was their chosen champion, and soon a ring was formed around him and his rival, and there was a dancing-match, at which Gavreel was, as usual, victorious. With three cheers for the winner they dispersed, and Gavreel returned to his lonely room and looked out of the window till he was tired. He could see the glorious moon sailing in the cloudless blue expanse of heaven; and he could hear the sound of the sledges on the frozen road, and the bells of the horse-cars running up and down the Nevsky Prospect. Ere long he heard another sound, and knew that another tenant was being placed in the vaulted chamber for a night. "*Requiescat in pace,*" chanted the priest, and Gavreel hummed the tune after him. He was accustomed to hear it, and thought nothing of it.

While kneeling on Dyada's bed, looking out of the window, he remembered that Dyada had said that he might go into the church in the morning if he felt cold, and he resolved to do so, for he loved to hear the tones of the organ. He fell asleep again dreaming of the music he was to hear, and smiling at sight of the convent school-boys, filing into church, with their *sumkas*, or satchels, strapped on their backs, and wishing he was one of them.

The morning broke intensely dark and cold; the air was

dense with frost, and the sun came not forth, and Gavreel kept waiting and watching for morning to dawn, till at length the boys came out at noon to take their recreation. Then he flew out to them, and found that the promised pleasure had been lost, the church doors being closed till the next day. It was too dark and cold for the boys to remain out long; so he was left to himself. He was beginning to feel the pangs of hunger, yet not caring for his black crust, when the watchman beckoned to him to come for his soup. This time he was not taken into the room, for little Timka was asleep; so he carried his bowl away with him, and ate a little of its savory contents, and put the rest away for Dyada when he should arrive, tired, cold and hungry.

"He is sure to come soon now," said Gavreel to himself; "the watchman thought he might come at any moment, and so did the porter."

Gavreel fought against sleep as long as he could, that he might hear the very first sound of approaching footsteps; but conquered at last, he forgot his watching and the growing cold and darkness and solitude, and slept sweetly.

II.

Gavreel had a neighbor whom he had never seen, or at least had never particularly noticed; she was not an important or an imposing personage; she slipped by one without attracting the least attention. She had been christened Marie Felicitas, but they called her "Felicie", because of her happy face and disposition. Whence came the rose-bloom of her soft cheeks, the blue of her sweet eyes, the waves of soft brown hair, the whiteness of the little shapely hands, and the even teeth? Above all whence came the heavenly expression, the invariably happy smile she wore? Who shall say? She was only one of the poor of the convent church, one of its pensioners, who received a tiny room in the basement of the great edifice, that she and her mother might die in peace after a long life of goodly and most unselfish labor.

Which was the mother, and which the daughter, it would be hard to tell at the first glance. Save that the elder woman's eyes

were darker, and that she was a helpless invalid, while her daughter was very active for her age, there was hardly any difference between them.

They had worked at flower-making for more than half a century, and their principal and favorite work was altar-flowers, for which they could never be induced to accept pay. No wonder that they had not laid up treasures for the rust and the moth to consume. From far and near people came to them, begging for flowers for poor churches; and they say, and it is easy to believe, that from the lilies and the roses, Felicie had caught the bloom of her face, and the sweetness of her expression, as well as the purity of her pure heart. From her cradle she had worked at them, and had come to imitate nature's work most marvellously, even without the aid of modern tools or machines of any sort. Meet Felicie when and where you might, she was always smiling, or seemed to be smiling, inwardly to herself, or to the beads she counted, or the neighbors she greeted, or the friend whose coffin she trotted after to the cemetery of Ste. Marie at Viborg.

I am sorry to use the word "trotted," but it is the only one that expresses the gait of Felicie. She was little and active, stooped slightly forward at all times, whether seated or walking, and seemed always to be seeing something so surprisingly beautiful that she was just on the point of breaking into rapture. Did she see flowers that were invisible to other eyes? or did she hear the opening of young buds, or the unfolding of new leaves? It is most likely.

She had one window in her little room; it was too high up for her to sit at, so she sat opposite to it, at her beloved work. She is at work now, and smiling, though tears like drops of purest dew in the flower-chalice roll down her soft cheek. She is alone you see. She has taken the "little mother" to the Viborg side and laid her away in a narrow little grave, with a cross and crown of her own flowers lying upon the damp earth they shovelled so hastily into the narrow pit.

The good neighbors would fain have taken Felicie home in the horse-cars, for the way was long, and part of it very bleak

indeed; but she shook her head and hurried away afoot, as fast as possible, fearing to be overtaken by night and darkness. She was very tired when she closed the door upon herself after her four hours' walk, but she managed to make up the bed that had been her mother's. It was in reality no bed at all—nothing but an old wooden bench, with a bundle of hay or straw for mattress, and another bundle for bolster. But she shook these cushions, as she called them, fondly handling and patting them; and finally she fell down and buried her face in the smaller one, where her mother's head had lain till yester morn, when the call had come, and she who had been called had been found ready, and had answered, "Lord I am ready to do Thy will."

Father X—— had come and closed the pure eyes, and Felicie had prepared her mother for the narrow bed where no cushions were needed. Who would not envy you, old flower-maker? envy your pure life and peaceful death; hands that clung to nothing earthly; heart that beat never for self; ready feet that daily for seventy-five years had found the way to the altar-steps! Good-bye, and pray for us, old flower-maker.

"It is enough, mother," said Felicie, rising from her knees. She turned, smiling, from her mother's bed to her own, which was the same, only without the settle, that is to say, a couple of "cushions" on the hard stone floor. She took them up, dusted them, looked to see if they were quite whole—clean she knew they were,—and went out and knocked at her neighbor's door.

She knew the half-paralysed old man well enough by sight, and guessed that another cushion or two would not be useless, either for himself or the boy she had so often seen dancing about the court-yard of the convent.

She knocked a timid knock. Gavreel opened the door.

"Give these to your Dyada, dear boy; they are clean and good, and I do not want them any more."

Gavreel looked in wonder at the smiling little old woman. Felicie was hardly more than fifty-five; yet she was so well muffled up, and had such a stoop that, save for her bright face, you might have taken her for a hundred. Gavreel looked in wonder and shook his head.

"He is not here," he managed to say after a pause. "He has gone away."

"But he will come back," said Felicie.

The lad shook his head and shrugged his shoulders, in token of uncertainty she thought.

"Are you quite alone, dear child?"

A nod was the only answer.

"Have you food and fire?" Food he had, but fire he could do without, he said.

"Let me come in," said Felicie; "I will see for myself."

But Gavreel would not suffer her to enter, for fear of displeasing Dyada.

"Then come with me," urged the good little creature. "I have fire and everything; come, I am lonesome."

It was hard to prevail upon Gavreel to do this; Dyada might come in his absence and find the door locked. But Felicie found a way to satisfy all his fears on that score by notifying the watchman and the gate porter as to where he was to be found. The wood carriers, whose duty it was to carry stacks of wood to the hundred lodgings of the convent building, were also told; and they, one and all, good-naturedly promised to be on the lookout for "my Dyada." The old man had been nicknamed by them thus, in playful mockery of Gavreel.

When all this was done the little fellow put his hand into Felicie's and let himself be led away. He had no idea that they were such near neighbors, and was delighted that he could himself hear Dyada's steps if he approached. He was so glad of the discovery that their doors were only a few feet apart that he fell to dancing while Felicie was unlocking her door. When the door was thrown open, and he saw the interior of what she called her gilded hovel, he danced and sang and laughed with all his might. Felicie smiled back at him, to reassure him, though noisy mirth jarred upon her at all times, and more especially just then.

"This *is* good!" declared Gavreel. "Is it *all* yours? O what a wonderful, what a beautiful place! All flowers, just like a garden!"

He had never seen anything like it in his life, except in church. Suddenly he ceased his mirth and looked earnestly at Felicie. A thought, a fear, had smitten him, like a sharp arrow. Who was this smiling little being who had tempted him into her palace? Was she the *dumovoy*, the familiar spirit of every Russian house? and had she brought him here to do something terrible to him? He backed towards the door, keeping his eyes on her the while. Unconscious of his gaze Felicie was busily preparing their supper.

Gavreel, like Hans Andersen's Fir Tree, had never heard but one story, and that was of a *dumovoy* that appeared in many forms, and could assume any shape at will, either beautiful or ugly, and who had power over children especially, and could change them into anything it chose.

"Perhaps Dyada has come," he strove to say, his hand on the door. "I will go and see."

"Take some supper first, dear; see, it is all ready." She did not look at him. She was both hungry and thirsty, poor little creature; for since her Communion at the early Mass that morning nothing had passed her lips; and seeing him mirthful and gay she thought him all right. She made the sign of the Cross slowly, reverently looking up at the pictures of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the Immaculate Heart of Mary that hung, flower-framed, together on the wall above the settle-bed, and then said again, "Come, Gavreel, supper is ready."

Gavreel drew a long breath. It was part of his one story that the *dumovoy* fled from the sign of the cross.

"Who *are* you?" he asked.

"I am Felicie, the flower-maker," she answered, "the *last* and *only one* now," she said to herself aloud.

"Where are the others?" asked Gavreel.

"*One* other," said Felicie. "She has gone home to Heaven."

"Then she will see my mother," said Gavreel; "*she* said she was going there. Tell me about your mother."

"After supper, dear. Come now, take this nice cup of coffee and this lovely cake a kind lady brought me, for *I* never

eat cake; you shall have it all; and see! we have sugar and butter and *white* bread, which the kind rich people brought when mother died."

"Why didn't they bring them before?" asked Gavreel; "didn't she want them?"

"She did not care for such things, dear. They are for the rich, and we could do without them. Eat, dear; you must be hungry."

Gavreel had never tasted such dainties; yet he ate sparingly of them, and piled up very carefully at one side the greater portion of what Felicie had heaped on his plate.

"Is this *all* for me?" he asked.

"All for you? Yes, certainly; and why do you not eat it?"

"I would like to keep it for Dyada."

"So you shall, dear heart, and eat plenty besides, in honor of this day."

"What day?" asked Gavreel.

"My dear mother's birthday."

"Was she born to-day? I thought you said she died."

"She was born to her new life in Heaven this day," said Felicie, smiling and looking upwards.

"Tell me about her," pleaded Gavreel. "But first I will see if my Dyada has come."

He ran out but soon returned to say that there was no sign of his coming. He looked so sad and disappointed that Felicie began at once to tell him about her mother, while her fingers busily shaped flowers and leaves. The child listened in wonder to her talk of God and Heaven and Angels. To interest him more, she placed her favorite pictures before him, and he asked a thousand questions about the "Little Jesus," Who interested him more than any of the others because He was most like himself. He was happy for a long while thus engaged, and was busily thinking how he could get his Dyada transformed into a carpenter like St. Joseph, and, if he could, how pleasantly they would work together.

Felicie did not know that he was thinking his own thoughts thus, and kept on talking of the Divine Lord and His Blessed Mother, describing the miracles, and finally coming to the Last Supper and the Betrayal.

She was speaking in a low soft voice that did not interfere with his own plans, till something made her appeal directly to him, and he had to answer. Then he listened more attentively, and became aware that Felicie was speaking in a very sorrowful strain, telling how the foster-father was dead, and how the Child had grown to be a Man, and how He was betrayed and condemned to die.

"*This very little Jesus?*" asked Gavreel, pointing to the picture.

"Yes," said Felicie; "this dear Lord was led away to be nailed on the cross."

Gavreel looked at her in horror.

"You wish to make me cry," he said. "I am afraid of you. Oh, do let me go to my own Dyada. He never made me cry."

Poor Felicie was struck with remorse. "How could I? how could I?" she asked herself. "O dear little lad, do not fear. How could I know that you had never learned the story before? Come, we will go together and see if Dyada has come."

No, he had not come, but Gavreel would not re-enter with her. He chose to creep into his own cold bed and wait and wait.

Some hours later Felicie knocked softly at his door. There was no answer and she said to herself: "He has come; they are both asleep."

The next morning she arose early and cleaned and dusted her little room, polished her chairs, or her one chair, and the chest of drawers whereon was piled her wealth of flowers. She then knelt and devoutly said her morning prayers. Some time afterwards she donned her ancient little cloak, and close black hood, tied a black shawl over it, and under her pretty little chin, took her beads and her prayer-book, and her bit of candle to light herself out of the dark hall, and hurried to church.

She had time to say a good many decades of her beads, and yet there was no sign of the doors being opened. She usually arrived before the time, so she thought nothing of that; but she began to feel the cold and got up off her knees, to walk up and down to keep herself from freezing. It was very dark, but she fancied there was a figure of some kind in one corner, near the side door. She approached, to assure herself, and lo! there all huddled up was little Gavreel, waiting to get into the church to warm himself.

"My Dyada said I might come," he pleaded in excuse.

"I should think you might indeed," she answered cheerily; "but we must have made a mistake, and got up too early. Wait —I will go and ask the gate porter to tell me what o'clock it is."

She hurried off and soon came running back. "A good hour yet, my dear. Come, we shall have plenty of time to get warm before Mass begins. Let us run."

Gavreel could hardly move, he was so benumbed with cold; but she helped him, and unresistingly led him to her little room, and wrapped him up, and put him on the bed. He was soon asleep, and she left him there sleeping, and went to Mass. He was still sleeping when she returned, and she sat down to her work, deferring the preparation of her breakfast till he should be awake to share it.

To pass the time she chanted to herself sacred hymns in low sweet tones—the dear old Polish hymns of long ago. Gavreel was awake and listening to her for a long while ere she was aware of it. He lost patience, and he seemed to have forgotten his fear of the night previous.

"Are you going to sing forever?" he asked at length.

Felicie jumped up at once, delighted to hear his voice, and began to prepare breakfast.

"Is the church door open now?"

"Yes, it is open, dear; but you will have time to eat a good hot breakfast before going out. Say your morning prayers now, while the tea is drawing."

"What prayers?" questioned Gavreel.

"Why, your morning prayers to be sure; what you say every day."

"I never say any," said Gavreel. "My Dyada says all for me. He told me so."

"But he taught you some little prayers, that you can say by yourself, I am sure," urged Felicie.

"No, he didn't," persisted Gavreel; "he doesn't know Russian prayers."

"Russian prayers!" ejaculated Felicie, "why, of course he doesn't; he is one of our own."

But she said no more, seeing the boy's earnest eyes searching her face. She was discreet and quick-witted enough to know that there might be here some mystery that it was not her affair to explain.

Before he could be prevailed upon to eat, Gavreel went once more to look out for some signs of Dyada, but he came back with the same sad story: no sign of him. And so passed breakfast, dinner, supper; and in spite of the church music, his play with the school-boys, and Felicie's stories, Gavreel could not for an instant forget that Dyada came not.

In the midst of the hilarious school-boy games he would suddenly stop and look wistfully up the road by which the old man had departed. When the street lamps were lighted he crept into his cold little room, and flung himself down in a sort of dumb hopelessness. He did not cry; indeed Felicie learned later that he never cried. He had never been known to relieve his childish heart by tears or sobs. When in pain, or grief, or anger, he would hide his childish face and think his thoughts out in dumb silence. She sought him soon after nightfall and found him thus, silent, cold, pensive.

She had much ado to make him rise and go with her, for he was afraid to be away now for an instant, lest his Dyada should come. He kept fancying he heard his steps, and insisted upon opening the door at every slightest sound. The bitter cold air blew in upon him; yet he felt it not, and begged so hard to be allowed to go home and wait there that she had to yield an

unwilling consent. She insisted, however, on making a little fire upon her own responsibility; but it would take a long time to expel the cold and damp from the room.

"He told me it would be warm enough till he came back," pleaded Gavreel, who would rather freeze to death than disobey his Dyada.

"But he will come cold and tired himself, dear, and be thankful for a little fire," urged Felicie; and Gavreel tried to be content.

When all was done that she could do she went away. She did not know and could not have prevented it, had she known, that the child kept going to the door the livelong night, listening for the footsteps that came not.

When morning broke and she went to bring him to his breakfast, she found him feverish and ill. He staggered, as he tried to follow her; and when the door was locked, and he tried to hide the great iron key, as usual, in his bosom, fearing that his pocket was not sufficiently safe, he could not hold it, and it fell with resounding noise upon the stone floor.

"Let me put it away for you, dear," said poor Felicie, who was sadly troubled at the sight of the poor lad.

"I promised him not to part with it," he answered.

She helped him to put it away, and then led him in and did what she could to make him comfortable. But he sickened sorely, in spite of her wise remedies and receipts, and before night fell he was delirious. Felicie was just putting on her black hood to run for help when a heavy step on the stone floor without, and a heavy thump of a heavy stick against a neighboring door told her that Dyada had come at last. Gavreel heard nothing. Felicie hurried out to prepare the old man for the sad news of his boy's illness.

"I feared it," he said. "You are the good flower-maker, I know; and I thank you for all you have done for him. May I see him?"

She led him in. The old man had walked thirty miles that day.

Felicie was thankful indeed for the funeral meats that remained in her usually bare cupboard. She set them forth and busied herself about the room, always as far from the child as possible; while the old man leaned over his darling in silent sorrow. When all was ready, seeing he did not move, she hid herself behind the chest of drawers to say her night prayers.

By and by she ventured to approach the bed. Gavreel was sleeping a troubled sleep. She touched the old man's arm and motioned him to follow her. She made him sit down to the table; and, not to pain her, he made an effort to partake of what she set before him. When the meal was over he proposed to wrap Gavreel up in his great-coat and carry him home, but Felicie, though so yielding and gentle by nature, resisted this for the lad's sake, for the danger was too great.

"No," she said, "you shall stay here and nurse him if you will, for I have much work to accomplish, and cannot do it very well if I have to stop every moment and attend to him."

Prevaricating Felicie! how could you make that excuse, to make Dyada feel that his presence was a necessity? Did you read in his weak old eyes that he could not bear to be separated for an instant more from his boy?

By and by Gavreel seemed to recognize the touch of the caressing hand that rested so tenderly with silent blessings on his head, and he called the old man by the familiar name, "my Dyada"; and the old man laid his head down beside the feverish one of the little fellow and fell fast asleep.

"Good," said Felicie; "just what I hoped for."

She worked and dozed and dozed and worked till morning, seated on the low stool near the door, to be out of the way as far as possible. When the old man awoke he saw her sitting there. He drew near, and looked down upon her.

Pointing to the bed, he shook his head.

"No, no," said Felicie; "fear nothing, it is only a cold; he will be all right in a few days, now that he has you."

"Shall I tell you his story?"

"Thank you for your confidence," said Felicie.

"It is short," said the old man, "and not new. His mother was my niece, my only sister's child. A spoiled pretty child as ever the sun shone on; the worse for her. She was the pride of our life, the innocent, bright creature, and as ignorant at the age of seventeen as the lad lying there. She had never had a friend or a companion save the little children of our farm till then. With them she danced and sang and played the livelong day. So it was till the day, the black day, when a Russian regiment was quartered in our town, and three Russian soldiers billeted upon my sister.

"One of them, a handsome, dashing fellow, won the child's affection, took her with him to the regimental chaplain, who was glad enough to marry them, for, by the marriage, my sister's lands, houses, farms, all would pass into Russian hands, she being the only child of her widowed mother. The silly fool forgot, or never knew, that, should she ever have a child of her own, it would have to be of its father's faith.

"So it was. This is her child."

He went away, and looked down upon the boy, who was tossing restlessly upon his bed.

"The villain borrowed money on every hand," continued the old man, coming back, and again looking down upon the little flower-maker as she arranged the petals of a rose with her deft fingers, "borrowed money on his wife's prospective inheritance, drank it, gambled it away, and then deserted her and her child in some Russian town to which he had got himself transferred on purpose to separate her from her people. By some means she got here in search of me, not knowing I was paralysed. She knew I loved her always, in spite of all. They had to take her to the hospital before long; her health was broken. She begged me to keep the boy, and to bring him up in our own Faith.

"Keep him and love him is all that *I* could do. To teach him anything would be a capital offence. Not that I hesitated for my own sake; but had I attempted it he would have been taken from me. Now they may claim him at any moment. Though I am ready to lay down my life for him, yet I know that they will force me to give him up, now that she has gone."

"Has she gone?" asked Felicie softly.

"Yes, she is at rest. Yester morn they heaped the cold clods of earth upon her. I saw it thankfully. Poor wreck of our rare, bright little girl!"

The old man went back to the bed and sunk down beside it. Felicie worked on in silence.

Thus one day and night, then many days and nights of anxious watching before Gavreel awoke to recognize his Dyada and smile upon him. But he did do so, at last.

"Who is she?" he asked, pointing to Felicie.

"That is good Felicie, who has saved your life."

"Good Felicie," said Gavreel thoughtfully, "yes—I remember her; she told me stories of the Christ Child, and wanted to make me cry, but I ran away."

"She has been very good to you," said Dyada.

"Has she been good to *you?*" questioned Gavreel.

"Yes, indeed, my dear one; better than I can say."

"Then she may finish the story," said Gavreel; "I will hear all, from good Felicie.

"Did she tell you that the rich people brought cakes and sugar and lots of good things to her mother when she was dead?"

The old man shook his head.

"She told *me*," said Gavreel. "Do you think she wanted them, my Dyada?"

"Who, dear?"

"Why, the dead mother?"

"She wanted nothing, dear, any more. The Lord took her to Himself."

"I am very glad," said Gavreel. "When will Felicie tell me the end of the story?"

When he was well once more he heard the whole story and took it into his loving heart eagerly. Again he danced about the court-yard, bright and happy, making the sunshine of two lives. Felicie found a thousand ways of doing him good, and took the whole responsibility upon herself. In an incredibly short space of time he knew his prayers, then his catechism, besides many

sweet hymns. But of all this, and of other things greater and far more precious that she accomplished for his soul, there is no use in speaking now.

He was indeed a bright and beautiful Polish lad, though only poor old Dyada's nephew. Poor old Dyada! He had been a brave soldier in his day, but was forced to live here, in exile and dire poverty; though if he had never fought for his dear Poland he might be living at his ease, with his only sister, on the dear old farm that she still held in spite of much injustice and persecution.

One day, it was a bright day too, for the sun shone down hotly and the blue sky was cloudless, there came a knock at the old man's door.

"Enter."

A Russian soldier of dissolute mien and air stepped in. He saluted, military fashion, looking about the small room sharply.

"You are Stanislas Ivanovitch?"

The old man had arisen, but had no power to answer.

"I came for my son. Where is he?"

It had come at last. The drunken, dissolute father had put forth his claim, and who could gainsay it? Not a Polish uncle, or grandmother, or any Pole, since the boy was a Russian subject, like his father.

No need of dwelling on the parting. He took away his son, not because he wanted, or could or would keep him. Quite the reverse. Gavreel was a big boy for his years; he could be made useful to the father; he was nine years of age.

It was weeks and weeks before his uncle could trace him. Finally he succeeded through the Bureau of Addresses. The father had apprenticed him to an undertaker; to a rich undertaker, who kept, besides the gorgeous funeral cars, all white and gold, and the sable plumed cars so imposing in their sombre richness, the poor, bare car, the platform on wheels, on which the yellow hospital coffins were transported to the cemeteries of the very poor. In the quarter assigned to these rude vehicles, to the miserable broken down skeletons they called horses, and to the

drunken hostlers and rude stable-boys and apprentices, our dancing Gavreel had found a home.

What a change was here! From Dyada's caressing voice and touch, from the lessons of Felicie the flower-maker, and the companionship of the pleasant school-boys, to these filthy stables, and the company of swearing, drunken men and boys.

But Gavreel danced here too, though not exactly for his own pleasure. The tones of a hand-organ happening to reach his ears one day, his feet betrayed him. Unconsciously they beat time to the music.

"He can dance!" was the shout; and he had to dance. He did his best to please them, and they urged him on by drunken cheers, and when he fain would cease they urged him on still.

He never would admit to Felicie that they beat him, but she knew it well enough. She had found him out, and as often as she dared she stole near the place with some message from Dyada, or some token from herself.

Sometimes Gavreel had to go as mourner after pauper funerals; that was in the way of learning the business. He would walk slowly, head inclined solemnly, after the rude black platform and the yellow coffin, with its unknown and unnamed occupant and after the skeleton horse, and the miserable lad: clad in long black cloak with double cape, sleeves too long for his arms, and huge old black hat that fell backwards over his lean shoulders and ears.

Little Gavreel knew the way to all the poor cemeteries. It used to tire his once tireless feet terribly to walk such long distances. They let him ride home often, but this was a questionable pleasure. Often the rude boy driver would torment him; and once a drunken man, who had replaced the boy for the occasion, had bade him rise and dance on the platform. He had tried to obey, and the wretch in high glee whipped up the miserable animal that could crawl with difficulty, but it now made a frantic plunge forward as the whip cut through its poor hide. The whip was only a knotted cord that the man kept in his pocket to amuse himself with, on occasions like these. Gavreel did not

complain, though he had fallen, and been sorely shaken and bruised.

One day it was his turn to don the black hat and cloak, and to take the driver's seat. Why "driver" I know not. There was certainly no driving about it.

The horse knew the way and took it, slowly, patiently, with drooping head. The stable-men had been boisterous and drinking the previous night, and morning found them still wildly bent on having a little "fun." An accordeon-player was within hearing. They would hail him, and have the dancing boy out.

Poor little lad! He did his very best to please them, for often and often they were kind to him; and generous, too, giving him perhaps an apple or a piece of cheese they had themselves received as a gift.

He had to hurry off after that dance, all heated as he was, to take his place on the lonesome car. The way was long from the hospital to the graveyard. The wind blew bitterly cold through the tattered old cloak, swelling out the huge sleeves, and the enormous hat was lifted nearly off his small head and the capes flapped about his face, while his feet were not slow in cooling after his exercise.

He tried to extricate his hand from the long sleeve, that he might feel the medal that Felicie had so carefully sewed into the lining of his vest; but he could not, because the wind blew so hard. He tried to think about the pleasant things she had told him, and to repeat some of the hymns he had learned from her, but the words were blown down into his poor little throat, nearly choking him. By and by he forgot to try to think, and knew nothing more.

The horse took him home, and waited quietly at the stable door, till he should descend; but Gavreel kept his place, till some one, noticing the old hat, playfully knocked it off just for fun, and beheld the ghastly little face.

They carried him in and put him on his little mattress of straw in the dark corner of the crowded room. The noisy mirth of the men was hushed. They spoke in whispers. They were

very sorry for the dancing boy, and would not have him die. Every remedy was tried, even to pouring hot brandy down his throat.

One, kindest of all, ran for Felicie who came quickly. Dyada could not come; he was himself dying fast, of a broken spirit.

Felicie knelt beside Gavreel, and called him softly, by tender names. He opened his eyes, and knew her, smiled, and asked for his Dyada. He even tried to tell her many things and to ask her questions; but only the lips moved; there was no voice. Still she understood him.

Once he laughed, and she almost thought he was delirious, but he formed the words, "Little Jesus," and looked up, to show her that he knew he was going to Him.

"Good Felicie." He had found a little voice at last.

"What, dear Gavreel?"

"Tell Dyada to come soon."

"Yes, dear."

"Good Felicie?"

"Yes, dear."

"Will *you* come soon, good Felicie?"

"If the Lord wills, dear."

"Come soon, good Felicie, to little Jesus and me."

"Light the lamp, good Felicie, please."

Felicie lighted a little end of a blessed candle that she always kept in her pocket now. It had been in her dying mother's hand. The dying child smiled as he saw the flicker of the red flame.

"Will little Jesus take me soon, good Felicie? I am *so* tired—and sleepy."

"Sleep, dear," murmured Felicie.

And Gavreel slept.

. . . . . .

"It is better so," said Dyada when Felicie had told him all. "He is at rest. We shall meet the sooner."

REX REGUM.

By E. S., S.J.

ROYAL watcher on old Sion's hill
O'er lands of Christ! Thou King by right divine!
Thy subjects in this newer world, where shine
Unclouded Faith and Hope, send words to fill
Thy feast with loyal harmonies and thrill
To nobler life those ancient lands where Rhine
And Seine and Po speed down to sea. Than thine
What power on earth is higher? Can hands that kill

And scatter golden treasure for a throne
Build up a holier realm? God's regent thou!
His strength engirds thee fast, and crown of light,
A triple crown, he sets upon thy brow.
All powers of earth are shadows of the night,
But thine, O "Light in Heaven" is God's alone.

EVERY Catholic is interested in the coming Jubilee of our Holy Father, Leo XIII. We are certain, then, that we shall have the thanks of all for calling attention to the exquisite hymns written by Eliza Allen Starr and Eleanor C. Donnelly both of whom are well-known to readers of the MESSENGER. Bruno Oscar Klein, choir-master of St. Francis Xavier's, New York and Chevalier Monti, a Roman, have written the music which is now published by Fischer Bros., New York and Toledo.

THE ICONOGRAPHY OF THE APOSTLES.

By Caryl Coleman.

X.

Saint Bartholomew.

Apostle and Martyr, A.D. —.

Latin, Sanctus Bartholomaeus.
Greek, Hagios Bartholomaios.
German, Der heilige Bartholomäus.
French, Saint Barthelemy.
Italian, San Bartolomeo.
Spanish, San Bartolomé.

FEAST: August 24. The Greeks keep June 11 in honor of the Apostle's martyrdom, and August 25 in commemoration of the finding of the Saint's relics. The Abyssinian Church celebrates the feast on November 10; and the Armenians hold two feasts in honor of Saint Bartholomew, one on the 25th of February, the other on December 8. There is considerable diversity in the ancient calendars as to the day on which the festival should be kept, although the majority are in agreement with the present usage authorized by the Holy See.

Patronage: Patron of the cities of Ferno and Benevento in Italy, the island of Lipari off the coast of Sicily, and the Isle of Saint Bartholomew, in the Tiber, at Rome; also of the following occupations: butchers, tanners, and glove-makers. The Saint is also invoked by those suffering from small-pox and nervous diseases.

Life: Bartholomew was the family or patronymical name of the Apostle, meaning simply the *son* of *Tolmai*, just as *Mac* in MacDonald denotes a descendant of Donald. His proper name was Nathanael, which signifies in Hebrew *the gift of God* or *God-given*. He is believed to have been of noble lineage, a descendant of a prince of the tribe of Issachar called Nathaniel,[1] a native of Cana of Galilee[2], and a diligent searcher of the Scriptures.

His call to the discipleship has already been alluded to in the article on Saint Philip, who wishing to share his joy in having

[1] Num., i. 8.

[2] St. John, xxi. 2.

found the Christ with Nathaniel, diligently sought for his friend, and very shortly found him on the heights of Bethel,[3] seated beneath a fig-tree in the meadow which once witnessed the vision of Jacob. Philip said to him: *We have found Him of Whom Moses in the law and prophets did write, Jesus the son of Joseph of Nazareth. And Nathanael said to him: Can anything of good come from Nazareth? Philip saith to him: Come and see. Jesus saw Nathanael coming to Him, and He saith to him: Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile. Nathanael saith to Him: Whence knowest Thou me? Jesus answered and said to him: Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig-tree, I saw thee. Nathaniel answered Him, and said: Rabbi, Thou art the Son of God; Thou art the King of Israel. Jesus answered and said to him: Because I said unto thee, I saw thee under the fig-tree, thou believest: greater things than these shalt thou see. And He saith to him: Amen, amen I say to you, you shall see the heaven opened, and the Angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man.*[4]

SAINT BARTHOLOMEW.
(After Durer).

It will be seen from the foregoing that Nathaniel was not won immediately to the truth. He was filled with justifiable hesitancy by the words Philip used in naming our Lord—*Jesus the son of Joseph of Nazareth;* because his knowledge of the

[3] Fouard, The Christ, the Son of God, Chap. IV.
[4] St. John, i. 45–51.

Scriptures told him that the Christ was to come from Bethlehem, the City of David, and not from Nazareth of Galilee, a place despised by the Jews. Then again when he saw our Lord, heard His words of "unspeakable loveliness", and felt his heart moved in love towards the speaker, he set the praise one side, for the love of truth held the first place in his affections, and inquired of the Master, *Whence knowest Thou me?* Our Lord condescended to answer him in such a way as to show him His omniscience, and thereby force him to make a noble act of faith and a triple confession of that faith by acknowledging Jesus of Nazareth to be the Master (Rabbi), the Son of God, and the King of Israel.

He passed forever from under the fig-tree, the symbol of sin, into the sunlight of truth; or as St. Gregory says, "Beneath the shadow of the Law, *I saw thee*, that I might transfer thee to the vine of My Gospel."[5]

The confession of Nathaniel elicited from Jesus words that called to the minds of all present the story of Jacob's dream, the ladder reaching from earth to heaven, the Lord resting thereon, the Angels ascending and descending, and the marking of the place of the vision by a stone which Jacob anointed with oil. The Lord called this to their minds because there was a mystery and prophecy figured in this dream, and in the action of Jacob which took place in the field of the fig-tree where Nathanael was found by Philip. Jacob was a figure of Israel[6] and Nathanael was an Israelite *without guile;* therefore when he wondered because the Lord said to him *I saw thee* under the *fig-tree*, He said to him, *Thou shalt see greater things than these.* And so He announced to him Jacob's dream. To whom did He announce it? *To him He called an Israelite in whom is no guile.* As if He had said, "His dream, by whose name I have called thee, shall be manifested in thee; wonder not, *thou shalt see greater things than these. Thou shalt see heaven open, and the Angels of God ascending and descending unto the Son of Man.* Thou shalt see what Jacob saw, and see why Jacob anointed the stone with oil, and

[5] Moral L., 18, C. 20.

[6] Thy name shall not be called Jacob, but Israel. Gen., xxxii. 28; xxxv. 10.

MARTYRDOM OF SAINT BARTHOLOMEW.
(José de Ribera, 1588–1656.)

why Jacob prophetically signified and prefigured the Anointed One. For that action was a prophecy."[7] St. Augustine says: "What else is meant by, *When thou was under the fig-tree, I saw thee*, but, Thou hadst not come to the Purifier of sin unless He had first seen thee in the shadow of sin? That we might see, we were seen; that we might love, we were beloved. *My God, His mercy shall prevent me.*"

It will be seen from the above that I have taken it for a verity that Bartholomew and Nathaniel are one and the same person. My reasons for doing so are the same as those of all writers on the subject, reasons that are based upon tradition and a traditional interpretation of the Gospels.[8]

After the call of this guileless Israelite to the discipleship we hear little about the son of Tolmai, nothing in the Gospels, and very little that is trustworthy in the history of the planting of the faith, except the place of his martyrdom, the manner of his death, and that he was the Apostle of Greater Armenia, so far as having first preached the truth to the Armenians, who were finally converted by St. Gregory the Illuminator (A.D. 302), and were the first people, as a nation, to embrace Christianity.

There is a tradition that St. Bartholomew carried his apostolic labors into India and evangelized some of its inhabitants. If by India we are to understand Arabian India, the tradition is probably true. And there is no reason why we should not so understand it, because the ancients designated not only Hindostan by the word India, but also many other parts of the East, more

[7] St. Aug. Hom. 122, Ben. Ed.

[8] It has been a constant tradition in the Church that Bartholomew, the son of Tolmai, is the disciple whom St. John mentions by the proper name of Nathanael. The Gospels that mention Bartholomew do not allude to Nathanael. St. John gives us the particulars of Nathanael's call, but says nothing about that of Bartholomew. Moreover the circumstances of the call are as important and solemn as that of any of the other Apostles. In the lists of the Twelve the name of Bartholomew is always found next to that of St. Philip, the friend of Nathanael. Nathanael was of the number, the chief disciples, to whom our Lord made Himself manifest after the Resurrection on the shore of the sea of Tiberias, when He declared Peter to be His representative on the earth, the shepherd of the flock, the feeder of the lambs and sheep (John xxi).

particularly the dwelling-place of the Cushite tribes.[9] It is now generally accepted that when India is spoken of in connection with the Apostolate of St. Bartholomew, Arabia Felix is meant. Here in the days of the Apostle there was a large Jewish population, among whom Pantaenus[10], a missionary sent to them by

HEAD OF SAINT BARTHOLOMEW.
(Jose de Ribera, 1588–1656.)

Demetrius, Patriarch of Alexandria (A.D. 180–192), found the Gospel of St. Matthew in Hebrew, which was said by the people to have been given to them by St. Bartholomew when he preached Christianity in that country.

[9] The Church and the Gentile World, by Aug. J. Thebaud, S.J.
[10] Eusebius Eccl. Hist., B. V., C. 10.

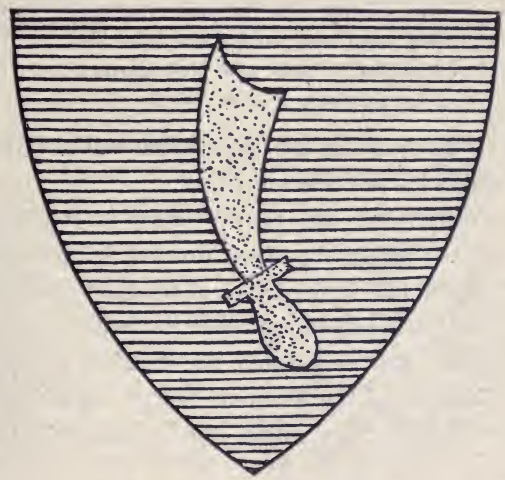
Our Apostle having evangelized Southern Arabia, turned his footsteps northward, penetrated Asia Minor, then pushed on to Phrygia, where he doubtless hoped to meet with his friend and fellow-Apostle, St. Philip. Arriving in the City of Hierapolis, he there found Philip, but only in time to witness his martyrdom. Shaking the dust of the wicked city off his feet, he traveled along the great northern road through Lycaonia and Cappadocia into Greater Armenia, which was to become the chief field of his Apostolate, and where he was to do for the people what St. Thaddeus was doing for Eastern Armenia, converting many to Christianity by preaching and by extraordinary miracles.

St. Bartholomew extended his mission as far as the Caspian Sea, where he terminated his ministry by a glorious martyrdom in the city of Albana, the modern Debend. He suffered for the Faith at the hands of the governor of the City, whose daughter he had baptized. He was suspended on a cross, like his Divine Master, then flayed alive and left to die in excruciating agonies. The Saint having won his crown of glory and of peace, the Christians carefully gathered the sacred relics and placed them in a tomb. They were removed thence in 508 by the Emperor Asastasius, to the City of Daras in Mesopotamia; but before the end of the century they were again translated to the island of Lipari, off the coast of Sicily. From there they were taken to Benevenutum in the year 839, and afterwards, in 893, they were conveyed to Rome, where they have remained to our own day deposited in a porphyry tomb in the church of St. Bartholomew, upon an island of the same name in the Tiber. There are relics of the Apostle to be found in many parts of the world, some taken from the body while it was at Benevenutum, and others since it has been at Rome. An arm of the Saint was sent by the Bishop of Beneven to St. Edward the Confessor. Other relics are at Bergamo, Monte Cassino, Naples, Amalfi; at Genoa and Venice in Italy; at Paris, Rheims and Toulouse in France; at Brussels, Bruges, Para and Antwerp in Belgium; at Cologne, Steinfeld, Frankfort, and Mairoz in Germany; at St. Dominic de Silos; at St. Marie de Maxara, and in the Escurial in Spain.

APPEARANCE: In Western art St. Bartholomew is almost always represented as a man in the prime of life, with an abundant head of black hair and a bushy beard. The Greek type is very similar, except that the beard is short and thin.

COSTUME: As St. Bartholomew was supposed to be of noble lineage, he is represented as clothed in a tunic of white, broidered with precious stones, while his mantle is of purple; or both his tunic and mantle are of purple, enriched with bands of embroidery. His nimbus is of gold, and upon his feet he wears sandals.

EMBLEMS: A butcher's flaying knife, one of the instruments



ARMS OF SAINT BARTHOLOMEW.

of his Passion. In the ages of faith in England, on the day of his feast, little knives were given away at Croyland Abbey in memory of his martyrdom.[11]

Whenever a Saint is represented in works of art carrying the skin of a man with a face attached, it is intended for St. Bartholomew. He is also shown as carrying the Gospel of St. Matthew, in allusion to his having preached the Faith. There are

[11] Ingulph's Chronicle, p. 478, Bohn. E. D. These knives are even now sometimes found in the grounds of Croyland.

two forms of arms given to this Apostle: 1st, field azure, one flaying-knife erect; or 2d, field gules, three flaying-knives erect in fess, argent, handled Or.

SYMBOLIC TYPES: 1. The Prophet Joel, because of his words, *I will pour out My spirit on all the land,*[12] is used in art as a type of St. Bartholomew, who says in the Creed: *I believe in the Holy Ghost,* the one foreshadowing the other through the above words; 2. The Prophet Aggeus however is also used, as he said: *My Spirit shall be in the midst of you.*[13] 2. Reuben is a type, as his name was written on the breastplate of the High priest, upon the Sardius stone, which is symbolic of the Saint:

> The Sardius with its purple red
> Sets forth their merits who have bled,
> The Martyr band, now blest above,
> That agonized for Jesus' love.

3. Sardius is the stone in the foundation wall of the Heavenly City upon which his name is inscribed.

REPRESENTATION: St. Bartholomew is represented, when painted with the other Apostles, dressed in purple. Michael Angelo introduced him in the fresco of the Last Judgment holding his skin in one hand and in the other the instrument of his martyrdom, a knife; Ribera painted the Passion of the Apostle a number of times; and the sculptor, Marco Agrati, made a statue of the Saint flayed alive, which now adorns the Cathedral of Milan.

The love of truth brought St. Bartholomew to the love of Christ, the love of Christ led him to the love of men, and the love of men, to death for the love of Christ.

[12] Joel, ii. 28.

[13] Aggeus, C. II. 6.

OUR SOVEREIGN PONTIFF.

ARMS OF PECCI FAMILY.

"A GREAT PONTIFF!" Such is the involuntary exclamation of many a person who has just risen from the perusal of one of Pope Leo's great encyclicals, or who has just heard of some new act of the Sovereign Pontiff that promises great results.

Even a passing glance at the acts of Leo's pontificate will convince one that Divine Providence has raised up for the Church of God a great ruler in the hour of direst need. If we think for a moment of all he is and has done; if we think of the marvellous activity of a man who is burdened by the weight of so many years; if we consider his learning and experience, his rare knowledge of men, and the broad-minded, cosmopolitan spirit of all his public acts; if we reflect for a moment on all he has done to purify and extend the study of philosophy and the sacred sciences; if we think, finally, of the honor and respect—nay, even dependence—he has secured for the papacy from the courts of Europe,—we cannot but believe that Leo XIII. will rank in history as one of the most illustrious occupants of the See of Peter.

Great men do not suddenly become great, though the revelation of their greatness may often take the world by surprise. Their greatness is the result of a growth and development. Hence the interest we feel in a great man's antecedents. We like to trace his greatness back to its beginnings. We like to study the child that was father to the man and follow up the gradual evolution of his powers of thought and action. A brief glance at the history of Leo XIII. will show us how Divine Providence was preparing him for his glorious pontificate, and guiding the events that led to his elevation to the Apostolic See.

When Joachim Vincent Pecci was acquiring, as a child, the first rudiments of human knowledge, the world had not yet recovered from the shock of the great Revolution, and in the social and political world about him things were being shaped and formed anew. Such a state of things as this must have impressed a lad of his rare intelligence, and doubtless imparted a first impulse to his thoughts on the great questions of the age. The period of Joachim Pecci's nonage was a period remarkable for numerous great men in embryo—men of the stamp of Newman and Manning, Gladstone and Windhorst; and we cannot help thinking that if they had been born fifty years earlier they never would have become the great men they were.

Joachim Pecci, like nearly all the noted men of the century, received a classical education, and that, too, under efficient masters, namely, the Jesuit Fathers of the College of Viterbo. His progress in Latin and Greek, we are told, was quite exceptional. A specimen of his proficiency in Latin versification which is still preserved may well astonish our American college-bred youth when they are informed that it is the production of a lad of twelve. It consists of an epigram in distichs addressed to the Jesuit Provincial, Father Vincent Pavani, on the occasion of a visit to Viterbo.

LATIN.	ENGLISH.
Nomine Vincenti quo tu, Pavane, vocaris,	The name of Vincent, thou dost meetly bear,
Parvulus atque infans Peccius ipse vocor.	I, though a child, am no less proud to share.
Quas es virtutes magnas, Pavane, secutus,	The virtues that in thee so brightly shine,
O utinam possem Peccius ipse sequi.	Oh! would that I might one day make them mine.

The translation does not give the point and force, though it preserves the drift, of the original. We do not mean to overrate the merit of this childish production; but we see in it that perfection of literary form which is so noted a characteristic of the encyclicals of the Sovereign Pontiff. History, if we mistake not, will record among the more memorable events of Leo's pontificate

the appearance of those great documents, which we understand are the production of his own pen, and which have contributed so much to making the Church be recognized as the one bulwark erected against the forces that threaten the dissolution of modern society. The encyclicals of Pope Leo are distinguished, among other excellences, for the choice Latin in which they are written. Most of our readers have seen them only in an inferior English dress; but a classical scholar knows how much superior they are in the original Latin, a language which by reason of its beauty and condensed force is so fitting a medium for the expression of great ideas by a great pontiff addressing the nations of the earth in quality of Vicar of Christ.

LEO XIII.

We next find the young student in Rome, whither he had repaired to complete his classical studies and to enter on the study of philosophy and the physical sciences. In these higher studies he was fortunate in having as professors some of the brilliant lights of the great Collegio Romano. His proficiency in philosophy was attested at the end of his triennium by his appointment to make a public defence of the entire subject-matter of the course. His shattered health prevented him from appearing on this occasion, but the authorities of the college left on record a memorial both

of the fact that he was chosen for this high distinction and of their own high appreciation of his attainments. But his success in philosophy was only the beginning of a series of brilliant successes that marked his entire career.

Later on, when Joachim Pecci had decided to prepare for the priesthood and had entered on the study of the sacred sciences, he was again fortunate in having as preceptors that galaxy of theological lights which includes the names of Perrone, Patrizi, and Ballerini. Here again we find him, at the end of his first year of theology, singled out for a public defence. On this occasion he covered himself with glory. The University Register, in recording the event, contains a sentence in his praise that sounds like a bit of prophecy. "In qua disputatione," it says, "idem adolescens tale ingenii sui specimen praebuit *ut ad altiora proludere visus sit;* which was equivalent to saying that the performance, though highly creditable in itself, seemed but a prelude to future achievements.

MEMORIAL CHURCH OF ST. JOACHIM.

His theological and scientific studies completed, the young priest must decide in what sphere his talents could be best turned to advantage. Would he devote himself to the work of the ministry, or to the immediate service of the Holy See? He decided on the latter course,—and this was one of the most important steps in his career, for it was the first of a chain of events that led to his elevation to the Apostolic See. In pursu-

ance of his resolution he entered the College of Nobles, an institution whose province it was to prepare young ecclesiastics for the diplomatic service of the Holy See. He here fulfilled the promise of his earlier years, and soon rosé to prominence among his fellow-students by the same indomitable energy and the same remarkable success as in the days of his youth. It was here that he laid the foundation of that wide knowledge of civil and ecclesiastical jurisprudence that has distinguished him as a Sovereign Pontiff.

Hitherto we have followed the brilliant young ecclesiastic through his career in the world of thought; we must now accompany him into the world of action, in which he was destined to play so conspicuous a part. We find him shortly after the completion of his higher studies employed by the reigning Pontiff on an important mission. The city of Benevento and its neighborhood was infested with brigands and smugglers, many of whom were under the protection of rich and powerful families, and the whole district was given up to lawlessness and disorder. The young priest was entrusted with the task of restoring order and reëstablishing the government on a solid basis. The performance of this task required no ordinary degree of courage, and called for much tact and address, as well as great power of conciliation. His mission was attended with brilliant success. The brigands were brought to terms, law and order were reëstablished, and an era of peace and prosperity inaugurated.

An incident that occurred in connection with his war on the brigands illustrates his characteristic intrepidity. A powerful marquis who was greatly responsible for the prevailing disorder complained angrily against the violation of what he called his ancestral rights, and threatened to go to Rome and use his influence to have the legate turned out of office. The legate calmly replied that he might go to Rome if he chose, but before reaching the Vatican he must pass through the Castle Sant' Angelo.[1] The marquis was obliged to submit, and immediately his castle was occupied by pontifical troops, and a band of brigands and smugglers was carried off to prison.

[1] The state prison.

The man of books was now cast on the broad sea of public life. His next important charge was that of the governorship of Umbria. After that he was raised to the Archiepiscopal dignity and appointed Apostolic Nuncio to the court of Brussels. In this post his experience was ripened to the full. Raised to the high plane of one who is the friend and confidant of royal personages and of one who is given a deep insight into the secrets of government and diplomacy, he was gradually fitting himself, though unconsciously, for the office of supreme ruler of men.

It is needless for our purpose to sketch in detail the various stages of his subsequent career, as Bishop of Perugia, as Cardinal, and as Camerlengo of the pontifical household. This brief sketch of his career will serve to illustrate the fact that Divine Providence was preparing him during the years of a long life for the high office in which he was to render such signal services to the Church of God, and was so shaping the events of his long career that when in the ripeness of his age he should be seated on the Chair of Peter, his remarkable experience, his vast knowledge of men and of nations, and his thorough mastery of the sacred sciences, might make him a pontiff powerful in word and work.

There is one feature of Leo's pontificate that gives it an almost unique position in the history of the papacy, and that is the deep and universal devotion of Catholics to the Holy See, and the no less deep and universal love and veneration in which the person of the Pontiff is held both within and without the Church. Among the illustrations of this article there is a representation of the Church of St. Joachim, which is now in course of erection in the city of Rome, and which is to be presented to the Holy Father as a memorial of the fifty years of his episcopate. This is but one of the countless tokens of love and devotion that Leo XIII. will receive on this memorable occasion.

In the host of admirers and devoted children of Leo XIII. there are none more devoted to him than the readers of the MESSENGER, who will join us in praying that our beloved Pontiff may be spared for many years to the Church of God.

CLOSE TO THE ALTAR RAILS.

By the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J.

ANY years ago two children, sister and brother, used to be sent together across the town—an Irish country town—on their mother's errands. No matter where the errand might lie, it was always found that their homeward way took them past the Catholic Church: for there was in those days only one tabernacle in the town where our Lord could be visited in His sacramental state. Of course the children could not pass the open church without paying a visit; at least the elder of the pair had no notion of doing so, and indeed it must be confessed that it was she who always took care to come so near the church as to be under the necessity of entering. Her brother, if left to himself, would hardly have been found there so often. The girl would at once make her way up close to the altar rails, and there, kneeling within the shadow of the pulpit, she would spend many a happy minute in prayer; while her companion *stood afar off*, like the Publican who *went up into the Temple to pray;* but I fear he kept near the door from less commendable motives, from a sort of lazy rather than humble consciousness of his unfitness to draw nearer. Our little Publican used on these occasions to kneel for a little while, as if praying, and then he would sit up on one of the benches furthest away from the sanctuary. Why did not he, too, steal up close to the altar rails? And as *out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh* and as he could not pray out of the emptiness of his hard and cold little heart, why did he not bring some little book that might be pleasant to read, even though suitable for reading before the altar? These questions are asked as hints for some young worshipper who may find even a short visit long, as this little boy did many years ago. One day he found it longer than usual. Why was she so unreasonable as to keep him waiting, waiting? At last the step of a new-comer on the stone pavement

echoed through the empty church, and the young devotee of the Blessed Sacrament, rising from the hidden corner where she had crouched close to the altar rails, came smiling to release the little grumbler. Outside she explained: "You know there was nobody there but ourselves, and I did not like to leave *Him* all alone."

* *

God's works, however stupendous, do not amaze us in themselves. With Him surely where there is the will there is the way. But with regard to some of his works, the question *does* arise: How can He will it? Not the deed itself, not the actual prodigy achieved—it is the will, the wish, the motive, that ought to overwhelm us with loving fear and adoring wonder. *What is man, O Lord, that Thou shouldst be mindful of him? What is the son of man that Thou shouldst visit him?* But I remember how Thou didst visit him of old, and the remembrance sustains me under the shock of Thy unspeakable condescension in visiting him now. They who, through unbelieving pride, refuse to kneel before the Tabernacle have never really knelt with humble faith and love before the manger-crib of Bethlehem, or close beside the Cross upon Calvary.

* *

But not only Bethlehem and Calvary account for the Blessed Eucharist or make it less astounding. The familiar dealings of God with His people under the older and sterner dispensation make it probable that His ways with His people would be more tender, under the new law of love, after God had become Man and had lain as an Infant within the arms of the Blessed Virgin Mary. All His love and condescension would not be confined to the short term of His mortal life. He is Man still, and His infancy as Mary's Child was but the beginning of His human life that will go on for ever. The Heart that Mary felt beating against her own is beating now with the same love for us that then brought him down from Heaven to live and die for our sake. This thought makes it seem to us more natural that God does not in these Christian times hold Himself altogether aloof from this earth, seeing that at the moment of the Fall, and

during the centuries when the world was waiting for Him Who was to come, the Most High deigned to converse with men and keep up a direct and personal union with them.

* *

This thought and other Eucharistic thoughts occurred to a holy American lady, Mrs. Seton, who became a convert to the Catholic faith and was the first Sister of Charity in the United States. Before she had entered the Church, she wrote thus to an Italian Catholic friend about the Blessed Eucharist:

"The whole of my thoughts about it are reduced to one thought: it is God Who does it—the same God Who fed so many thousands with the little barley loaves and the little fishes, multiplying them of course in the hands which distributed them. The other thought about its impossibility stops not a moment with me. I look straight to my God and see that there is nothing so very hard to believe in it since it is God Who does it. And so it often comes into my head: if the religion which gives to the world (at least to so great a part of it) the heavenly consolations attached to the belief in the presence of God in the Blessed Sacrament, to be the food of the poor wanderers in the desert of this world, just as the manna was the support of the Israelites through the wilderness to their Canaan—if this religion is the work and contrivance of men and priests, as they say,—then God seems not as earnest for our happiness as these contrivers, nor does He love us, though the children of redemption and bought with the precious blood of His dear Son, as much as He loved the children of the Old Law, since He leaves our churches with nothing but naked walls, and our altars unadorned with either the Ark which His presence filled or any of the precious pledges of His care which He gave to His chosen people of old."

* *

An old servant, dying in her dark little room off the kitchen which had been the chief scene of her labors, said after her last confession: "Sweet Jesus, meet my soul with mercy and pardon." I asked her where she had got that. "I often say things like that, going about my work." Jesus on the judgment-seat surely

met that simple soul with mercy and pardon. How utterly will the earthly distributions and gradations of rank and happiness and glory be upset in heaven! "Sweet Jesus, meet my soul with mercy and pardon."

* *

Some prayers have more efficacy for certain souls when they know that those very words were habitually used by holy souls before them. Though they are not exclusively Eucharistic, I will record here a few of these not to be found in prayer-books or even in print. Father John Curtis, S.J., who died at St. Francis Xavier's, Dublin, November 10th, 1885, aged ninety-one years, sometimes suggested to his penitents this short prayer for the time of suffering: "Divine Lord Jesus, I thank Thee for this little cross. I offer it to Thee with Thy own heavy cross, for all the intentions of Thy loving Heart. Amen."

Father William Molony, S.J., who died in the same house on the 29th of September, 1886, aged ninety years, used to give his blessing in these words: "May the blessing of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and His holy Mother, of St. Joseph and your Angel Guardian, be upon you and remain with you for ever."

Another Father made his oblation in these words: "O my good God, I offer Thee my whole being and all that in any way belongs to me, to be disposed of according to Thy good pleasure for time and eternity."

But better to use an indulgenced form of morning offering like this (100 days' indulgence granted 19th December, 1885): "O Lord Jesus Christ, in union with that divine intention wherewith Thou when on earth didst by Thy most sacred Heart give praise to God, and now in the most holy Sacrament of the Eucharist dost perpetually, even to the consummation of the world, give Him praise over all the earth: I through this whole day, no smallest part of it excepted, offer up to Thee, in imitation of the most sacred heart of the ever Immaculate Virgin Mary, all my intentions and thoughts, all my affections and desires, all my words and works."

For the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer the substance of this last prayer is condensed into their short Morning Offering,

to which rich indulgences are attached, even in this brief and easily remembered form:

Jesus, I offer up this day
Through Mary's Heart to Thee—
My thoughts, words, prayers, and all that may
Be done or borne by me.
All, all, to gain Thy Heart's desires—
Oh! light in mine Its heavenly fires.

I will add here another little indulgenced prayer which some will relish better in the Latin original:

Bone Jesu, rogo Te per dilectionem quâ diligis Matrem Tuam, et sicut vere eam diligis et diligi vis, ita mihi des ut vere eam diligam.

"O good Jesus, I implore Thee by the love with which Thou lovest Thy Mother; and, as Thou lovest her truly and wishest her to be truly loved, so mayest Thou grant to me that I may love her truly."

In beginning to repeat these prayers I said they were not exclusively Eucharistic. But such prayers as this last can be said more earnestly during some of the moments which we spend close to the altar rails; for then indeed Jesus is very near to us, even in His sacred humanity, and not far away, as we very wrongly are prone to think of Him. *Prope est Dominus. The Lord is nigh.*

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF BLESSED MARGARET MARY.

IV. Trials of a Religious Life.

"I LEFT all the troubles I had to meet to go into the place of my happiness, my dear Paray. . . . So great was my joy that the time for going seemed all too slow." So wrote Blessed Margaret Mary of her entrance into the religious life.

Now, Thomas à Kempis bids all who live in religion:

"Know that you are called to work and to suffer, . . . For here are men tried as gold in the furnace."[1] Or, to go to the source of the holy writer's wisdom, let us read in Ecclesiasticus: *Son, when thou comest to the service of God, stand in justice, and in fear, and prepare thy soul for temptation.*[2] Naturally enough the text recalls to our minds how Christ, our model in all things, encountered His temptations at the very outset of His public career. We know besides that His Life was never free from temptation or trial of one sort or other. The life, therefore, of all who seek to follow Him most closely must be a life of hardships. *And all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution.*[3]

Still, the soul that is called to the religious state always enters it cheerfully, or turns away sadly. There is no such thing as entering it in sadness, nor of turning away from it with gladness. Sadness would not help to perseverance, the essential requisite for a state of life such as a true religious profession makes. The special graces needed for perseverance are for the soul which God loves, the cheerful givers, the men and women who know that religious life is a sacrifice, a taking up of the Cross daily, and who still are eager to sacrifice all that they can, for the privilege of sharing more in the sacrifice of Christ.

All lives of Blessed Margaret Mary have something to say of the trials of her religious life, and scarce one omits mention of a special trial, which, like many of the Saints of the Religious Orders, the blessed nun had to encounter in a marked degree. Whether the biographers speak plainly or merely by allusions, every reader closes the life of Blessed Margaret with an impression at least that she was, among her own religious sisters, an object of suspicion, of misunderstanding, and sometimes a cause of dissatisfaction, or even of contention, in the Paray community. Very fortunately we are all convinced of her sanctity, and, just as fortunately, from the very documents which record her holy life, we learn to be convinced of the real religious spirit of her community. How came it, therefore, that she should

[1] Bk. 1. c. xvii. 3. [2] II. 1. [3] I Timothy, iii. 12.

have had to suffer so much? Or, if it were not suffering but joy to her simple soul, how could the sorrows thus turned into joy have been caused by the friends of her own household?

It seems to us proper to speak very plainly about the character of Margaret Mary's trials in religion, whether they were due to the action of her superiors or to that of her sister religious. Vagueness in matters of this kind must needs create misgivings as to the fairness of the treatment she received, while plainness makes them redound as much to their credit as to her own. The plainest way to tell them is to enumerate them.

It was a severe trial to the simple sister when she was ordered under obedience to write her life; still we should not forgive her superiors had they not given that order: even our Lord insisted on its being obeyed, Margaret tells us. Again, as a novice she was forbidden by her novice mistress to pray either in the manner or the time she liked; to distract her mind she was sent sweeping. The mistress did well to forbid a method of prayer which really was exceptional to the rule; even the saintly novice had not as yet a positive justification of her method from the Master Who was so jealously directing her. She tried, therefore, to obey, but could not keep her soul from going out to her Lord as He was attracting it. Hence the double trial: failure in trying to shut Him out from her gaze, and failure in trying to obey the mistress,—a perplexity which He was faithful and prompt to relieve, by making her directress learn from an account of her manner of prayer that Christ Himself was her rule and guide in praying.

Margaret's was an unusual soul in the eyes of superiors, who were the foremost of their congregation in guiding the souls put under their charge. To their credit be it noted, they never misunderstood her spirit or misconstrued her conduct, even when it was most extraordinary. They were, it is true, slow to understand her ways, and very cautious in accepting each new revelation. How could they be expected to accept what they did not receive directly? Were they not very good to take so much trouble to assure themselves that all was from the spirit of God?

Of course their caution afflicted Margaret, not because her ways and words were under examination, but because His ways and words did not impress her superiors and sisters as they had impressed her.

The superiors in Paray were excellent religious. Indeed it was called the Thabor of Superiors before and after, as well as during, the time of Margaret Mary. It is a proof of their disinterestedness that they were not so anxious about the welfare of their own monastery as they were about the welfare of the Church. When Margaret the novice was considered by some of the counsellors a strange subject to admit to the profession, they put the simple test of deferring the time of her vows; but that test borne, they risked her solemn entry into their congregation without further trial. When, however, the young religious began to make known the mission which she had received from our Lord; when she demanded that they should aid her in telling to the world the wishes of His Sacred Heart,—then there was something greater at stake than the good of their own body, and so they decided that, before risking any innovations in the devotions of the Church, a test should be put upon Margaret, though really the test was upon Christ Himself.

As the Blessed Margaret loved suffering, it was very hard for her to exact relief from it through the power of Him for Whose sake she loved it. Yet her superiors made her do so. When, shortly after the revelation about the Holy Hour, she fell sick unto death, they made her demand of God a complete cure in proof of her being guided by the spirit of God. This happened twice in her life. That our Lord was not displeased with this test of His interest in the Blessed Margaret is clear from the fact that He complied with her demand in both instances. It was a bold dealing with God, that order of obedience given by Mother Greyfié, plainly written down, as we have it to this day. And what a generous answer it was that Christ gave to the prayer of the sick nun! The superior had put, as a condition of her trusting in Margaret's revelations, five months of health. "I promise thee, My daughter," was Christ's answer, "I will give thee as many years as they have stipulated for months of health."

No, very praiseworthy was the conduct of the superiors of Margaret Mary, over-cautious though it may seem to us now in the light of our own assurance as to the spirit of the blessed nun. Very praiseworthy would it be on the part of many, even in this late day, to deem the spirit of Margaret Mary worthy of a cautious and careful study, as those good superiors did. Perhaps they might with great benefit to themselves arrive at the same conclusion as the sisters of Paray, and honor the devotion which the Blessed Margaret made known to the world, as that holy community honored Margaret herself. Once they found she was really directed by Christ Himself, they hastened to put all the young religious under her care, and even to make her an assistant in the government of the monastery. They had tried her soul for the good of the community; satisfied that it was led by God, they hastened to bring its graces into the community's service.

Like the superiors the subjects, also, had the best of motives in their refusal to believe unquestioningly that their saintly sister was in all things led by the true spirit. They could not have deserved her presence in their household had they been at heart what they appear to some to be. "They were very good, very regular and very virtuous" is the unanimous testimony of all the documents we have.

May we not say that the spirit of God led them to test the strange mission which Blessed Margaret claimed, just as it had led her to assert that mission? God *hath tried* the souls of the just; *as gold in the furnace He hath tried them.*[4] And so His Spirit acting in the souls of her religious sisters tried the soul of Margaret Mary, and because she resisted not, because she bore the trial patiently, because, in a word, she submitted to the Spirit of God, in whomsoever it acted, whether in herself or in others, therefore is it true *as a victim of a holocaust He hath received her, and in time there shall be respect had for her,*[5] even greater, we may pray, than we pay to her now as one of the Blessed of the Father.

[4] Wisdom, iii. 5, 6. [5] Ibid.

BLESSING THE MESSENGER'S NEW HOME.

OUR readers already know that the offices of the Head Centre of the Apostleship of Prayer and the editorial rooms of the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART and the *Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs* have been removed to 1611 Girard Avenue, Philadelphia. They will be pleased to learn that on December 1, 1892, the new offices were solemnly blessed in accordance with the prescriptions of the Roman ritual.

The ceremony of the blessing was performed by Father L. H. Gache, S.J., the oldest survivor of the first Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer. Father Gache, then a young student of theology, was present at the famous exhortation given by Father F. X. Gautrelet to the Fathers and Brothers of the house of studies at Vals, France, December 3, feast of St. Francis Xavier, 1844. In this discourse, the first seeds of the Apostleship of Prayer were sown. The zealous young men who were preparing themselves for the Apostleship of Preaching began to practise what is now so widely known as the Apostleship of Prayer. Among these young men were Henry Ramière, afterwards author of the classic work, "The Apostleship of Prayer," and Founder of the first *Messenger* and John Lyonnard, author of the "Apostleship of Suffering." Victor Drevon, Founder of the Communion of Reparation was then a Novice.

Father Ramière's book, a new translation of which we recently published, explains the apostolic power of prayer in union with the Heart of Jesus. Father Lyonnard's book points out the advantages of suffering in union with the same Adorable Heart. Both these works develop the meaning of the Morning Offering of prayers and sufferings which Associates of the League each day make, "through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, for all the intentions of the Divine Heart of Jesus." The Morning Offering is the fundamental practice of the Apostleship of Prayer, its First Degree. Father Drevon's life-work, the Communion of Repara-

tion, is now, by desire of the Sovereign Pontiff, the Third Degree of this League.

These friends of the Sacred Heart have already gone to their reward; of all those who with them were the first Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer in League with the Heart of Jesus, only two now survive, Father Dumas, in France, and Father Gache, who is still in active service at Old St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia, hale and strong, despite his nearly seventy-six years of age, and his fifty-two years of training and missionary life in the Society of Jesus.

The day chosen for the ceremony of blessing the new home of the MESSENGER was selected on the principle, so faithfully carried out in practice by St. Aloysius, of invoking those Saints especially who, during their life on earth, were engaged in work similar to that for which their help as patrons is to be sought.

December 1 is the feast of Blessed Edmund Campion, Martyr, of the Society of Jesus, whose writings promoted the interests of God's Kingdom upon earth and, indeed, won for their author the privilege of bearing glorious witness unto Christ. The mission of the MESSENGER is to promote the interests of God's Kingdom upon earth, and to bear witness unto Christ; fittingly then has Blessed Edmond's aid been invoked to help a work so closely akin to his own.

But to come to the blessing. A temporary altar was erected in the Vice-Director's room, and around it gathered the Fathers of the Central Direction, with ten other priests, their guests, and the clerical staff of the MESSENGER. Father Gache in cassock, surplice, and stole, attended by Rev. Mr. Gleason as acolyte, read the prayers and gave the blessing at this altar. All present united in answering the alternate verses of Psalm L, the *Miserere*. When the prayers had been read, priest and acolyte, followed by all who were present, visited every room in the house and sprinkled the walls with holy water, as prescribed in the rubrics of the Roman Ritual. This ended the ceremony of the blessing.

Besides Father Gache and the four Fathers engaged in the Central Direction of the Apostleship, there were present at the

blessing: Father Peter Blenkinsop, whose father, P. Blenkinsop, of Baltimore, published in 1830 the *Metropolitan*, one of the first entirely Catholic magazines issued in the United States; Father P. J. Dooley, acting-President of St. Joseph's College and Local Director of the League; Father Nagle, Director of St. Joseph's Sodality; Father Gunn, Director of St. Joseph's Bona Mors Association; Fathers Galligan, Emerick, and Stanton, of St. Joseph's College; Fathers Daly and Jansen, of the Gesù Church, and Rev. Mr. Gleason, of Woodstock College, Maryland.

May this blessing, so auspiciously conferred, extend from the Central Direction to every Local Centre and to every Director, Promoter and Associate of the League, to the end that the work in which we are all interested may be productive of greater fruits for the glory of the Sacred Heart.

NOTES FROM HEAD CENTRES.

ARGENTINE REPUBLIC—Devotion to the Sacred Heart is fast working the regeneration of the South American states, in which of late years sad havoc has been made of faith and morality. The League is making notable progress in the Argentine Republic. At Buenos Ayres there is a Local Centre in which there are 1,850 Communions of Reparation every month. At two other Centres there are respectively 900 and 500. In the provinces a large number of new Centres have recently been aggregated. Even in small villages in which Holy Communion had almost become a thing of the past, general Communions of Reparation are now a regular practice.

UNITED STATES OF COLUMBIA — The recent Columbian celebration was made the occasion of the consecration of the capital and other important places to the Sacred Heart. Not less consoling is the report of the progress of the League. It was introduced into the diocese of Medellin in 1886 by the present Archbishop of Bogota, and to-day its holy influence is felt in

many of the churches, in the seminary, in the College of St. Ignatius, in the institutions conducted by the Christian Brothers, and even the University of Antioquia. There are 35 Centres in the diocese, and the most important feasts are celebrated with that true piety which it is the mission of the League to inflame.

MADAGASCAR—At a very critical period for the faith and morals of the natives of this island, the Bishop of Madagascar has recommended to the missionaries of the various districts the establishment of the Apostleship, and in consequence the League is making rapid progress throughout the island.

SPAIN—At the recent Catholic Congress of Seville 22 prelates, 500 priests, and at least 2,000 distinguished laymen were present. The condition of the Pope and the needs of the Church in Spain were freely discussed. Certain state officials, fearful of the impression that such deliberations must produce, have stated that the Congress had no political significance, and that the Queen, who gave a banquet in honor of the prelates, entertained those dignitaries, not as members of the Congress, but as bishops of the peninsula. The opposition aroused by the Congress is a proof of its importance. The conference terminated with a solemn religious celebration in the church of La Magdalena in Seville, at the conclusion of which the Archbishop of Malaga read an act of consecration to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

FRANCE—Our readers will remember that in our last issue we sketched briefly the campaign that was being organized against the iniquitous school laws that are aiming so deadly a blow at the Christian education of children. The Moderator General continues his efforts to marshal the forces of the League against the enemies of religion. The Promoters continue to circulate the Petition against the school-laws, and are obtaining the signatures of the Associates and of many others who are brought under their influence. Not content with this the French *Messenger* makes an earnest, and almost passionate appeal to Frenchmen throughout the length and breadth of the land to use the ballot at next year's election to crush out the evil that threatens the paganizing of their children. To render this crusade a practical and

effective one the *Messenger* goes into minute details as to the means to be adopted to organize the opposition and make it universal. Considering the strength of the League in France, the agitation cannot but tell on the result of the elections; the more so as the movement has been begun long in advance of the elections, which do not take place till October, 1893. Thank God, Catholic France is being aroused at last. Not that the mass of French Catholics have been indifferent to the interests of religion; but hitherto they have been lacking in unity of purpose, and have not known how to wield the power that is placed in their own hands. The aim of the present movement is to make them a unit in voting down all those who are in favor of paganizing the education of the young.—The French *Messenger* has also been agitating, though in a quiet way, for the fulfilment of our Lord's wish expressed to Blessed Margaret, that His Divine Heart should be painted on the national standards. We cannot expect a movement of this nature to compass its object in the near future; but the way is being paved to success by having the tri-color bearing a picture of the Sacred Heart adopted as the standard of particular regiments, and by making a banner of the Sacred Heart the distinctive ensign of civic and religious societies. At Quimper, recently, a *retraite de dépari*, or a retreat given to conscripts on their departure for some military station, was attended by 950 young men.—The Nightly Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament is most edifyingly practised at the national basilica of the Sacred Heart at Montmartre. Recently during a single month as many as 670 persons were seen to pass a part of the night before the Tabernacle, some one hour, some two, or even three, whilst others gave two or three nights in the week to this holy exercise. Really, signs are multiplying fast that the Sacred Heart has great and abundant blessings in store for France.

GERMANY—Among the best edited and most interesting of the foreign *Messengers* is the German *Sendbote*, published at Innsbruck, Austria. It is the organ of all the German centres in the world, except those in the United States. It is now entering its twenty-ninth year and has 25,000 subscribers. Its pages furnish

evidence in abundance of the strong hold the Apostleship of Prayer has taken on German Catholics. The readers of the German *Messenger* have shown their devotion to our Holy Father by contributing very largely to the erection of the memorial church of St. Joachim of which mention is made in our illustrated article on the Sovereign Pontiff.

UNITED STATES—In many of our Catholic colleges the League is flourishing and is fostering a spirit of piety among the students. This is very notably the case in Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass. Here the boys have, at their own expense, fitted up a League shrine near the chapel-door and opposite the most frequented stairway in the house. It consists of a large and handsomely framed picture of the Sacred Heart, around and beneath which are brackets supporting costly vases and candelabra, whilst on the wall above is inscribed in gilded letters in relief the watchword of the League, *Adveniat Regnum Tuum*—Thy Kingdom Come. The vases are frequently replenished with fresh flowers, the spontaneous offerings of pious students. Our Divine Lord has promised to bless the houses in which the image of His Sacred Heart is honored, and the promise has been amply fulfilled in the case of Holy Cross College: its halls are teeming with students, and one of its higher classes numbers seventy boys.

The German Associates of the Apostleship in the United States are emulating their countrymen in Europe, both in fervor and in numbers. The total number of Associates of the First Degree is 125,000.

THE LEAGUE IN 1892.

SUMMARY OF WORK.

GOD'S blessing rests upon the work of the Apostleship of Prayer in League with the Heart of Jesus. A rapid glance over the year just closed, and a mere outline of the work done by the League during it, will convince the most skep-

tical. 1,171 new Local Centres have been added to the universal League, making the total number 50,520. Of these new Centres 283 have been established by this Central Direction. Several of these new Centres were personal foundations, i.e., established by one of the Fathers engaged in the Central Direction, who, at the request of the Reverend Pastor, explains the League at each Mass in the church on the Sunday chosen for the foundation, instructs the Promoters at a meeting held especially for them in the afternoon, and directs the public meeting of the Associates in the evening. The new Local Centres give 265,500 new Associates, making the total number of Associates, among English-speaking Catholics in the United States, 1,465,000. Of the Promoters in charge of these Associates 21,054 are regularly confirmed in their office by the Diploma and the Indulgenced Cross conferred upon them. 6,054 received Diplomas and Crosses during 1892. The Rosary tickets designating the monthly patron and indicating the League Intentions were distributed to 870,000 Associates each month. Good-works amounting in all to 144,060,081 were placed in the "Treasury of the Sacred Heart" for these Intentions. Of these good-works 1,222,765 were Holy Communions, 731,043 Stations of the Cross, and 4,423,658 Rosaries.

Can we wonder then that 1,530,356 thanksgivings for favors received through the prayers of the League were recorded during the year in our League calendars? Can we wonder that again and again souls have been moved to new confidence in prayer by reading the special thanksgivings which filled fifty pages of the MESSENGER in the course of the year. These pages bear witness to the blessing that rests upon the work of the Apostleship of Prayer in League with the Sacred Heart.

A word as to the General Intentions. These interests of Christ's Kingdom upon earth come to the League from the Vicar of Christ, who commends them to this vast army which is engaged in fighting the battles of its King with the *sword of the spirit*, "with the mighty arms of prayer." The timeliness of these General Intentions during the past year so strongly impressed some of the great secular journals that wondering comment was elicited from them.

"Christian Unions of Employers and Workmen" was the interest of the Divine Heart for which we were praying in July last, when occurrences in widely-separated states called attention to the obstacles that hindered such union.

The General Intention for August, "The Church in North and South America," quickened into life the now active work of united prayer for the conversion of our fellow-countrymen and helped to prepare the way for the truly Catholic celebration of the Columbus quadri-centennial.

The "More Widespread Devotion to the Sacred Heart," for which the League prayed in June, is evidenced by the number of new Local Centres established, and by the fact that, now, every bishop in the United States has given his formal approbation for the work of the League in his diocese. Never before in a single year have so many Promoters consecrated themselves to the service of the Sacred Heart, never before were so many new Associates enrolled. God alone knows the secrets of hearts, He alone knows of the souls that have been strengthened in grace and reclaimed from guilt by the favors He has granted in answer to the prayers of the League. God's blessing rests upon the League. Let each Associate unite with us in a hearty *Deo gratias*, Thanks be to God! for all the favors His loving Heart has granted during the year that has passed.

THE READER.

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When the present issue of the MESSENGER reaches our readers a New Year will be about to dawn. In looking back at the twelvemonth that has just elapsed the thought that is uppermost in our minds is that it has been a year in which Almighty God has showered unwonted blessings on the work of the Apostleship in America. Our best wish for the coming year is that the Associates of the League may continue to reap the harvest of

blessings that springs from their union with the source of all true blessings—the Adorable Heart of our Divine Lord Himself.

* *

The MESSENGER cannot but be in sympathy with any movement whose object is the conversion of our beloved country; moreover it feels it a duty to aid any such movement by every means in its power. Now, all the means employed to this end are reducible to two: prayer and action; and by action we mean all efforts apart from prayer to bring our non-Catholic friends under Catholic influence and to dispose their hearts for the reception of the grace of conversion to the Faith. Action and prayer are both needed for the accomplishment of this great object, and all the action in the world will never be successful without the efficacy derived from prayer. It may be the prayer of individuals, each acting independently of the others, or it may be the prayer of an organized body, such as the League of the Heart of Jesus; but prayer must ever be an essential factor in the work of conversion. We have already pointed out the advantages possessed by the Apostleship of Prayer for the promotion of a work like this, which surely must be reckoned among the dearest interests of the Heart of Jesus. We now appeal to the Local Directors, who have it in their power to make this movement universal among the thousands—nay, hundreds of thousands—of American Associates of the League.

* * *

There is no occasion on which the Local Director can more effectually interest the members of the League in behalf of this work than the monthly meeting of Promoters. Surrounded as he is by zealous apostles, whose hearts are burning to extend the Kingdom of God on earth, what a splendid opportunity is offered him to enlist their energies in so worthy a cause. One thing he can do in any case and under any circumstances: he can have prayers recited regularly at the meetings of the Promoters for the conversion of America. He can also exhort the Promoters both to pray themselves and to get others to pray for the same intention. We would also suggest that at the First Friday meeting of Associates this intention be earnestly recommended to their prayers. One of the great advantages of the League in the

prosecution of this object will lie in its numerical strength. The League in the United States numbers about a million and a half Associates. Now let us suppose that each member of this vast host were to say but a single *Hail Mary* every morning for the conversion of America: who can doubt but the prayers of such a multitude would draw down innumerable blessings on our country. Add to this that our million and a half Associates have a share in the merits of 20,000,000 Associates in the rest of Christendom. The conversion of America would thus be prayed for by a tenth of the entire Catholic population of the world.

* * * *

So much for the work that may be accomplished by prayer. But we have said that prayer must be accompanied by action, and active endeavors will assume various forms according to the opportunities of those who take part in the work. It is with heartfelt pleasure that we note the promising aspect of at least one active enterprise which has no unimportant bearing on the conversion of our country, that, namely, inaugurated at New London by the Catholic Summer School. The success of the Summer School is matter of universal congratulation; and success in the past has encouraged the promoters of the enterprise to extend the work into the winter season. It is now proposed to print a course of lectures written by eminent scholars in every branch of knowledge, and circulate them monthly among those who shall have contributed the required fee. In this way persons who have not had the advantage of a university education may receive solid instruction on questions of vital importance. We wish the promoters of the work a God-speed, and urge our readers to help them on to the utmost of their ability. Further information may be obtained by applying to Warren E. Mosher, Esq., Editor of the Catholic Reading Circle Review, Youngstown, Ohio.

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We ask our readers not to close the MESSENGER without casting a glance at our advertising columns. They will find the items of a very choice kind.—Bound copies of the MESSENGER and *Pilgrim* for 1892 will be ready early in January. The MESSENGER cover is about uniform in style with the "Binder", which

is now found on so many drawing-room tables, whilst the *Pilgrim* is bound in blue and gold.—The yearly Index of the MESSENGER and *Pilgrim* for 1892 will be sent with the January numbers.

* * * * * *

The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus published by P. O'Shea, New York, with an introductory preface by a Dominican Father of the same city, is a brief sketch of the great Admiral chiefly drawn from the "Biography of Columbus" by Lamartine. The size of a book is no criterion of its merit, especially if it be the production of a man of genius. The little book before us might be read with interest even after one has exhausted the rest of the vast literature of this absorbing subject.

Converts are brought into the Church by many roads, and a controversial work that is rejected with scorn by one is the means of salvation to another. In our day, however, nearly every cast of mind will find something to meet its wants and remove its difficulties in the pursuit of truth. *A Primer for Converts* by Rev. John T. Durward, is a little out of the beaten track of controversial writings. It begins by seeking for some common ground between Catholics and non-Catholics, and that found, it takes the reader on from one truth to another till the whole subject of religion is exhausted. The idea is a good one and is well worked out. We would call the attention of the writer, however, to the inaccuracy of such statements as that Nature says right is might, and the returning of evil for evil is an instinct of our nature.

Our readers will find in the *Life of Mother Mary de Sales Chappuis* the record of a beautiful career abounding in great works of zeal. We recommend this little book all the more readily as it is the life of a saintly woman of our own times. It is published by the Oblate Fathers of Walmer, Kent, but we are sure it might be easily procured through any of our Catholic booksellers.

We take pleasure in recommending to our readers, especially members of religious communities, *A Short Preparatory Retreat* for the Renewal of the Vows, published by the Art and Book Company, 23 King Edward Street, London.

GENERAL INTENTION

FOR JANUARY, 1893.

Designated by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with his special blessing, and given to His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart—for recommendation to the prayers of the Associates.

THE EPISCOPAL JUBILEE OF LEO XIII.

WHEN fifty years ago, Cardinal Lambruschini was consecrating Joachim Pecci, chosen for the episcopal dignity by Gregory XVI., *Ad multos annos*, was the answer three times repeated which the bishop elect gave to his consecrator. For whatever term of years God should grant him did he desire and resolve to bear the burdens of the episcopal office. So deservingly has he borne them in the sight of God and man, that God has blessed him with a length of days, while men, always happy to do him honor, are now about to take part in a Jubilee of rejoicing at the favors lavished upon the Bishop of Bishops, our Sovereign Pontiff Leo XIII.

I.

In an age which many are fond of calling a material age, it is a wholesome sign that men should be so ready to commemorate deeds and events of special political and religious significance. Instead of finding our great anniversary celebrations too many or too tiresome, we are quite willing to have them occur more frequently or at briefer intervals. If we are a material generation, it is very important that we should multiply our tributes to the spiritual and supernatural forces at work in the great events of history; it is a most helpful means of making our own lives more spiritual and supernatural.

Now the anniversary of the consecration of a bishop is an event of sufficient importance in the eyes of the Church to call for a special commemoration in the Mass of the day on which it

falls. That day annually recalls the ceremony which must make us marvel and praise God that He should have conferred such powers upon men, power to rule the Church of God, power to teach men with authority as Christ taught men, power not only to save but to sanctify souls. The consecration of a bishop is always a repetition of Christ's own commission to the Pastors of His flock: *As the Father hath sent Me, so I also send you.* It makes of men not dispensers merely, but guardians and rulers, of those who dispense the mysteries of God; for as He was sent to found and rule the Church, so He sends them to support and govern it in His name and by His power. That name is above every name and that power is over heaven and earth: *All power is given Me in heaven and in earth.* He gave it to Me Who has sent Me: *As the Father hath sent Me, so I also send you.* He has sent Me with all power; so I also send you with all power in My name.

Since, therefore, it has pleased Almighty God to permit our chief Bishop to exercise these high powers for fully half a century, and so to exercise them for thirty-five years of that time, that he deserved to become the sovereign of all those who possess those same powers, it is but right that the entire Church should keep the anniversary of his consecration worthily. Owing to his goodness we are enabled to keep it more worthily. The Jubilee, which he has proclaimed, for the very reason that it puts at our command the spiritual treasures of the Church, gives us the most signal and convincing proof of the excellence of the powers conferred upon him so many years ago in the historic church of San Lorenzo.

II.

One of the great objects of a General Jubilee, and one of its very natural effects, has always been a strengthening of the unity which binds the members of Christ's Church with their visible Head upon earth. In every age the proclamation of a Jubilee was a signal for crowds of pilgrims to flock to Rome, and an appeal to those who could not make the pilgrimage to interest themselves more and more in the welfare of the Holy See, and

thus to unite themselves more closely in spirit with the Chief Centre of Christian unity.

Now it is one of the glories of Leo XIII's pontificate, and a singular evidence of his great power, that he has been able, even without having recourse to the help of Jubilees, to unite Christian hearts in the strongest bonds of union with his own. He has not failed to use the resources of the Jubilee at due intervals, nor has he discouraged the continual concourse of pilgrims who go to visit in all reverence the See of Peter. Mindful, however, that numbers of the souls committed to his charge cannot go whither their devout longings would carry them, and well aware that a Jubilee can be at best only a temporary manifestation and renewal of a union which should be constant and perpetual, the wise Father of our souls has adopted other means of keeping the welfare of the Holy See in our minds and in our hearts night and day year in and year out. Like Christ Himself, Whose Vicar he is, he has taught us to pray; and to make our prayer alive with faith and keen with interest, he has most vigilantly kept pointing out to us from his high watch-tower the evils our prayers must avert, the enemies they must overthrow, and the good reforms we must bring about in society and first of all in ourselves. In this way he has united our hearts in a crusade of prayer for our common welfare.

By a singular privilege the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer have been permitted to take a special part in this great movement of prayer. Leagued together in a union of prayers with the Heart of Jesus, the invisible Head of the Church, the Sovereign Pontiff was quick to recognize how our simple methods of communicating our Intentions might be utilized for making known his own intentions for the good of the Church and of us all. Fully acquainted with our statutes and practices from the time he became Archbishop of Perugia, he lost no time in recommending them to the bishops of the Christian world and in favoring them with new grants and Indulgences. Not content with blessing the General Intentions recommended monthly to our prayers, he has even deigned to designate these Intentions.

Hence we live in a constant communion of thought and of sentiment with himself; and as he permits us to take such an intimate part in the struggle he is making to reclaim a perverse age, so he generously ascribes to the prayers of our League much of the splendid success achieved by his efforts. So much does he think of our prayers, that a second time within three months he has requested us to join with him in begging Almighty God to make the Jubilee of his episcopate the dawn of a new era of peace for the Church, and of rich spiritual fruit for all of us.

Offering for the Intentions of the Month.

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sin, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer: in particular, for the Episcopal Jubilee of Leo XIII. *Amen.*

BRIEFS AND RESCRIPTS OF LEO XIII.,

Favoring the League of the Sacred Heart.

1878, Sept. 23, Congratulating the Director General and the Associates.

1879, May 28, Approving the new Statutes of the League.

1879, June 7, Confirming privilege granted by the Moderator of the Archconfraternity.

1882, Feb. 10, Extending to Associates, the Indulgences of the Communion of Reparation.

1882, April 20, Granting new Indulgences for this work.

1884, Jan. 20, Confirming the new Director General in his office.

1884, Aug. 20, Conceding Indulgences to 2d Degree.

1885, Nov. 14, Congratulating Director General and Associates on resistance to forbidden societies.

1886, Mar. 30, Conceding new favors and privileges to the League.

APOSTLESHIP NOTICES.

NEW APPROBATION.—The Right Reverend Bishop of Jamestown, North Dakota, has given his gracious approbation for the propagation of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart, in his diocese.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.—To the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus (from November 12 to December 12, 1892).

(Name of diocese in *italics*, before that of parish or community aggregated.)

Albany, New York: Our Lady of Angels' Church, Whitehall.

Alton, Illinois: St. Mary's Hospital (Franciscan Sisters), Quincy.

Baltimore, Maryland: St. Francis' Convent (Oblate Sisters of Providence), Baltimore.

Belleville, Illinois: St. Lawrence's Church, Sandoval.

Brooklyn, New York: Sts. Peter and Paul's Church, Brooklyn.

Chicago, Illinois: St. Josaphat's Church (Polish), Chicago.

Cincinnati, Ohio: St. Gregory's Preparatory Seminary and St. Joseph's Asylum (Sisters of Charity), Cedar Point.

Denver, Colorado: Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Denver.

Dubuque, Iowa: Immaculate Conception Church, Allison; St. Mary's School, Cedar Falls.

Duluth, Minnesota: The Pro-Cathedral of the Sacred Heart, Duluth.

Galveston, Texas: St. Patrick's Church, Galveston.

Jamestown, North Dakota: St. Michael's Church, Grand Forks; Mission Church, Fort Berthold.

Kansas City and St. Joseph, Missouri: Sacred Heart Church, Nevada.

Manchester, New Hampshire: St. Mary's School (Christian Brothers), Dover.

Marquette, Michigan: St. Ann's Church, Mackinac Island.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin: Immaculate Conception Church, Milton Junction; St. Joseph's Church, Fort Atkinson.

Nashville, Tennessee: Immaculate Conception Church, Knoxville; St. Joseph's Church, Nashville.

North Carolina: St. Mary Help Church, Gaston.

Ogdensburg, New York: St. Alphonsus' Church, Tupper Lake.

Newark, New Jersey: St. Augustine's Church, Union Hill.

San Francisco, California: St. Helena's Church, St. Helena; St. Mary's College (Christian Brothers), Oakland.

St. Augustine, Florida: St. James' Church, Orlando.

St. Louis, Missouri: St. Teresa's Church, St. Louis.

(Twenty-nine aggregations.)

The Treasury of the Sacred Heart.

Associates can gain 100 days' Indulgence for each action offered for the Intentions of the League.

Offerings for the Intentions of the Sacred Heart, received from November 12 to December 12, 1892.

	No. of Times.		No. of Times.
1. Acts of Charity	192,774	11. Masses Heard	81,135
2. Beads	235,895	12. Mortifications	242,530
3. Stations of the Cross	25,557	13. Works of Charity	59,700
4. Holy Communions	44,754	14. Works of Zeal	167,237
5. Spiritual Communions	182,296	15. Prayers	5,364,486
6. Examens of Conscience	134,603	16. Charitable Conversation	31,839
7. Hours of Labor	361,104	17. Sufferings or Afflictions	35,000
8. Hours of Silence	135,915	18. Self-Conquest	105,814
9. Pious Reading	63,932	19. Visits to B. Sacrament	215,304
10. Masses Celebrated	2,450	20. Various Good Works	210,059
Total			7,832,565

The above returns represent 825 of the Local Centres in the United States.

The total number of parishes, communities, schools, and religious societies regularly aggregated by Diploma to the Apostleship of Prayer is 50,520, an increase of 122.

IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 221,781.

——*The just cried, and the Lord heard them and delivered them out of all their trouble* (Psalm xxxiii. 18).——

RONDOUT, N. Y., NOVEMBER 12.—A Promoter wishes to show his gratitude to the Sacred Heart for the unexpected death-bed conversion of a man seventy-six years of age, who had not been to the Sacraments from his childhood.

KANSAS CITY, MO., NOVEMBER 12.—Please thank the Sacred Heart for a very great favor granted, not only to myself, but to thousands of others. Also for three cures obtained by the use of St. Ignatius' water.

PORT ARTHUR, ONT., NOVEMBER 13.—Please publish my sincere thanks for almost complete recovery from a sickness from which I had been suffering for six years.

LANCASTER, PA., NOVEMBER 13.—Thanksgiving for recovery from a severe illness. At a time when death seemed near, prayers were offered to the Sacred Heart, and two candles burned before Its image, and from that time the invalid grew better.

——, NOVEMBER 13.—In fulfilment of a promise I thank the Sacred Heart of Jesus for peace of conscience obtained after severe mental trials.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 16.—A Promoter desires to thank the Sacred Heart for the conversion of her father. Also for his recovery from sickness.

SHELDON, IOWA, NOVEMBER 17.—Thanks are offered for what was deemed by the physicians a remarkable cure, after novenas and recommendation to the prayers of the League.

COVINGTON, KY., ——. Thanksgiving for two extraordinary death-bed conversions on the First Friday. In one case thirty-two years had intervened between the man's First Communion and the second, which he received on his death-bed.

NEWARK, N. J., NOVEMBER 18.—Thanksgiving for the conversion of two persons recommeded to the League.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 21.—Please offer a novena of Masses in thanksgiving for the recovery of a young man whose death was feared as the result of a severe accident.

LACONIA, N. H., NOVEMBER 21.—Gratitude is expressed for the recovery of a young man who was recommended to the Associates at a monthly meeting and for whom a novena was made.

MERRICK, LA., NOVEMBER 21.—In fulfilment of a promise I thank the Sacred Heart for two temporal favors obtained shortly after sending in a petition. Also for the death-bed conversion of a man fifty years away from the Sacraments.

MEMPHIS, TENN., NOVEMBER 21.—Thanks are returned for the recovery of a child whose life had been almost despaired of, but who recovered after some Masses were said in honor of the Sacred Heart and another promised in thanksgiving.

ST. MARY'S, KY., NOVEMBER 21.—Thanksgiving is offered for a very special favor.

MOBILE, ALA., ——. A Promoter thanks the Sacred Heart and Blessed Margaret Mary for a great temporal favor obtained after a novena of Communions.

MANCHESTER, N. H., NOVEMBER 22.—In fulfilment of a promise thanks are returned for an extraordinary spiritual favor.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 23.—Thanks are returned, according to promise, for the final repentance of a dying man, who at the priest's first visit refused even to say a *Hail Mary*, declaring he was willing to be lost. Before dying he was invested with the Scapular and received the last Sacraments.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 25.—A sister returns heartfelt thanks for the conversion and baptism of her brother, in answer to a series of novenas preparatory to the First Friday. Also for knowledge of the whereabouts of a sister.

ANAMOSA, IOWA, NOVEMBER 27.—Two years ago I recommended to the prayers of the Apostleship the conversion to the Faith of a promising young physician, and promised to have his conversion published, if granted. He has since been baptized and is a practical Catholic.

NORMAL INSTITUTE, AMMENDALE, MD., NOVEMBER 28.—Special thanks are returned for the large number of candidates received into the novitiate in the last five months.

PORT ARTHUR, ONT., NOVEMBER 28.—A Mass of thanksgiving is offered for a favor granted by the Sacred Heart when it was despaired of.

HOLYOKE, MASS, NOVEMBER 28.—A favor long asked for was granted after a lamp was burned before a picture of the Sacred Heart. Many other favors have been granted since we began to honor the Sacred Heart in that way.

WEST HOBOKEN, N. J., NOVEMBER 29. — Thanks are returned for the return of a young man to the sacraments after a novena of Communions.

INDIANAPOLIS, NOVEMBER 29.—Thanksgiving for the return of consciousness to a sick person in delirium who was thus able to receive the Sacraments after being away from them four years.

YAZOO CITY, MISS., NOVEMBER 30.—Grateful acknowledgment is made of a favor which was recommended to the Apostleship monthly for over a year, during which a light was kept burning before an image of the Sacred Heart. When all seemed hopeless the favor was granted. I consider it a miracle of grace.

——, NOVEMBER 30.—Sincere thanksgiving is offered for rapid improvement in illness after wearing a relic of Blessed Margaret Mary.

GALESBURG, ILL., ——. Please acknowledge through the MESSENGER the granting of a very special favor at the close of a novena in honor of Blessed Margaret Mary.

SCRANTON, PA., DECEMBER 1.—Please publish a thanksgiving for the restoration to health of a child who was at the point of death, through the intercession of Blessed Margaret Mary.

DETROIT, MICH., DECEMBER 1.—A child four years of age was suffering from an attack of diphtheria. Paralysis had set in and the doctors had given up all hope. A Promoter suggested a novena. She also furnished a lamp, which was kept burning before a picture of the Sacred Heart, and gave each member a scapular of the Sacred Heart. Towards the end of the novena the child was improving rapidly, and the father, who was a Protestant, promised if the child was cured to become a Catholic. A novena of thanksgiving was then begun, and before it was concluded the father was baptized and made his First Communion.

CAMDEN, N. J., DECEMBER 3.—Will you kindly publish in the MESSENGER a thanksgiving to our Lady of Martyrs for a great temporal favor received. My sister promised in thanksgiving to make a ciborium cover for the new Shrine.

CINCINNATI, DECEMBER 3.—In performance of a promise sincere thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and St. Anthony of Padua for a signal favor obtained for a community of Sisters in deep distress.

VARIOUS CENTRES.—Thanks are offered for the return to the Sacraments of twelve persons.—For recovery from sickness for fourteen persons.—For the reform of six intemperate persons.—For employment obtained by sixteen persons.—For the success of a mission and of an academy.—For preservation from scarlet fever.—For an unexpected release from quarantine.—For three cures by application of the Badge.—For recovery from insanity.—For an opportunity of entering religion in the case of two persons.—For money to pay debts.—For a much needed loan of money.—For two conversions.—For two reconciliations, one of which was between near relatives after forty-seven years of estrangement.—For favors obtained through the intercession of St. Joseph and St. Anthony.—For nine special favors.—And for many other favors too numerous to specify.

THE PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE.

(Ambrogio Borgognone, 1490-1522.)

THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. VIII (XXVIII). FEBRUARY, 1893. No. 2

CHRIST LOVED THE CHURCH.[1]

READING the Nazareth vale and mountain side,
Growing in age and grace with God and men,
Still to His parents subject; even then
Wedded was Christ's young Heart to one fair Bride.
Oft for the mystic nuptial rite He sighed.
Fulfilling years and grace, He filled again
The measure of His love, nor rested when
Of love's excess upon the Cross He died.

Christ loves His Church, throughout all time His Spouse,
The all-fair Mother of an offspring born
And bound to Him in more than carnal ties.
In all things like the Master, may our vows
Of love for Mother Church both night and morn
Arise and mount unbroken to the skies!

[1] Ephesians, v. 25.

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OUR LADY OF KEVELAER.

II.

The Pilgrimages and the Crowning.

THE well-known missionary, Father Roh, was once asked by a Protestant why Catholics were, as a rule, more cheerful and lighthearted than their separated brethren. The Father, never at a loss for the right word at the right time, instantly replied, "Because in the Catholic Church our Mother is still alive."

The difference between a family bereft of its mother and one in which the mother's heart is still the central organ, giving movement and joy to the family life, is too well known to need further development. But the fact that in the Catholic Church our devotion and all that concerns our supernatural life, passes through the hands and heart of Mary, is at times not sufficiently emphasized. Now, as the mother of a family, always ready though she be to assist her children in their difficulties, will nevertheless at certain times and places be more ready than usual to listen to the needs of her own; so our Blessed Lady, though she has never yet left the earnest prayer of any man unheard, has her own feasts and shrines of predilection at which she gives, as it were, special audiences to those that seek her aid. We have already seen that of the places which are especially dear to the heart of our Mother the shrine at Kevelaer ranks among the first.

Every day, both winter and summer, brings many single pilgrims to Kevelaer. Some of them are rich and belong to the highest class of society; others are poor and unknown to the great world. Every condition of life has its cross. The cross of the poor may be rough and wooden, and that of the rich smooth and golden; but the latter is, for all that, the heavier and the more burdensome to carry. All therefore need to be assisted by the "Comforter of the Afflicted."

The special occasions on which Our Lady of Kevelaer is

honored are five in number: the first day of June, the feasts of the Visitation, the Assumption, the Nativity, and All Saints. On the first of June is commemorated the day on which the miraculous image of our Blessed Lady was placed in the shrine at Kevelaer. This is, as it were, a family feast for the happy people of the little village. In the early morning, as soon as the clock strikes four, the Kevelaer orchestra strikes up the hymn *O sanctissima*, and immediately pious worshippers hasten from all directions to the chapel to pay their homage to the Queen of Heaven. Later in the day, solemn high Mass is celebrated, followed by a procession of the Confraternity of the Rosary, and in the evening special devotions before the picture of our Lady are solemnized. For two centuries and a half has this celebration been annually repeated with constantly increasing devotion and solemnity. But the "Comforter of the Afflicted" enlarges her bounties in proportion to the love of her pious clients.

THE CROWN OF OUR LADY OF KEVELAER.

The habitual quiet of the little village is now about to be permanently disturbed. In order to give a more accurate idea of the grand scale on which the Kevelaer pilgrimages have been conducted, we shall describe those of the year 1890 in detail.

The reader can easily apply to the preceding and following years what has been said of this one. On the Monday after Corpus Christi the first annual procession of pilgrims, coming from Pfalzdorf, near Goch, enters the sanctuary. On the eve of Sts. Peter and Paul the second procession comes from Helenabrunn; on the feast of the Apostles processions from Walbeck, Weeze, Uedem, Sonsbeck, Horst, Vorbeck, Oberhausen, Anrath arrive at the shrine. These are followed by processions from Wemb, Gelsenkirchen, Nieukerk, Schalke, Willich, Wipperfürth, Gladbach, Waltrop, Buer, Datteln. Holland sends processions from Schiedam, Amsterdam, Gennep, Maestricht and Roermond. On July 7 come the bands of pilgrims from Seppenrade, Stenden, Hartefeld, Bottrop, Dorsten, Essen, Haltern, Altenessen, Kirchhellen, Altendorf, Niedermoerter, Bochum, Anholt, Fischeln, Sevelen, Keppelen, and Issum. Many of these processions march from ten to twelve hours a day. On July 8 comes a procession from Straelen, on the 9th from Krefeld, on the 11th from Süchteln, on the 13th from Recklinghausen, Kervenheim, Veert, Capellen, Hassum, Alpen and Leuth, on the 15th from Aldekert, on the 20th from Goch. With this procession ends what is known as the first octave, or the octave of the Visitation. In all there were fifty-seven processions in Kevelaer for the Feast of the Visitation. Many of them started from home in the evening and marched all night, so as to reach Kevelaer at 4 A. M., or even earlier.

From the middle of July till the beginning of August Kevelaer is comparatively quiet. Pilgrims are indeed never wanting; but during this period they come either singly or in small bands. The great processions are grouped around the three great feasts of the Blessed Virgin that fall in the summer, the Visitation, the Assumption and the Nativity. Those that came in 1890 for the Feast of the Assumption were far too numerous to be mentioned here in detail. On August 17, for instance, there were more than twenty-five German processions present, whilst the Dutch processions during this octave far outnumber those which Holland sends for the first octave. The procession which comes from the

so-called "Peel" country deserves our attention. The people composing it are extremely simple; they walk the whole way to

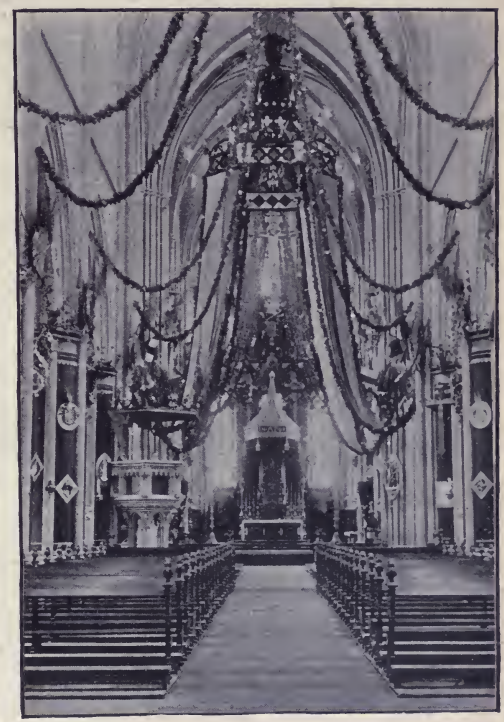
GRACE CHAPEL AT KEVELAER.

Kevelaer, a journey of several days, in wooden shoes, carry their own provisions, and sing from their hearts and with all their

strength in strains that make the hair of a musician stand on end but remind one, at the same time, of the pious words: "quantum potes, tantum aude." Quite different are the processions that come from the mining districts of Westphalia and Rhineland. Dressed in black mining-suits with full-bearded faces, and countenances that have the "memento mori" engraved on them, these men present a type of physical strength and moral well-being. They obey the priest their leader with a love and an exactness which befit the child and the soldier. The procession coming from Purmerende, a fishing village, shows again entirely different peculiarities. All the men are dressed in black cloth or velvet, with baggy Turkish trousers fastened on their hips with silver buttons as large as a silver dollar and representing the meeting of Jesus and the Samaritan woman at the well. The buttons are heirlooms among the simple fishermen, and have descended from father to son for centuries. The women form a striking contrast to the men; they are dressed in the most fantastic colors, apparently chosen to spite all the rules of color-harmony, and to defy all the requirements of fashion.

It is hard to determine when the Octave of the Assumption ends and the Feast of the Nativity begins. From August 14 till September 20 the pilgrim processions are uninterrupted. Between August 31 and September 6 there arrived 39 processions; on September 7th, came 18 processions. On the same day, nine special trains were required besides the seven daily passenger-trains which pass through Kevelaer. On September 8th came 11 processions; on September 9th, 13 processions; on September 10th, 10 processions; on September 11th, 13 processions; on September 12th, 10 processions; on September 13th, 14th, 15th, 38 processions; the procession which enters the sanctuary last, i.e., on the second Sunday of October, is composed of the good Kevelaer people themselves. Altogether, 358 pilgrim-processions numbering over 400,000 pilgrims visited the "Comforter of the Afflicted" during the summer of 1890. Nor must it be supposed that the processions consist only of laymen. The procession from Groningen was accompanied by 13 priests, another from Oirschott

by the same number, the one from Alkmaar by 14 priests; from Veghel came 16; from Oss 22; and lastly, from Utrecht came the Right Rev. Archbishop and 40 priests, among whom there were several canons and papal prelates.



THE GREAT CHURCH IN JUBILEE TIME.

When a parish resolves to make a pilgrimage to Kevelaer, the pastor first gives an instruction on pilgrimages; then all details are settled: who is to join, how they are to behave on the way and in towns and villages, how they are to obey the Prefect of the Pilgrimage. On the way, the time is divided between reciting the Rosary, saying the Litany of the Blessed Virgin and singing hymns. The latter are usually intoned when the procession enters towns or villages. Whenever there is a church on the way, the pilgrims make a short stay in order to assist at the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament which is given on these occasions. Till the procession passes out of sight, the church bells are rung in the various localities through which the pilgrims pass, and the good wishes of the inhabitants are manifested in the most varied ways. Every procession approaching Kevelaer is greeted by the two bells on the candle-chapel, so that on the eve of great festivities these bells ring almost constantly. Preceded by its large cross, the procession first passes around the

little chapel; it then enters the large church, where the Rosary is ended with the invocation: "Mother of Mercy, pray for all Christendom." The *Te Deum* is sung and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament given. After that the pilgrims are free to go to their lodgings or to make their confession. Often as many as twenty priests are kept busy hearing confessions all the day. Many of the pilgrims attend to this duty before leaving home.

A strange sight is presented by the throngs which crowd the Kevelaer confessionals: here is a poor man who has been starving himself during the course of the year in order to save the paltry sum required for the pilgrimage; close by, a wealthy lady, accustomed to have a numerous cortege of servants attending on her, patiently awaits her turn for hours; simple and ignorant penitents, whose knowledge is confined to the elements of their catechism, are mixed with the most learned men of the age, whose name is a password in science and literature. All, all meet together at the feet of Our Lady of Kevelaer, as all will meet in the valley of Jehoshaphat.

Another characteristic custom must be mentioned here. When a procession arrives in Kevelaer, six young girls who are on the pilgrimage for the first time in their life, present the offering of candles, which are to be kept burning in the candle-chapel during the stay of the pilgrims, and again on the following Christmas-day. In this way one can tell the number of processions present in Kevelaer, from the number of candles lit in the candle-chapel.

In the evening most of the pilgrims form again in procession and walk around the shrine of the Blessed Virgin, the men carrying flaming torches. Precious crosses and highly ornamented banners are to be seen everywhere, and in the Dutch processions young girls carry statues of the Blessed Virgin under stately canopies. Hymns are sung in German, Dutch and French, according to the native language of the pilgrim-bands. The Rosary is recited in as many different languages, while the numberless pilgrims walk round and round our Lady's sanctuary, each one patiently waiting for his turn to kneel a few minutes before the miraculous picture. And the happy one who has once tasted

the sweetness of this audience with the Queen of Heaven will surely return again and again to Kevelaer as year after year

INTERIOR OF CANDLE CHAPEL.

glides by, until at length admitted to see our Mother face to face.

Scarcely have the pilgrims, about midnight, gone to their lodgings and retired for the brief night's rest, when new multitudes crowd the streets of Kevelaer and pray aloud before the shrine of the "Comforter of the Afflicted." They have just arrived after a march of probably ten or twelve hours, and are protracting their devotions until 2 A. M. At that hour the church is opened, the Masses begin, and four priests commence to distribute the Bread of life.

Such being the devotion to Our Lady of Kevelaer, we may easily imagine the joy of the whole country when in 1890, on November 16, it was publicly announced that the year 1892 would be kept as the jubilee-year, commemorating the fact that the miraculous image had been venerated in Kevelaer for a quarter of a millennium. It was considered a sacred duty to give thanks to Our Lady of Kevelaer for the innumerable blessings, natural and supernatural, which she had procured for her children during the course of these many years. Preparations were made in all directions to celebrate the coming jubilee in a manner befitting the august majesty of the Queen of Heaven. Our Holy Father graciously permitted that on this occasion a gold crown might be placed on the head of the Blessed Virgin's miraculous image.

According to the testimony of experts, the crown is a masterpiece of art. Though only as large as a man's fist—for it has to fit the sacred image, which is only a few inches long and wide—it is made of solid gold. It contains 45 brilliants, 150 rose-diamonds, 9 rubies, 8 emeralds, 7 sapphires, 11 large round pearls, 40 small pearls and 30 turquoises. The large brilliant in front of the headband has been presented by the Bishop of Münster. Most of the precious stones are votive offerings donated by the nobility of Rhineland and Westphalia. But there are also offerings given by poor clients of Mary whose names are recorded only in the Book of Life. The noble co-operation of many has thus produced a memorial which will manifest to posterity the present generation's love and devotion to the "Comforter of the Afflicted."

During the jubilee year itself the concourse of pilgrims increased in a startling way. The processions were often three or

five times as large as they had been in the preceding years. Many of them needed two special trains in order to carry their old and

TRIUMPHAL ARCH AT KEVELAER.

feeble members to the shrine of grace. About two years ago the Kevelaer depot was much enlarged, and special tracks were laid

for the accommodation of the special pilgrim-trains. But last year, the depot was found too small, and many of the special trains had to run on to Cleves for halting room. On August 14 there were between 35,000 and 40,000 pilgrims in the little village, and on other occasions it was crowded in proportion. It was often hard to find standing room anywhere. Between June 1 and August 28 more than one hundred and twenty-two thousand Communions were distributed. Usually the distribution of Communion began between 2 and 3 A. M., six priests being kept thus employed till late in the morning. It must be remembered that, by special indult, it is not required to confess and receive Communion in Kevelaer itself in order to gain the indulgences. These duties may be attended to eight days before the pilgrimage is performed, so that the communicants at Kevelaer are only a small portion of the actual number of pilgrims. But in spite of all these masses of men going to and coming from Kevelaer, there has never been an accident on any of the pilgrim-trains, as there has never been any disorder resulting from drunkenness or any other public disturbance. Is not this another proof of our Mother's special protection over all her faithful clients?

The solemn crowning of the miraculous image took place in the name of the chapter of St. Peter's at Rome, and in presence of five bishops, more than 300 priests and over 20,000 pilgrims. On June 1, about 9 A. M., the procession of the clergy, Knights of Malta, the Archbishop of Cologne, the Bishop of Münster, the Bishop of Treves, all the church dignitaries being attired in full canonicals, with the chapters of the three Cathedrals, and acolytes carrying banners, left the Marienkirche and proceeded to the little chapel. There the image was handed to the clergy, who received the same with the greatest pomp and ceremony. Then the procession filed back to the Marienkirche, where the Bishop of Münster blessed the crown and performed the ceremony of coronation. We need give no detailed description of the decorations which the good people of Kevelaer had procured in great abundance for the church and the streets. What strikes one most of all is the evidence emphasizing the

principle that God does His most wonderful works through vile and despicable instruments. The picture was, as we have seen, offered for sale at the price of four cents, the first agents concerned about the shrine were the poor pedlar Buschmann and his simple wife, the place of the shrine was at the time of its erection virtually a wilderness, Kevelaer having shortly before that time been visited with the greatest misfortune that can befall a society. When will our prosperous country learn the lesson of Kevelaer? We should have to devote less time and thought to the goods and pleasures of this world; but the "Comforter of the Afflicted" would compensate us for this loss, if loss it be, by giving us a foretaste of the goods and pleasures of the life to come.

STATION AT KEVELAER.

THE LAST SHALL BE FIRST.

By Francis J. Finn, S.J.

ONE quiet evening, many years ago, three Portuguese-youths were walking in the garden of a Jesuit novitiate. They formed an interesting group, for they represented quite fairly the three great varieties of novice-life. The leader of the band, Augustine Vasquez, was nearing the end of his two years' probation. His handsome features were clothed in a serene modesty, and lofty spirituality shone from his eyes. He was one of those persons that a timid stranger would accost without hesitation.

The second novice, Joseph de Motta, had but recently finished his first year of trial. In his deportment he was correct to a fault—a brother wag had said of him that he counted his steps. There was a smile upon his face, little short of being perennial, and apt at any moment to develop into a giggle. And yet there was something austere in his expression, an austerity which would not down. He was earnest and pious, but could not understand why every one in the world should not see the spiritual side of life in exactly the same way as he saw it. That very day, he had broken three plates while serving his brethren at dinner, had burst into uncontrollable giggling during spiritual reading, and just at present was highly shocked. In short, he realized the definition of a novice—*animal risibile, scandalizabile et omnia rumpens*, laughter-loving, easily scandalized, and breaker of everything

And indeed he had some reason for being scandalized; for the third novice was carrying on in a way that would have caused even young Peter Ribadeneira to catch his breath. Victor Pereira had just donned the cassock. He was hardly more than a child—and such a pretty child. His face was lighted up by eyes that danced and flashed in an exuberance of vitality from beneath brows pencilled into a rare delicacy. There was a bloom upon his cheek which came and went and changed place, as though these twin roses were playing at peek-a-boo with each other. What would most strike an observer was his air of innocence, candor, and extreme youthfulness. His words emphasized the same traits.

"I don't see anything hard about a Jesuit's life," he was saying. "Now, for instance, there are your vows. Three? What are three? I'd as lief take six. Let's see — there's poverty. I don't perceive anything hard about poverty, if they give one clothes and enough to eat."

"You mustn't be attached to anything, carissime Victor," put in Joseph.

"Well, I suppose I'm not. Otherwise, I wouldn't be here; or at least I'd have brought it along with me. But I didn't. I

left a drum home—oh! it was a rattler. And you should have seen my sword—silver hilt inlaid with gold—and I left *that*. I guess I'm all right on poverty. Has either of you got an apple about you, or something?"

While Augustine was still laughing, Joseph restrained his giggling sufficiently to explain that novices were not allowed to eat between meals.

"Is that so? I don't see why they're so particular. Well, if you fellows can stand it, I can too. What was I talking about when you broke in upon me, Joseph?"

"You should say 'carissime' when you speak to any of your brothers, carissime Victor," answered Joseph. "You were talking about the vows' being so easy."

"Oh, yes; now there's obedience. Why, when mamma said anything, I just went and did it. She generally used to ask me what I wanted; but that didn't matter—I always obeyed her; and I guess I can obey the young man—"

"Oh mercy!" gasped Joseph, "do you mean the novice-master?"

"That's just what I was going to say, when you were pleased to interrupt me. There's no trouble in obeying; all you've got to do is to do what you're told."

"That's a fact," assented Augustine.

"And then as for chastity, why I made a vow of chastity three years ago when I was eleven."

Here Augustine failed to contain himself. "What!"

"Yes, I did; and I'm ready to make another any time. I'd just as soon have two of 'em on me as one."

"But, carissime," continued Augustine, "you must have had an inspiration."

Victor picked up a stone, shied it at a bird on a tree near by and would have been called to order by Joseph had not Augustine plucked his sleeve.

"Inspiration? Not at all." And he looked Augustine in the eye disdainfully. "You see I was reading the life of St. Aloysius, and read that he'd made a vow, so I followed suit.

He's my patron—except when it comes to meal-times. I tried his diet, and got awful sick. I've only been sick twice in my life; and then mamma made such an awful fuss, you'd think I was dead. She was always hanging around me."

"How did you manage to go to school?" asked Augustine.

"I didn't; mamma got me a private tutor, and he used to talk Latin to me till you could see supines and infinitives sticking out all over his hair. He was a good old gentleman, though, and just crammed me with Cicero and Homer, and that Greek orator who used to raise such an agitation about Philip of Macedon."

"Demosthenes?"

"Yes; that's the man. He used to get up plays too."

"Who, Demosthenes?" inquired Augustine with a twinkle.

"No, the tutor. And, you know, I have five brothers older than I. The oldest ran away from home when he was sixteen, because mamma wouldn't let him be a soldier. That's six years ago, and we don't know what's become of him. Well, the other four are home, and they all act. Then, we used to have the servants out to fill in. And do you know the parts I used to take?"

"We couldn't even guess," said Augustine.

"I used to play the *women parts*," exclaimed Victor, his eyes flashing and his face coloring with enthusiasm. "And I was highly admired. Look at this."

He walked about mincingly, and, at the same time, changed the expression of his face with a startlingly feminine effect. Joseph gave a growl, and was thinking seriously of departing. Augustine was shaking with laughter.

"'My lord, the morning sun awaits thy presence ere he rise,'" lisped the artless youth in so perfect a falsetto that it would have deceived an expert. "Listen, my lord, to our greeting:

'In dress of buckram
And belt of blue,
With flowers on his bosom
That blossom for you—'"

While the young novice was trilling forth these lines in a clear alto, Joseph had been quietly remonstrating with his senior. Augustine seemed to be convinced.

"Hold on there, Victor; that's about as far as we can go."

"Why? What have I done?"

"Well, carissime, you know we novices don't sing secular songs. We can stand a hymn or two, of course. Suppose you tell us about your brothers."

"They're good boys, all except the oldest, who ran away; he was different. As soon as I'm real pious I'll write him a letter and convert him,—that is, if I find out where he is. When he was my age he was pious like me and wanted to be a Jesuit, and mamma wouldn't let him. Now she's very sorry, and wishes she had. I guess mamma will miss me now. She let me go all on account of my brother. Maybe she's afraid I'll run away too. You see this cross?" Victor took from his cassock pocket a small silver crucifix beautifully worked. "This belonged to my brother. Mamma says he used to kiss it ever so often, and so when I left to be a Jesuit she gave it to me and told me to be sure to have it about me."

"Who knows, carissime Victor, but that your cross may go into a far land," said Augustine gently.

"Then I go too," came the light answer.

"The novice-master," continued Augustine, "asked me to tell you before the end of this recreation that the soldiers are coming to-day."

"Pooh! I don't mind that. I'm not afraid of soldiers. My brother Angelo wanted to be a soldier. I haven't seen him for ever so long. But just wait till I get pious: I'll write Angelo a letter that will convert him. He went wrong when mamma wouldn't let him follow out his vocation. Ah! didn't she cry when I told her I wanted to come here. Why, the soldiers had been here already, and taken away all the old men—I mean, all the professed Fathers," he added, checking himself when he saw the look of horror that had come upon Joseph's face. "And when I heard that you novices and scholastics got

together and put a young Father of the fourth year of theology in as novice-master, and then went on with your peeling of potatoes and sweeping of corridors just the same as if nothing had happened, I just thought it was fine."

And here Victor's honest eyes blazed, and the roses on his cheeks spread into the purple flush of dawn, while he tossed his head proudly.

"But, carissime," resumed Augustine, "I fear you don't quite understand. The soldiers are to be here in earnest this evening; they're going to take us away."

The flush of dawn upon Victor's face faded into the pallor of a cloudless twilight.

"You're teasing me."

"Indeed, I am not. On the 20th of September the officer Castro tried to win us over. He told us that in four days the soldiers would be here to conduct us all into exile, unless we consented to throw off our cassocks and return to the world."

"Do you think he meant it?"

"There's no doubt about it, my dear young brother."

"They're mean, these soldiers. But I—I'm not afraid."

And then Victor gave a scream and a little jump, as the porter's bell pealed angrily, and a loud clear voice rang out upon the air:

"Open—in the king's name."

"Oh," almost sobbed Victor, "it's the soldiers."

"Pray, pray, carissime Victor," said Augustine. "The great trial of our lives is at hand. I have a mother, too, and I—I love her."

And the brave Augustine stifled a sob: saintly people have tender hearts.

A moment later, the community bell rang out solemnly, while the steady tramp, tramp of marching men, with the clanking of arms, indicated that soldiers were entering the court-yard.

"That bell means that all should go to the ascetory," said Joseph.

"Yes; you go ahead, carissime Joseph; I will come pres-

ently with carissimus Victor. I wish to tell him something first."

When Joseph had gone some distance, Augustine turned to Victor.

"My dear little brother," he said, his eyes soft with tenderness, "you have just left your mamma, and you're not used to our life. Aren't you a bit afraid?"

In answer to which Victor placed his head confidingly upon Augustine's bosom and broke into sobs.

"Well, now, I'll tell you what to do. You needn't go up to the ascetory. Stay here. You see that summer-house there? Go in there, and stay quietly. If the soldiers come this way you'll find a small opening below the bench. Crawl through that, and you're out on the public road."

With a kindly smile and a soft word, the elder novice turned away to meet with equal heart exile, imprisonment, or death; and as he walked bravely on he prayed fervently that the little Victor might yet make a good Jesuit.

Now, no sooner had Augustine disappeared than Victor began to take a new view of the situation. The clank of swords and the grounding of arms again rang in his ears. Ah! how gorgeous they must look, those soldiers. And besides, how were they going to treat those young Jesuits?

Pulling off his cassock, he hastened from the garden. In the court-yard, all was confusion. Soldiers were standing about talking excitedly, while the rabble of followers from the city looked on open-mouthed. In the crowd no one took notice of the unfrocked novice. Hastening into the house, he ascended the stairs to the ascetory. A squad of soldiers guarded the door, which, however, was open.

The scene within was striking. Standing each one at his desk were the novices, with eyes modestly cast down. Strange to say, but few of their faces were pale. Many a lip was moving in prayer. Forty novices! That means forty hearts animated with the highest and holiest of purposes; forty hearts burning to give themselves entirely to Christ; forty souls all beautiful with glory, for they are a chaste generation.

In the middle of the ascetory stood an officer with his back turned towards the door-way through which Victor was gazing. Standing directly in front of the novices were a young Father and three scholastics. In the exile of the professed Fathers these brave young men had discharged the offices of the absent superiors.

"We who have taken our vows in the Company of Jesus," the novice-master was saying in answer to some interrogation of the officer, "took them forever. We have no desire to look back. As for the novices, each one may answer for himself."

Then ensued a scene at once solemn and touching. Victor listened eagerly. The soldiers were so stationed at the door that he could just succeed in seeing the faces of his brother-novices. The officer and the young scholastics were screened from his view. But how he listened! These were the words:

"Young gentlemen, I crave your attention for a few moments."

Not an eye was raised; save for the lips that moved in prayer, the line of novices might have been a line of statues.

"Why don't you look at me?"

One of the novices—none other than Augustine—walked quietly over to the novice-master, and whispered in his ear.

The Father nodded assent.

"There is permission for all to look up," said Augustine.

Forty modest pairs of eyes were raised and fixed with intrepid gaze on the man of arms.

"His majesty the king," continued the officer, "wants all Jesuits to leave his dominions; but he is very anxious that you who are novices should remain. You can become priests, or go home, or do anything except remain Jesuits. Now, which do you choose? If you want to be Jesuits you must leave Portugal, your native land, forever."

No one spoke: no one moved.

"Come," continued the soldier, "how many of you wish to remain?"

No one spoke: no one moved.

The silence was intense: the very soldiers at the door held their breath.

The officer wiped his brow. Pity and grief were on his features as he looked upon these young men, many of them, as he knew, the very flower of Portugal's youth.

"Do you all intend, then, to go into exile?"

He looked at Augustine: Augustine bowed his head. The officer paused for a moment, then directed the same look of inquiry towards the next. The same sign was repeated. From one to the other he transferred his gaze, till forty heads had bowed.

Suddenly there arose a yell of triumph, shrill and clear. Victor had forgotten himself in his enthusiasm. But into that yell he had put all his courage, and before the officer could turn, our novice had clattered down the stairs for dear life, and found himself in the garden alone and trembling.

Yet frightened as he was, he still had sufficient presence of mind to find his way to the summer-house, where he hid himself beneath a rustic seat, and lay trembling like an aspen. Poor Victor! it must be confessed he was an egregious coward. The poor little fellow had all his life been aware of this failing; but, strange to say, he had gloried in it. Now, however, as he lay there in an agony of terror, he saw this trait in a new light, and he began to despise himself. His past life took on a new aspect; a thousand incidents that had caused him to flush with pride now bore down upon him in an overwhelming cataract of shame.

And indeed, for a boy, his life had been a strange one. The youngest child of the family, he had been treated more like a girl than a boy; and his ambition had been to be looked upon as a girl. Constantly with ladies, he had studied their ways, consciously at times, and often also, by a certain perversion of disposition, unconsciously. His brothers with one exception had encouraged him in his feminine manners. The one exception was Angelo, his eldest brother, who really and tenderly loved him. But once Angelo had left home, Victor met with little or no real opposition; and devoted himself to his dolls and his

dresses and his skipping-rope. His father, it is true, did not approve of his oddities. "Madam," he had once said to the mother, "it's no use educating that boy to be a nun." But beyond this remark, and an expression of dissatisfaction now and then, he had refrained from active interference save on one occasion. It may be worth while relating this incident.

Long before Victor had abandoned his frocks, and he had deferred this change to the last moment possible, he had learned the ladylike way of acting when a mouse or rat is known to be about. With a scream, and a continued succession of "oo-oo's," he would jump upon a chair, gather his skirts close about him and carry on in the orthodox way till assured that the coast was clear. Even the transition from frocks to trousers made no change in Victor's conduct on such occasions. His brothers always greeted these performances with howls of delight; but his father, after reproving him several times, resolved to cure him.

He gave Victor a sort of party, bringing together some twenty-five or thirty lads and lasses, friends of the family. During the merrymaking, Victor stepped forward to sing. He began in his really beautiful voice a pathetic ballad, and had sung but a few bars, when a strong voice rang out:

"Look out, there's a rat in the room."

There was one shriek, and the next moment a small boy of twelve was standing upon a chair, shuddering, and tilting forward to look at his feet, and shouting "shoo-oo" in tones of rarest earnestness.

Such a roar of laughter as arose! The walls rang to it. There never was a better laughing chorus, I dare say, since the days that laughing was invented. Even Victor presently began to perceive the joke. He got down one perfect rose-flush, dashed from the room, and to the sound of innumerable laugh-beats, dashed off in an extremity of tears and mortification to his —well, to his bower. This cured him of one feminine trait; but he needed at least a hundred such lessons as this.

Of course, if our little friend had been a girl, he might have

fallen into such ways without serious loss to his character. But being a boy, these things made an exotic of him. He had lain in the lilies and fed on the roses of life. His training was a monstrosity. Think of a boy flushing with pleasure when told that he was a perfect little girl. Victor recognized no higher compliment. And yet the lad had been essentially pious and devout. He had his little shrines, his little prayers, his little practices; and none of them were neglected. But even in his piety there was too much that savored of the hot-house. He knew something of prayer; but he did not know that every prayer to God that is not strengthened by self-denial rises on a broken wing. However, Victor was not a voluptuary; his life had been pure and uncontaminated, and his mind, save for the foibles of which enough has been said, a storehouse of beautiful aspirations. But his stainlessness was not of sternest stuff: the boy had never known a really strong temptation until—

Ah! it had come at last—the one great temptation of his life, and he had yielded. Coward? That was too mild a word. He had followed Christ only to desert Him. He had been a traitor. The little novice, at this point of his reflections, began to shed the most genuine tears that had ever flowed from his eyes. He was humbled to the very dust. Had all his love for our Lord come to this? Had all his aspirations ended in betrayal?

"I must pray," he muttered to himself. He issued forth from his hiding-place and gazed about. A thousand stars looked down upon him as they had looked for centuries upon many a bruised heart. The night was well advanced, for his reflections had consumed several hours. He looked towards the house; it was buried in darkness and silence. Even the breeze so blithe at sunset had become hushed.

He was alone with God.

Slowly he walked down the garden-path, and ascended the steps. Looking neither to right nor left, for he would have trembled at every shadow, he proceeded to the chapel; and as he entered the sacred precincts his heart gave a great bound of joy. Yes, though all had left, the Master was still there, for the light

was still burning before the tabernacle. His majesty the king, be it known to the reader, had graciously consented to allow *his* Master to remain, and had placed the chapel in care of a devout priest who lived hard by.

Victor knelt near the door, and, bowing his head, told his tale of sorrow and weakness and misery to Him Who is the best of all consolers. If ever a novice made a perfect act of humility it was this poor weakling. Long was the prayer that he poured forth, a prayer that was none the less fervent for the sobs and sighs that broke from his heavy heart.

But for all his praying Victor could not feel that he was any the braver; and he repeated, again and again, the self-same words: "O dear Lord, I am a coward and I can't, I *can't* be brave."

Gradually his sighs died away, and, exhausted by the conflict of emotions, the poor boy fell asleep.

. . . . . .

Was this a vision? Was it a dream, or a reality? Victor was standing half-way up a steep, rough hill. He was gazing down upon one who was climbing it, slowly, laboriously. No need to inquire who it was. There was a crown of thorns upon his head, drops of blood stood upon the calm brow, while intense suffering had marked without contorting the sublimely gentle countenance. His feet were bare, and as he dragged his heavy cross up the steep ascent, each footprint left a bloody trace.

Victor fell upon his knees. Then that mild face, ineffably sweet for all the pain and agony and sadness that marked it, was turned upon Victor, and those sweet eyes that shone with a love which cannot be imagined rested in gracious pity upon the kneeling boy. Victor sprang to his feet, and rushing to the burdened Master, took the cross and placed it upon his own shoulders. Ah! such a weight. He staggered, and an intense pain penetrated his whole being. His feet gave way, he fell upon his knees, while that cross bore him down, down, down, as though the weight of all the universe were crushing him. Then Victor reached forth a hand of agony, and the Master caught it in a gentle clasp; and forthwith the cross felt less heavy. Victor

tightened his grasp upon the sacred hand, and while the cross grew lighter each moment, his own forces grew stronger. Presently, he was upon his feet and staggering feebly but with determination up the steep ascent. What though his feet bled; what though a crown of thorns formed about his head, and pressed it till the blood came dripping down his face; what though pain possessed his very being;—was he not holding the hand of Jesus?

His eyes were growing dim; his heart was beating furiously; his ears were losing their keenness in a whirl of ringing noises: but he held the hand of Jesus. One step more, and the summit would be gained! One step—he took it, and the dear hand was gone! Darkness had set in, and Victor lost consciousness.

When he came to he was clasping the tabernacle. It was dawn, and the birds without were carolling in the ecstatic joy of early morn. Reverently Victor released his hold, moved to a retired corner of the chapel, and prayed with all the fervor of a changed heart.

Ah! happy boy! he had made a long novitiate, for he had *seen Jesus.* The *Spiritual Exercises* which novices spend thirty-one days in making are all directed to their *seeing Christ—videre Christum.* The Saviour in His ineffable love had brought our little Victor by the shortest of ways to the sight of that most blessed of visions.

The sun had not yet risen when the little novice set forth down the street of the town, robed in his cassock and with his crucifix in his hand. It was not yet too late. He would join his brave brethren in exile, in pain, in poverty, in privation, in death. He had seen Jesus.

A kind lady called to him as he passed her house; she begged him to stay; she told him that many of the soldiers had been drinking all that night, and that were he to come upon some of them he would be murdered. He said a few gentle words of thanks and moved on. He had seen Jesus.

Profane songs and profaner words broke upon his ear as he passed an inn; he took no heed. But a few moments afterwards

a crowd of soldiers flushed with drink came staggering forth, some singing, some swearing, some shouting out "Down with the Jesuits!"

One of them chanced to see the novice.

"Look! look!" he cried.

There was a yell, a roar, a chorus of execrations, and the tramping of hurried feet.

"Hold on, you brat," shouted the foremost as he came within ear-shot of Victor.

Victor turned, and gazed upon them with unquailing eye.

"Say 'Down with the Jesuits'!" continued the same man, catching Victor by the neck.

"God bless the Jes—"

Before he could finish his prayer, he was down, and twelve or thirteen men were beating him madly and trampling with spurred boots upon his prostrate form.

It was a horrible sight, those flushed, brutalized faces, so devilish in their savage anger.

"Look out!" cried a soldier standing on the outskirts. "Look out! here comes the Captain!"

But no attention was paid him, till a man clad in uniform, hatless, and out of breath, came dashing in among them, and sent two of them to the earth with either arm. It was the officer who had interrogated the novice-master the night before.

"You cowards!" he fumed. "Go to your quarters. Why! it's a mere boy. Oh!"—he ground his teeth—"some one shall pay for this."

Kneeling upon one knee beside the boy, who lay upon his back, he turned the bleeding body face upward. Then such a groan as broke from his bosom.

"My God! O my God! My little brother! Victor!"

Victor opened his eyes.

"I'm so glad you came back; kiss me, my Angelo."

He closed his eyes again, while Angelo bent down and covered the calm, sweet face with kisses.

"Angelo, this is your crucifix." Victor, amidst all the

blows, had held it tight to his heart. "Take it, dear Angelo; I have no further need of it."

The officer could not speak.

"Angelo, give my dearest love to mamma."

Angelo bowed assent.

"And, Angelo, listen: tell what I now say to the novice-master:—Oh my God, I vow poverty, chastity and obedience in the Society of Jesus."

Then the eyes closed; and they never opened again. He had seen Jesus.

THE EPISCOPAL JUBILEE OF LEO XIII.

T is a consolation for us in the midst of our sorrows to see that, thanks to your pious pilgrimage, our Episcopal Jubilee will be, in a manner, inaugurated under the auspices of the Sacred Heart of Jesus." Thus did our Holy Father Leo XIII. address the Ladies of the Sacred Heart who, with their pupils to the number of 500 from Italy, France, Belgium and England, went in pilgrimage to Rome and were received in special audience at the Vatican, on November 10, 1892. "By your vocation and by your religious profession," continued the Holy Father, "you are especially devoted to this Divine Heart, the source and the symbol of charity and love, of that Christian charity which unites the faithful of every land and forms them into one family whose head is the Vicar of Christ."

Of this family, united in the Heart of Jesus, all the Associates of the League are members; they will then all rejoice at this beginning of the Jubilee celebration, which will be for all of them a family feast. They will be glad to learn that the Episcopal Jubilee will be the occasion of new manifestations of devotion to the Holy See on the part of Catholics and of homage to Leo XIII. on the part of peoples and rulers many of whom are

not of his fold. The magnificent gift of 50,000 francs ($10,000) offered as Peter's Pence by the Ladies of the Sacred Heart for themselves and for their pupils has been emulated by gifts already received from the Queen of Spain, who is, as our readers will remember, a Promoter of the League, from the Emperor of Austria, the Kings of Belgium and Portugal, the Czar of Russia and the Sultan of Turkey. A Jubilee gift which His Holiness desires very much to see completed is the new church dedicated to his patron, St. Joachim, and to be presented to him on the fiftieth anniversary of his consecration as bishop.

We are informed by those in charge of this work that the Holy Father himself suggested the building of this church two years ago to provide for the needs of poor Catholics who are living in the new quarters of the city. The work was begun in July 1891, and the crypt or lower church completed and solemnly blessed by the Cardinal-Vicar on the 19th of August, 1892. The main-altar was consecrated on the following day and the crypt opened to the faithful on the feast of St. Joachim, August 21. Before this date a temporary chapel had been used, and in this chapel the Month of the Sacred Heart was kept with devotional exercises each day and closed with a triduum for the Promoters of the Apostleship of Prayer.

No gift to the Chief Pastor of the faithful could be more fitting than this church edifice, and no means of erecting it could be more proper than to depend upon the contributions of Catholics in every part of the world. *You are a spiritual house,* St. Peter told the early Christians, after bidding them come to Jesus Christ, the living rock, and be as living stones built up into a spiritual house, to offer up sacrifices acceptable to God by Jesus Christ. What can be more united than the foundation and the stones of an edifice? And when the stones are *living* stones, that is, cut or quarried from the native rock, what can be more durable than the structure which they make? Now, we form a spiritual house, of which the successor of St. Peter is the foundation stone. Like him we are living stones, hewn from Christ, the corner-stone, Whom God hath chosen and made honorable.

In this temple, therefore, which the Catholic world will erect as a memorial of the great deeds of Leo XIII. we shall have a new symbol of the unity which must always exist between the Pope and ourselves.

It has been decided to make the new St. Joachim's Temple the Centre of the International Adoration of Reparation which was begun in 1883 and is now established in 400 dioceses throughout the world.

The Holy Father has granted the following Indulgences for his Episcopal Jubilee:

1. A Plenary Indulgence to the pilgrims who shall go to Rome; 2. A Plenary Indulgence to be gained on February 19, or on some other day to be determined by each bishop for his own diocese, by all the faithful who shall unite in spirit with the pilgrims, provided that they join in a Novena, reciting the third part of the Rosary, i.e., five decades, on each of the nine days; 3. A Plenary Indulgence to all who shall take part in the Spiritual Exercises and Missions to be given during the year 1893; provided that having confessed and communicated they shall pray according to the mind of the Holy Father; 4. A Partial Indulgence of 300 days for each day of the Novena, Spiritual Exercises and Missions. All these Indulgences are applicable to the souls in Purgatory and they may be gained in any part of the world by those who cannot go to Rome.

This list is published by the Central Executive Committee of the Jubilee at whose head is the Cardinal-Vicar.

In accordance with the programme prepared by this committee the official celebration of the Jubilee was solemnly inaugurated by the triduum given by Father Cajetan Zocchi, S.J. in the Gesù at Rome. This triduum preceded the annual service of prayer and thanksgiving for which the Gesù is famous. On December 31, each year, the psalm *Miserere* is sung in atonement for the sins, and the *Te Deum* in thanksgiving for the blessings of the closing year. Before the Piedmontese invasion the Pope presided in person at this solemn act of reparation and thanksgiving. Since the Pontiff's imprisonment in the Vatican, one of the Cardinals has presided in his name.

On the feast of the Epiphany, Children's Day in Rome, the Holy Father received the children of Catholic families who with their parents presented to him their homage and the gifts of their innocent hearts.

During the first part of this month, February, 1893, the Irish pilgrimage is expected in Rome; the English pilgrimage will arrive on February 17, the German pilgrimage in Easter week, the Spanish, Belgian and Alsatian, with the French pilgrimages of penance, are due in April. Pilgrimages from the Argentine Republic, Paraguay and Mexico are announced. The Mexican pilgrims will number 500 and besides other gifts will present Mexican marble for the new Church of St. Joachim.

Sunday, February 19, will be the day of the Golden Jubilee, for on that day fifty years ago Joachim Pecci was consecrated Bishop. As this day coincides with the General Communion day in many Local Centres of the League, it will be an easy matter for Directors and Promoters to have a largely increased number of Communions offered for our Holy Father. This will be a Jubilee gift very pleasing to our Supreme Pontiff, for he tells us himself, in his Rosary Encyclical for October, 1892, that what he desires from the pious zeal and affection of his children are thanksgivings to God and fervent prayers rather than congratulation and praise, and that he will be happy if they obtain for him that whatever remains to him of strength and of life may be devoted to the reclaiming of those who have wandered away from the fold of Christ.

THE tercentenary of the formal establishment of the Forty Hours' Prayer was celebrated with great splendor in the Church of St. Claude of the Blessed Sacrament, Rome, on November 25, 1892. Three hundred years ago, the Sovereign Pontiff Clement VIII. by the Bull *Graves et diuturnæ*, dated November 25, 1592, established the Perpetual Adoration and ordained that in each church in Rome, in turn, the Blessed Sacrament should be exposed during forty hours.

IN QUARANT'ORE.

By M. H. L.

LEAVING all Thy state above—
Bearing with Thee only—love,
Still Thou comest down from Heaven,
Unto sin-sick souls art given—
Lord of earth and sea and sky—
Hearest Thou the souls that cry
In Quarant'ore?

Borne aloft Thou passest by
But I dare not lift mine eye,
Lest Thy glory I should see.
Only shed Thy love on me
Like the flowers before Thee strown
Make my bruised heart Thine own
In Quarant'ore!

Visions of the faithful dead,
Of the living clothed and fed—
Trembling limbs that stumbled on
Rocky ways when strength was gone,
Lips that any crust sufficed,
Hearts that broke for love of Christ
In Quarant'ore;

Songs the sinless angels sing,
Prayer and praise the ransomed bring,
Prophet's glory—martyrs crowned,
Hosts triumphant that surround
Thee in Heaven—this and more
Floods my heart when I adore
In Quarant'ore.

THE ICONOGRAPHY OF THE APOSTLES.

By Caryl Coleman.

XI.

St. Matthew.

Apostle, Evangelist and Martyr, A.D. 90.

Latin, Sanctus Matthæus.
French, Saint Matthieu.
Italian, San Matteo.
Greek, Agios Maththaios.
German, der heilige Matthäus.
Spanish, San Matias.

FEAST: September 21. In the Greek and Russian churches the feast is held on the 16th of November; in the Coptic and Ethiopic on October 9th.

Patronage: Money-changers and tax-gatherers.

Life: The attention of every careful reader of the Gospel according to St. Matthew is spontaneously attracted to three points, two relating to the Evangelist himself, and the third to the form of the sacred narrative.

It is evident from his Gospel that St. Matthew was well versed in the Jewish Scriptures; his mind however seems to have rested particularly upon and retained all those passages which predicted the advent of the Messiah and the glories of the Kingdom of Christ the Son of David. He opens his Gospel with the genealogy of our Blessed Lord, bringing it down to the conception of the Christ-child by the Holy Ghost; he therein relates the doubt and vision of St. Joseph; and finally he tells us *all this was done that it might be fulfilled which the Lord spoke by the Prophet;*[1] upon that he quotes the words of Isaias: *Behold a virgin shall be with child and bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel,*[2] *which being interpreted,* he says, is *God with us.*

In the second chapter he gives the history of the birth of Jesus at Bethlehem, and then by the words the chief-priests and scribes addressed to Herod points out that this had been foretold

[1] Matt. i. 22.
[2] Isai. vii. 14.

by the Prophet Micheas ;[3] passing on to the flight into Egypt, he says, in this were the words of the Lord spoken by the Prophet Osee fulfilled : *Out of Egypt have I called my son ;*[4] he also shows that the massacre of the Innocents is but the realization of a prophecy made by Jeremias ;[5] that the sojourn at Nazareth was in order to fulfil the words of the prophets : "*That he shall be called a Nazarite,*"[6] and that the preaching of St. John the Baptist had been described ages before ;[7] and so he continues to the end of the

ST. MATTHEW.
(From fresco by Pinturicchio, 1454–1513.)

Gospel. He first gives the fact and then a quotation from the Jewish Scriptures in which it is foretold, showing that "prophecy," as St. Augustine says, "is the Gospel veiled as the Gospel is prophecy unveiled."

This knowledge of the prophecies was of peculiar value to the Saint, as by it he was able to prove to the Jews for whom he

[3] Mich. v. 2. [4] Osee, xi. 1. [5] Jer. xxxi. 15. [6] Matt. ii. 23. [7] Isa. xi. 3.

wrote[8] that Jesus of Nazareth was the Christ, "the Anointed one sent from God to be a Saviour, a Redeemer, a Pacifier of God's wrath, a Mediator between God and man, a Satisfier for the sins and offences of the world, a Restorer of our innocency lost in Paradise, a Master, an Instructor, a Law-giver, and, finally, a spiritual and eternal King, that should sit and rule, and reign in our hearts, to conquer the power and tyranny of Satan, that overcame our first parents, and assaileth us daily."

This method of proving the divinity and mission of our Blessed Lord was followed to some extent by the other Evangelists, and subsequently by many Christian apologists, notably by Robert Parsons, S.J., in his invaluable *Christian Directory*.[9] Besides the knowledge St. Matthew had of the Old Testament, the other point relating to himself and shadowed in his writings, is that, he was a man of generous disposition, open-handed and grateful. This is exhibited in his action after his vocation was made known to him by the words of the Redeemer: *Follow me.* His first thought was one of thanksgiving, which he made manifest by opening his house to his friends and the friends of Jesus of Nazareth, to celebrate, as it were, his call to the discipleship. He made *a great feast in his own house, and there was a great company of publicans, and others,*[10] *even sinners came, and sat down with Jesus.*[11]

The Pharisees were scandalized. The heart of Matthew was filled with love of Jesus; he already recognized that he was not called to be useful to himself alone, but rather to others; he was moved by his gratitude to bring the love of Jesus to his friends; he wished publicans like himself, and those who were worse yet in the eyes of the sanctimonious Jews, the sinner, the dissolute and the outcast, to meet the Lord Christ, that they might hear His words of hope, that they might be drawn by His kindness, by His compassion to follow Him as Matthew had done. His

[8] St. Matthew was the first to write an account of our Lord's life. He wrote his Gospel in Hebrew or Syro-Chaldaic about six years after the Ascension.

[9] This work was written for the use of English-speaking people in the days of persecution, *circa* 1580.

[10] Luke, v. 29–39. [11] Matt., ix. 10.

ST. MATTHEW.
(Il Caravaggio, 1569–1609.)

love told him that *Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.* The love of Jesus is ever the motive power of truth, and truth is always endowed with a force so strong that it causes one who accepts it to propagate it, to carry it to others.

Matthew gathered about the festive-board the sick of soul, that they might be healed, for the physician was there in the person of the chief Guest, at Whose feet to lie is to stand above the world, Whose love will make us alive though we were dead. Third point that the reader of St. Matthew's Gospel cannot help but notice is, the Evangelist pays very little attention to the sequence of events, often grouping under one head occurrences, parables and sayings of our Lord, which took place at different times and in divers places, as if he desired to bring all the light he could and cast it upon the authoritative character of the mission of Christ. For this reason he dwells continually upon our Lord's regal dignity, that He was David's son and heir, that in Him all the promises were fulfilled, that He was the builder of the true temple, the Church, the everlasting kingdom: *I will establish the throne of His kingdom for ever,* "The throne of the Fisherman built by the Carpenter's Son."

In selecting and calling Matthew to be one of His disciples our Blessed Lord must have given great offence to the Jews, as the occupation of the future Evangelist was most odious in their eyes. The office of a publican or tax-gatherer was looked upon as so vile that only Jews of the lowest classes would accept the position, and those holding it were held to be very little better than thieves, and were shunned by all self-respecting Jews. All this was of little moment in the eyes of the Master. He saw that the soul of this publican was ready to receive the seeds of truth, to become a witness to the power of grace over the weakness of human nature, over the strength of sin. God alone can read the secrets of a soul. Man must not and cannot judge his fellow-man, because he cannot read even one page of this inner life. Just as each man stands in a relation to God which is peculiar to himself and shared with no other man, so stood Levi the publican, a toll-taker on the banks of Genesareth.

Our Divine Lord after curing a paralytic in Capharnaum left the town, making His way to the sea-side, *and all the multitude came to Him, and He taught them. And when He was passing by, He saw Levi the son of Alpheus sitting at the receipt of custom, and He saith to him, Follow Me. And rising up he followed Him.*[12]

EMBLEM OF ST. MATTHEW.
(Donatello.)

The rich man, the holder of a most lucrative office, was just as ready to embrace the will of God as the poor and simple fisherman of the Lake of Tiberias. He never stopped to count the cost; the words of Jesus pierced his soul, his conversion was instantaneous, his hand was on the plow, he never looked back

[12] Mark, ii. 13–14.

but persevered to the end. He received a new name, Matthew, meaning Gift of God, a name he loved and called himself in his Gospel.[13]

After his conversion and election to the Apostleship he continued with the rest of the Apostles until the coming of the Holy Ghost; he then preached for a number of years in Judea; but, at last, he turned his attention to other nations, first however writing his Gospel; which he left with his Hebrew converts.[14] Passing into Ethiopia[15] he gathered a great harvest of souls, and at the end gave up his life for Christ. His relics were brought into the West at an early date, and placed in the church at Salerno, where they are still to be found. The only authentic detail we have of the Saint's later life is that "he never ate meats, but partook only of beans, fruits and herbs."[16]

APPEARANCE: St. Matthew is generally represented as an old man with gray beard, and, sometimes, with bald head.

COSTUME: When portrayed as Levi the publican, he is dressed in a Roman costume; as an Apostle, in a white tunic and cloak or a red cloak, sometimes, with sandals on his feet, often barefooted; and at his martyrdom, in sacerdotal robes. His nimbus is of gold.

EMBLEMS: This Saint like his fellow-Evangelist St. John, has two sets of emblems, one pertaining to his apostleship, and the other relating to his evangelical office. The first includes a money-bag or box, in allusion to his vocation previous to his call, and a short sword or halbert, the instrument of his passion. The second set exceeds the first in number and consists of a book or roll, a book and ink-horn, the river Gihon, an open book, a winged man, a winged man holding an inkstand, and a mythical creature with the face of a man. The first four emblems in this last set symbolize the Gospel of St. Matthew, the remainder are symbolic emblems and typify one of the four living creatures seen by Ezekiel[17] and St. John.[18] St. Matthew is given the creature

[13] Matt., ix. 9, x. 3.

[14] Eusebius, Eccl. Hist., B. III., C. 24; B. VI., C. 25.

[15] Socrates, Eccl. Hist., I. 9.

[16] Clement of Alex., Stromata, III. 4.

[17] Ezec., i. 5–15.

[18] Apoc., iv. 6.

FEAST IN THE HOUSE OF ST. MATTHEW.
(Veronese, 1528-1588.)

"And the Scribes and Pharisees, seeing that He did eat with the publicans and sinners, murmured, saying to His disciples: Why doth your Master eat and drink with publicans and sinners?

"And Jesus, hearing this, answering, saith to them: They that are well have no need of a physician, but they that are sick. Go, then, and learn what this meaneth: I will have mercy and not sacrifice. For I am not come to call the just but sinners to penance."

Harmony, No. 45, The Life of Jesus Christ, by A. J. Maas, S.J.

in human likeness or the winged-man, the symbol of the Incarnation, as his emblem, because he begins his Gospel with the human generation of the Redeemer.

Adam of Saint Victor set forth in his hymn "Jucundare, plebs fidelis" the connection between the two visions and their prefiguring the four evangelists:

"Children of a Heavenly Father,
Faithful people, joy, the rather
That the Prophet's lore ye gather,
From Ezechiel's Vision draw.
John that Prophet's witness sharing,
In the Apocalypse declaring,
'This I write, true record bearing
Of the things I truly saw.'

Round the Throne, 'midst Angel natures,
Stand four holy Living Creatures,
Whose diversity of features
Maketh good the Seer's plan:
This an Eagle's visage knoweth:
That a Lion's image showeth:
Scripture on the rest bestoweth
The twin forms of Ox and Man.

The poet goes on to say that

"These are they, the symbols mystic
Of the forms Evangelistic—

And that—

"Matthew's form the man supplieth,
For that thus he testifieth
Of the Lord, that none denieth
Him to spring from man He made.

The arms of the Evangelist are *gules*, a money-bag *Or*. The red Trumpet Honeysuckle is the Saint's floral emblem.

SYMBOLIC TYPES: The following passage from the Holy Scriptures: *She will communicate to me of her good things, and will be a comfort in my cares and grief*, written by King Solomon in praise of wisdom, which is a type of the Church, is used in Christian art as an anti-type of the IX. article of the Apostles'

Creed: the *Holy Catholic Church, the communion of Saints,* the one contributed by St. Matthew; and hence King Solomon is used as a type of the Evangelist. In the foundation of the wall of the Heavenly City the name of Matthew is written on chrysolite, and upon the same stone in the breastplate of the High Priest of the Old Law is inscribed the name of Ephraim; consequently, symbolically they are interchangeable. Moreover, the symbolic meaning of the stone is most appropriate to the character of the

FEAST IN THE HOUSE OF ST. MATTHEW.
(Central Group by Veronese.)

Saint, as it signifies the wise and charitable, who impart to others that which they possess themselves—

> "Its mystic hues the life reflect
> Of men with perfect wisdom decked,
> Who shine in this dark world like gold,
> Through that blest Spirit Sevenfold."

In the Middle Ages the IX. article of the Creed was often understood to mean not only the *Communion of Saints,* in fact, but also the communion of all those things by which saints are

made and sanctified, more particularly the Holy Eucharist, through sacramental Communion. Hence we find in one of the old Chester Plays or Mysteries, St. Matthew, when speaking of this article using the following words:

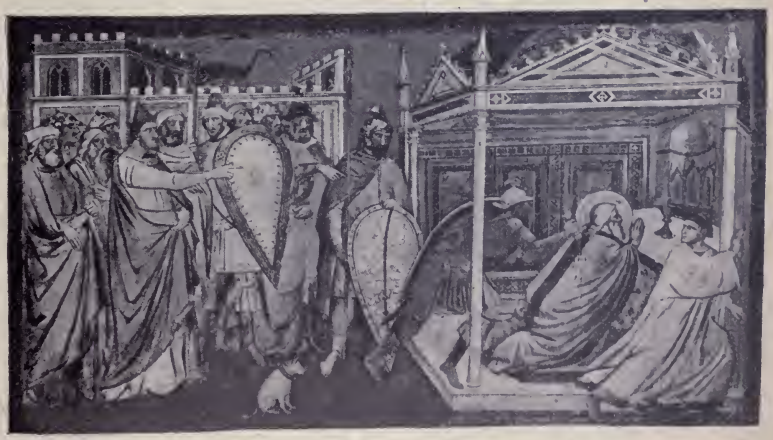
> "And I believe, through Godes grace,
> Such beliefe as Holye Church has,
> That Godes bodye graunted us was
> To use in forme of Bredde."

REPRESENTATION: 1. In company with the other Apostles. 2. His call to be a follower of our Divine Lord. This scene has been painted a number of times. One of the best pictures of the subject is by Caravaggio in the Chapel of St. Matthew, in the Church of St. Luigi de' Francese at Rome, where there are two other pictures from the life of the Evangelist by the same artist: Matthew writing his Gospel, with his attendant symbolic-emblem, under the form of a winged human-creature, in the act of dictating: the other picture is the martyrdom of the Saint. 3. The feast in the house of Levi inspired Paolo Veronese to paint one of the masterpieces of the world. This great work is now in the Academia della Belle Arti at Venice, but was painted for the refectory of the Convent of Sts. John and Paul. 4. Incidents from the legendary life, except the martyrdom, have been very seldom painted. The story is that the king of the country where Matthew was preaching desired to marry a Christian virgin of the name of Iphigenia, who was consecrated to God, and at the time presided over a company of more than two hundred virgins. To this the Evangelist would not consent, and told King Hyrtacus that he would incur the divine wrath if he presumed to make this woman his wife. This only roused the king's wrath. He at once sent a soldier to take the Saint's life. The soldier found Matthew at the altar where he had just consecrated the Lord's Body, and was praying with uplifted hands. The assassin stabbed the Saint in the back, and thus made him a martyr.[19]

The Gospel of St. Matthew, written originally in Hebrew,

[19] Ordericus Vitalis, B. II., C. 10.

i.e., the Syro-Chaldaic or Western Aramaic, has been so well done into Greek, that many hold St. Matthew himself was the translator. In A.D. 200 Pantaenus of Alexandria, it is said, found the original text of this Gospel in India, whither St. Thomas had brought it. St. Jerome found the same among the sectarian Nazareans, though with them it had been corrupted in many passages. It was written, according to the older authorities, about nine years after the Ascension of our Lord. Recent writers claim that St. Peter and St. Paul were in Rome when it was written, and think that its date falls between the years 60 and 66. Some remark that its author's business traits are noticeable in the order with which the narrative proceeds. Certain it is, that most harmonizers of the Gospel narratives have found it orderly enough to make it the basis of their chronology in determining the sequence of the different facts related in all four Gospels. It would be unfair to the first Evangelist to see no more than a sequence of facts in his Gospel; the logical sequence, by which he proves from his facts the divinity of Christ, is manifest on every page, as clearly as the spirit of faith in which, under heaven's inspiration, he set down both facts and conclusions.



MARTYRDOM OF ST. MATTHEW.
(Gerini, -1401 (?).)

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF BLESSED MARGARET MARY.

V. Divine Communications.

IF friends of the Heart of Jesus look forward with so much pleasure to the First Fridays as days of renewed union with our Lord in the Holy Eucharist, with what great pleasure must the Blessed Nun of Paray have looked forward to those days especially during that period of her life, when to the joys of Holy Communion on the First Fridays was superadded a vision of her Master and a mystic union with Him, in which, to use her own words, "I found myself absorbed in this divine presence so intensely that I forgot myself and the place I was in, abandoning myself to this divine Spirit, and yielding my heart over to the attraction of His love."[1]

This, the first of our Lord's extraordinary communications with His servant, was repeated every First Friday for many months, and "the Sacred Heart of Jesus was represented as a sun, burning brightly, its rays shining upon her own heart so directly that it seemed likely to burn to ashes."[2] It was during these moments particularly that her divine Master made known what He wanted from her, and disclosed to her the secrets of His Heart.

In choosing the communications of our Lord with the Blessed Margaret for our present study, we prefer not to distinguish between the formal apparitions of Christ to His servant and the manifestations He made of His merciful designs for men. Although the two things are very distinct, so distinct that one could be without the other, still, in point of fact, our Lord never appeared to her without manifesting some wish of His Heart; and, besides, to raise any question about one is to raise a question about the other; it is merely a matter of perceiving the one being

[1] Life, by her contemporaries, Vol. I., p. 105 (Ed. 1876).
[2] Ibid., p. 106.

by different faculties, by faculties which correspond to sight and hearing.

We cannot, however, fail to notice a broad distinction between the communications with which the Blessed Margaret was favored in her early days and those which she received during her religious life. It is based upon a difference in kind, not merely of degree. Long before she had embraced the religious state, almost from her First Communion, and even for a while after she had made her vows, to use her own words in every instance, "He made Himself present to my soul . . . my soul was so penetrated that it seemed to see Him always under the image of a Crucifix, or of the *Ecce Homo*, or bearing His Cross."[3] During that spell of vain self-seeking of which she accuses herself, "When at night I would put off my ornaments, He presented Himself to me as when He was scourged at the pillar, all disfigured, and He reproached my vanities."[4]

These would seem to have been special communications on the part of our Lord, and, no doubt, they were very special, just as those interior words which she used to hear were special communications of His, as when, in answer to her prayer for a good director, she heard Him say: "Am I not enough for you?"—or, again, in answer of her surprise that her sins should not have repelled Him: "It is because I want to make you a compound of My love and mercies"; or, "because I have chosen you for My spouse." Indeed Margaret Mary implicitly distinguishes between them and her ordinary prayers and spiritual intercourse with God. They are rare: her prayer was continual. They come as the fruit of prayer; but prayer frequently goes on uninterrupted days and even nights without them. Although she wrote: "He kept me faithful company," and, "nothing could interrupt our company"; still the special words which He may have spoken are few and far between.

Howsoever special such communications may be considered, it is not too bold to affirm that, if faithful to God's grace, we might all be favored by similar favors of His mercy. The only

[3] Ibid., p. 43. [4] Ibid., pp. 47, 51.

reason why we do not see more of Christ or hear Him more distinctly is that we do not strain the eye of our soul nor listen intently enough to detect His presence and hear His sacred voice. It may not be a strict interpretation of Margaret Mary's advice, but when she tells us so often, that we are too much engaged with earthly things to see or hear much of God, she would seem to mean that if we could leave aside earthly things as much as saintly souls do, we should see and hear divine things so distinctly that we should have to describe our perceptions as so many visions.

Yet vivid as these perceptions would be, they would not be visions in the true sense of the word, because they would reach only the things of God, not God Himself. By them His truths would grow clearer, His mysteries more credible, His providence more acceptable; but His face would still be veiled, the whisperings of His voice still inaudible, and the nearness of His sensible presence still imperceptible. Blessed Margaret Mary was blessed with a new order of divine communications, when "He made me rest for some time, like the Apostle at the Supper, on His divine Heart, whilst He made known to me the marvels of His love." That these communications were entirely distinct from all former communications from her Master would appear from the fact that they make known mysteries of His mercy which had not been told her before, and that *for the first time* they are given to her with so much assurance of their reality as to leave no room for doubt or for possible self-deceit in accepting them as extraordinary communications from our Lord in some way sensibly present.[5]

"In some way sensibly present" is a phrase of our own, never used by Margaret Mary herself. So far as words permit, she always describes the exact way in which Christ was present. So far as words permit, it should be noticed; because if words are never adequate to reproduce even our ordinary experiences, everyday scenes and events, or our commonplace states of soul and body, how can they describe satisfactorily the miraculous conduct

[5] Ibid., p. 105.

and condition of a soul admitted to a special communion with Christ, no longer visible to mortal eye, but reigning in ineffable glory by the throne of His Father? Curiosity is active when we hear of apparitions, visions and divine manifestations; and the pity is that it prompts us to ask how they may have happened, instead of asking devoutly what happened, who appeared, what was said or disclosed. The great seers of divine sights and secrets never attempt to ask or explain how the vision may have been brought about, what divine intervention was needed, what medium, angelic or human, was employed. Like the great St. Paul, they seem to meet all such curious questionings with the peremptory, *in the body or out of the body, I know not how:* and yet never can human genius describe either facts or states of soul as clearly or as vividly as those who have seen what they declare in the light of God's own countenance.

There is a startling reality about the communications of our Lord to the Blessed Margaret Mary, which seems due to their strict conformity with the ordinary and extraordinary appearances and messages of our Lord when upon earth. To leave aside the earlier communications, when He appeared to her as the Ecce Homo, the Christ crucified, the Victim at the pillar, speaking such words as He must have spoken when privately discoursing with His disciples and the holy women, that First Friday communication, so often repeated, when the Blessed Margaret was permitted like St. John to recline upon His Breast, appeals to us all the more strongly, because St. John had actually been favored with such familiarity. Still more striking is her account of His appearance when, before the Blessed Sacrament, in a state of unusual control over her senses and faculties, "Jesus Christ, my good Master, presented Himself to me, brilliant with glory, His five Wounds shining like so many suns. From every part of His sacred humanity issued flames, but chiefly from His Sacred Breast, which was like a burning fire. In His Open Breast, He let me see His divine Heart, the living source of these flames."

How unerringly this description points back to the Transfiguration on the mountain top, when the Body of Christ was so

bright that the light shining through His garments made them white like snow or fuller's earth. The Wounds were not yet opened on Mount Thabor; but they were visible after the Resurrection. Is it too bold to think that when the Apostles gazed on their King's beauty they may have been permitted to behold the brilliancy of His Body, the crystal brilliancy first manifested on Thabor, and the Heart, now visible through the opened side of Christ, as the source of all this brightness and beauty?

If the suggestion sounds bold at first hearing, let us read more of the apparitions of our Lord to His Blessed Servant Margaret, and the reading will embolden us even so far as to make us expect more of His ordinary divine communications with our own souls. What can embolden us more, or, to speak with all reverence, inspire us with more confidence in asking our Lord to *speak for Thy servant heareth*, than to reflect that the manifestations He made to Margaret Mary are the cause of the intimate union of souls with His divine Heart, chiefly in the Blessed Sacrament, but also, as a consequence, in the prayers and devotions, public and private, which the faithful throughout the world now offer on the First Fridays? To prove the reality of His apparitions to the Blessed Nun of Paray, we need point to no other fact than this. No imaginary vision could ever have given such an impulse to the faith and love of men in an age of religious indifference and coldness.

PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS.

DURING the months of December, 1892, and January, 1893, 810 Promoters have received with due solemnity their Diplomas and Crosses. 60 Local Centres, in 28 different dioceses, have held these Receptions, the number received in each Centre varying from 1 to 110. The highest number was that of the Centre in the Church of the Annunciation, Philadelphia, whose Local Director has already established three very active Centres.

NOTES FROM THE HEAD CENTRES.

HOLLAND—Gratifying reports reach us of the work of the Associates in Holland. Not to mention numerous other practices of devotion, in a single church—that of the Franciscan Fathers at Maestricht—as many as 1,500 persons make the Communion of Reparation. The library of the Sacred Heart belonging to the same church contains nearly 3,500 volumes. Many of the women Promoters in Holland distinguish themselves by the part they take in works of zeal, such, for instance, as the supplying of poor churches with altar linen and other necessaries, and relieving the wants of the poor. Persons ashamed to solicit aid are visited in their own houses by the Promoters, who look after their wants, and, when possible, procure them employment.

ENGLAND—The English Centre of the League numbers upwards of 547,900 Associates, headed by 6,000 Promoters. The English *Messenger* has 25,000 subscribers. It is received every month on board of 121 vessels in the British navy, and is much relished by the Catholic sailors. It is also read by the inmates of six hospitals. It is certainly an encouraging sign that men before the mast are found to be interested in anything that is professedly religious.

FRANCE—One cannot help admiring the practical character of the campaign carried on by the French *Messenger* and other Catholic journals in France against the impious legislation of the past fifteen years, especially that relating to the schools. We have seen how practical are the means taken by the Director General and other leaders in the movement to turn the scales in favor of Christian education at the next election. The French *Messenger* for January makes an earnest appeal for prayers, rightly judging that whatever other means are employed they must all derive their efficacy from prayer. The different classes and conditions of men are appealed to, each in its turn, the poor, the sick, workmen, soldiers, heads of families, and even children.

The passage in which the prayers of children are solicited is well worth translating:

"We remember," says the editor, "a year of great drought in Spain. Up to the middle of April there was not a drop of rain, and all hopes of a harvest were well nigh extinguished. Public prayers were prescribed, and every day processions marched through the village, chanting the Litany of the Saints. The processions, as they moved forward, were surrounded by troops of little children. . . . Once in a while, at a given signal, the children would mass themselves into a single group, and at a second signal they would cry out with a most touching expression of anguish, '*Lluvia, lluvia!*'—'Rain, rain!' The rain was not long coming. And so, in our own case, we cannot exact long prayers of our children, but from time to time, by way of a sort of refrain, we can have them cry out to Jesus and Mary: 'We want God, we want God!'" These last words bear allusion to the attempt made to deprive them of God by banishing Him from the schools, and they give us some idea of the death-struggle that is going on between religion and its sworn enemies, the masonic sects. The French *Messenger*, "in order to satisfy the piety of those who like formulated prayers in which the grace desired is expressly mentioned," has issued a form of prayer to be recited for "*success, as regards Catholic interests, of the election of 1893.*"

The members of a medical association recently made a pilgrimage to Montmartre. The Society was established in 1255 by St. Louis and was not dissolved until the close of the 18th century. In 1884 it was revived by twelve doctors who met and adopted its ancient laws. During the past eight years its membership has increased to 700. Every year these truly Christian doctors meet before this shrine of their patron St. Luke, and each year the gathering grows in numbers. After describing the doctor's true dignity at the celebration this year, R. P. Milon bade his hearers to strive to merit the eulogy passed on their patron, *the most amiable doctor Luke*, so that they might become very dear to men and very dear to the Heart of Christ.—There were 23 aggregations to the Apostleship in France in December.

ECUADOR—We learn with regret of the death of Father Raphael Cáceres, an apostle of the devotion to the Sacred Heart. He was born in Guatemala in the year 1845. At the age of ten he entered the college of the Jesuits, and two years later he made such repeated entreaties for admission into the Society of Jesus that the superior petitioned Rev. Father General to receive the young postulant into the order. Pending the decision of the General he was admitted in secular garb to the novitiate, and on the 23d of December, 1857, he received the Jesuit habit. Though permitted so young in years to join the novices, he was not allowed to pronounce his vows until he had completed the canonical age.

His ability seemed to grow with his years. In all his studies, poetry, rhetoric, philosophy, theology and sacred eloquence, he showed remarkable proficiency. To singular traits of mind he united modesty, humility and great charity. Notwithstanding his many occupations he found time to learn English, French and Italian, and he conversed in these languages fluently.

Father Cáceres was remarkable for the large number of important positions he held in the Society, and for the rare ability with which he filled them all. He was rector, master of novices, Director of the League of the Sacred Heart, and secretary of the Superior of the missions. He died after a very brief illness on October 3, 1892. The civil and ecclesiastical dignitaries of the capital attended his obsequies, which were celebrated with pomp and with manifestations of grief probably never before witnessed in Quito.

BUENOS AYRES—To show the vitality of the Apostleship in this country, not only in the larger cities, but also in the smaller towns and villages, one need only recount the number of Communions offered in reparation to the Sacred Heart every month on the First Fridays and Sundays. In the Church of San Salvador 1100 Associates, and 350 Promoters receive Communion on the First Sunday, and 1850 monthly on dates appointed; in the Church of Montserrat, 900; in that of the Conception, 700; at Balvanera, 500; at San Juan, 600.

PALESTINE—A church dedicated to the Sacred Heart was recently erected in Bethlehem. It is about 100 feet in length and some 45 feet in height. The architect, inspired by love for the Sacred Heart, seems to have impressed on the beauty and grandeur of the sacred edifice his own personal devotion. In the cupola there is a rich painting of our Lord's apparition to Blessed Margaret Mary. The main altar is made of white marble, there are seven side-chapels, and in a prominent place stands a beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart.

IRELAND—In the absence of Father Cullen, S.J., the Irish *Messenger* is edited by a hand which our readers ought to recognize. Fr. Matthew Russell, S.J., has constantly encouraged the work of our own MESSENGER both by words of praise and by contributions to our pages. Our Irish Associates, to whom Father Cullen has become so dear, may consider themselves compensated for his absence by having for Director in the interval one who is so familiar to them as the editor of the *Irish Monthly*.

SPAIN—The Spanish *Messenger* of December, 1892, announces 83 aggregations to the Apostleship of Prayer.

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT.

ONE of our summer vacations was spent in "the healthiest county in New York State." From our window we looked on the church steeple and its golden cross. Every morning the faithful priest offered the Holy Sacrifice. No one assisted at it but the boy who served the Mass.

As the summer advanced, the city boarders appeared in great numbers, and there were some who went every morning to Mass and drew near our Lord by frequent Communion. All of these were Associates of the League. This common bond united those who would otherwise have been as strangers, and fervor was stimulated by mutual edification.

The church was kept in exquisite order, and the altars were

always decorated very tastefully with beautiful flowers which were reared in the priest's garden. What a revelation was our first visit to that garden! No hint of its existence prepared us for it. We were invited one day to look at the flowers and found a rare collection carefully tended by the good priest and his faithful housekeeper.

The apparent indifference of the Catholics to their Church privileges pained and puzzled us, and we asked the pastor how he accounted for it. He replied that the town contained but twelve Catholic families, and that the congregation that filled the church on Sundays was gathered from a radius of many miles and was composed principally of farmers. The church contained a beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart and the donor promised a lamp for it. The pastor resolved to establish the League of the Sacred Heart as soon as the summer visitors had left the place to its winter isolation. One of our party we call our "now" woman, as she never consents to wait if she can avoid it. She therefore enrolled five members in a band, and left with the pastor their names and contributions. The pastor's name headed the list, and to him she engaged to send the set of Mysteries monthly until he should be able to establish a Centre. She had the pleasure of seeing the first reparation Communion offered on the Feast of St. Augustine. Imagine her disappointment when she received from the pastor a note, two months after her departure, saying that he was transferred to another parish, with notice too brief to permit his establishing the League. He promised to carry into execution his intention in his new parish.

Arrived there, he found a heavy responsibility awaiting him. He was a man who loved order, and he found himself confronted with confusion and heavy debt. He fulfilled his promise and established the League. Sixty Promoters were enrolled in the first reception. At the expiration of four months he drew breath free from the crushing sense of overwhelming debt. In that brief time he had paid off the clamorous claims of the needy, and now found himself master of the situation. Thousands of dollars had been paid, and they had come through the hands of poor

people. Devotion to the loving Heart of their common Redeemer had inflamed their hearts, and they had rallied to the support of their pastor.

Meanwhile our disappointed Promoter had received once more her band of four. One, a pious patient soul, was called to her reward. She was a venerable widow. The three others were school-teachers in different parts of the State, no two together, and not one living near a church. In October last came from one a letter asking prayers. She was about to be defrauded of her year's salary. The excuse was that she had taught the Catholic religion during school hours. Our local Director presented her case to the League members at the First Friday evening meeting. Yesterday came the sequel, "My school trouble was settled December 16, in my favor, thanks to the Sacred Heart. I promised to return thanks in the MESSENGER; will you not do it for me? You understand what my trouble was. I have had the promise of our pastor that the League will be started here after the holidays. I have another little story to relate. A young girl in this place has consumption and was almost gone. I induced her to become a member of the League. Wonderful to relate, she is very much improved." Remembering the wonderful and indisputable influence of the League, Tennyson's words seem truly appropriate, "And so the whole round earth is bound with golden chains about the feet of God."

The short of it.

From Monticello, thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart through the MESSENGER, according to promise, for a decision in my favor, which gives me a year's salary, of which bigotry threatened to deprive me.

Conclusion.

The short of it is always an answer to prayer and pious effort. Month after month petitions are made and intentions recommended to the Heart of Jesus; often even years run on without any apparent answer. In the end the answer comes, and it is the answer of triumph. Sometimes it is reported: "I prayed for this three years"; in one case, lately, it was: "I prayed for this over ten years."

THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS OF JERUSALEM.

THE Eighth Eucharistic Congress, or General Assembly of Eucharistic Works, will be held at the close of April in the city of Jerusalem. The Eucharistic Congress is an assemblage of Catholic Bishops, priests and laymen, who are interested in promoting practical devotion to the Most Blessed Sacrament. Its design is to give glory to the royalty of our Lord Jesus Christ present in our tabernacles. It is a work of public reparation for the neglect and the coldness and indifference with which our Emmanuel—God with us—is so often treated. Like all great works in the Church, the origin of the Eucharistic Congress was very humble.

Two pious Christian women, while praying one day at the tomb of the Curé d'Ars, whose life was spent in his confessional and at the altar, formed the project of a great assembly which should be devoted entirely to the honor and glory of the Blessed Sacrament, and be a protest against the indignities with which our Lord is treated in the Sacrament of His love. Three eminent prelates to whom the project was disclosed, at once gave it their earnest approval. Several zealous laymen offered their services to promote the work. A committee, at whose head was Mgr. de Segur, undertook to prepare for the first Congress which was held in Lille, France.

The remarkable success that attended this undertaking encouraged the promoters of the work to form a permanent organization to care for future Congresses. These have already been held in Avignon, Fribourg, Liege, Toulouse, Paris and Antwerp, and have resulted in wonderful manifestations of devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. Our Holy Father Leo XIII., in his brief dated May 3, 1892, expresses the intense delight with which the news of the projected Congress of Jerusalem fills his soul. He hopes that it will cause a great increase of devotion to the Holy Eucharist among the faithful of the East and hasten the return of schismatics to the unity of Catholic faith. Hence he blesses the

Congress and all who are to take part in it, and opens the Church's treasury to bestow Indulgences upon them.

From documents kindly furnished us by the Bishop of Liege, Belgium, who is in charge of the Congress, we learn that the members of the Congress will start from Marseilles on April 12; they will spend five days in Rome, during which time the Holy Father will grant them an audience. On arriving in the Holy Land they will journey to Nazareth.

The sessions of the Eucharistic Congress will be held in the Church of the Latin Patriarchate and will be presided over by His Beatitude, Mgr. Piavi, Patriarch of Jerusalem. The sessions will be arranged in such a way as to afford the members of the Congress ample opportunity for pilgrimages to the holy places.

The Bishop of Liege asks prayers for the success of this Congress, from which so much good is expected; he asks, too, from all who love the Hidden God of the Tabernacle, material help to meet the great expenses that must be incurred. In Europe, the Catholics of the cities hitherto honored by the meetings of the Congress contributed abundantly of their wealth to increase the splendor of the homage paid our Eucharistic King. The Catholics of the East are comparatively few in number and, for the most part, very poor. Missionaries, priests and Bishops, would gladly be present and would be warmly welcomed, but they cannot undertake the journey unless charity assists them. M. de Pèlerin, 13, boulevard Gambetta, à Nimes (Gard), France, has been deputed to give information relative to, and to receive offerings for, the Eucharistic Congress.

Associates of the League who practise its Third Degree, the Communion of Reparation, will not need to be told what a fitting thing it is to console the Heart of Jesus by this outpouring of honor, love and reparation in that very Jerusalem whose ingratitude drew tears from the eyes of the Son of David as He entered it in triumph on the first Palm Sunday. Every Catholic will rejoice to know that the Holy Eucharist will receive this adoration where it was first instituted, if possible in the Cenacle itself, or at least on Mount Sion, since the Cenacle is now a mosque.

THE READER.

*

But a few months after the election of Leo XIII. the General Intention recommended to the prayers of the Apostleship was: "The Triumph of the Sacred Heart during the Pontificate of Leo XIII." Now that the Jubilee of our Holy Father offers an occasion to reckon the glories of his reign in the Chair of Peter, it is pleasing to record that the impulse given to this devotion during the past fifteen years is due chiefly to the devotion of Leo himself to the Heart of his Master, and to his generous concessions of favors and privileges to the various Associations and Confraternities organized to spread devotion to the Heart of Christ.

* *

If we should inquire for the reasons why Catholics are so strongly attached to the Vicar of Christ, we remark at once that Pope Leo's own attachment to the Heart of his Divine Master is the cause of our great attachment to himself. As we prize above everything else the interests of the Heart of Jesus, so we naturally love those who promote these interests most zealously and efficiently. Readers of the MESSENGER are aware, from the Holy Father's relations with our Apostleship, how unremittingly he has advanced the interests of the Sacred Heart in the world. They need, therefore, no further motive for beseeching our Divine Lord to promote whatever His Vicar gloriously reigning has at heart for our welfare and for the peace of our Holy Church.

* * *

To recur to the subject of the conversion of our country, the following letter postscript suggests how rapidly and effectively the work could be made to proceed by zealous Directors and Promoters. The letter is dated St. Louis, January 5th.

"P. S.—Since the proper establishment of the League among our people many temporal and spiritual favors have been obtained, notably converts to the ancient Faith and a return to the practice of the same by some who had lost that practice for years and who were leading sinful lives. Easter Saturday morning (since the League's establishment) I baptized sixteen non-Catholics.

Each week we have some one for instruction. May the good work go on and increase.

In behalf of the League, Gloria Tibi, Domine Jesu Christe.

J. B.

The work of conversion would not take long, were all our Promoters to imitate the following edifying instances. The zealous Secretary of the Local Centre, Pittsfield, Mass., writes:

Since last writing one of our best Promoters died of heart failure. His name was Dr. J. A. Flynn, a young man, who, notwithstanding his youth, only 30 years, stood high in his profession and the esteem of all. He was so pleased with the League that he carried his Badge in his medicine case as a reminder to make his patients and their families join. He was instrumental in getting over 200 people to become Associates, succeeding one day in getting ninety names. He died of a few days' illness, mourned by all. I know you will pray for him.

From Bedford, Kentucky, we receive news of the death of a Promoter, Mrs. Mary A. Preston, who had so often recommended as her Intention, the conversion of Trimble County, and the Mission at Bedford. Not content with praying, she had built a beautiful chapel, and when death came, was about to erect a home for a resident pastor, whom she hoped to obtain. Her means she left entirely to Catholic charities. Associates need not be asked to pray for her soul. Nor should the Intention she had so much at heart be without our prayers; now that she is no more, a faithful friend of hers recommends it.

* * * *

We have received so many good words about the new cover page of our Almanac and Calendar for 1893 that it would be idle to attempt repeating them. There has been no dissenting voice. The following note is worth printing, since it gives an example of the model use of the Almanac by every Promoter and Associate.

DENVER, COLO., *December, 1892.*

DIRECTOR, *Apostleship of Prayer*,

DEAR REV. FATHER, P.C.:

I cannot resist the pleasure to send you the following endorsement of your dear *Calendar-Almanac.* It is not from a dignitary of the Church or from a learned Doctor, but from a good Irish servant-girl, whom I received into the League here, and who since became a Promoter, and a Promoters' Promoter in the great city of Chicago. Here is what she wrote last month, just a year after I had given her the '92 *Almanac:*

"The *Sacred Heart Almanac* you gave me last year has been a great help

to me in Daily Practices. I always look, the evening before, what Practice for to-morrow. And it has been a great friend all the year round."

If the 199 other Almanacs I distributed at the same time with the above could speak, how many beautiful tales they would tell! Courage, Promoters. Nothing is small in the service of the Sacred Heart.

A Merry Christmas!

Yours in Corde Jesu,

ALOYS. P. BRUCKER, S.J.

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The list of Local Centres which we begin to publish in this issue has been prepared with great care from the records kept at the Central Direction. Considering it impossible to ascertain the actual number of Associates of the First Degree, we shall print only the numbers of Confirmed Promoters and of Rosary sets distributed to each Centre. We might, it is true, approximate the number of Associates in each Centre by giving the number of Certificates of Admission distributed by each Local Director; but there is no means of telling how many have left one Centre for another or of allowing for the number of deaths among the Associates. Some estimate of the numbers of Associates of the First Degree may be made from the number of Rosary sets distributed each month. Thus, if 60,000 Rosary sets are distributed each month, 900,000 Associates practise the Second Degree of the League; and, therefore, it is safe to conclude that nearly 500,000 more at least make the Morning Offering, the practice of the First Degree.

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The number of Rosary sets spread about every month is a means of knowing not only how numerous the Apostleship is, but also how zealous its Promoters and how faithful its Associates are. When, by the kindness of our Local Directors, we shall have been enabled to publish also how many in each Centre have promised the Communion of Reparation, we can make known the true state of the League in our midst. For, since the object of all our practices is the object of all real devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, viz., to make souls familiar with Him in the Sacrament of His love, we can know the actual condition of our Apostleship only by learning the numbers who approach the Holy Table either on the day of the General Communion of Reparation or on days appointed for making this Communion privately.

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To show how interesting these figures will be when complete, we need only point to a few of the Local Bulletins of the League which some Centres issue every month, or to the Annual Reports embodied in our own Annual Almanac and Calendar. One of these Bulletins, from St. John's, Utica, New York, tells that 3000 Associates were registered in that Centre in 1892, of whom 2,386 belong to the Second Degree and 1,041 to the Third Degree. Both in this Bulletin and in the Report issued from St. Francis Xavier's, New York City, names and residences of Promoters are published, with instructions about applying to become Promoter in the good work. Some of the statistics of the League in St. Francis Xavier's we published in our December number. For a complete account of the Work in that active Centre we must refer our readers to its beautiful edition of the Annual Almanac and Calendar.

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There is a Central Committee of Literature for Catholic sailors in London. At a meeting of this Committee last summer an urgent appeal was made to Catholic charity in behalf of this work. Much was said of the zeal of the Promoters of the Apostleship of Prayer, who distribute regularly a supply of pamphlets and periodicals to all the ships of the Royal Navy. The success of their efforts was considered ample proof of the benefits which would follow upon more extended and more thoroughly organized work in the sailors' interest. The Catholic Truth Society of London is now about to take up this propaganda for the mental and spiritual comfort of a class of men so commonly forgotten or neglected by their fellows.

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We will not have bound copies of the MESSENGER enough to meet our orders, unless we can obtain numbers of July, 1892, from those who may not wish to retain them. We request subscribers to send us any spare copies for that month in order that we may be able to provide the many libraries and reading rooms, which keep the bound MESSENGER on their shelves and reading tables. The beautiful cover of the MESSENGER has been reproduced in the form of a binder for current numbers. Those who

wish to keep their copies neatly and safely for the binder next December cannot secure this cover too early.

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Our Most Reverend Archbishops have addressed words of earnest commendation to the Clergy and Catholic Laity of the United States in regard to the Catholic Educational Exhibit at the World's Columbian Exposition. It is very fortunate that the only distinctively Catholic exhibit at this Exposition should be that of our educational methods and achievements. Nothing but good can result from having the world at large witness a true presentation of the greatest interest of the Church in this country, an interest so much misrepresented and maligned. As the credit of convincing the World's Fair Directory of the need of a building for this exhibit is largely due to Rt. Reverend Bishop Spalding and to Brother Maurelian, so we should pray that the credit of making the Education Exhibit successful may be due to the hearty co-operation of Catholic Colleges and Schools with its worthy and efficient managers. The circular issued in the interest of this exhibit is signed by all the Archbishops.

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The Catholic reviewer of books is delighted to notice the appearance of so large a number of useful and entertaining works of the vest-pocket order. We have before us quite a batch of them. The first that falls under our notice is *A Practical Guide for Catholics*, written by a Missionary Priest of the diocese of St. Joseph, Mo., and published by B. Herder, St. Louis. This little book is made up of brief but clear and simple instructions on the duties of a Catholic. The writer seems to know what subjects to treat and how to treat them, as his remarks on the duties of Catholics to their pastor, on sick-calls, on marriage, and on the various household duties of a Catholic abundantly testify. We should like to see this little treatise in every Catholic family.

Spiritual Crumbs for Hungry Little Souls, by Mary E. Richardson (Benziger Bros.), is a series of familiar talks on the virtues, intended for children. The origin and the scope of this pretty little volume are given in the preface. "This little book," says the writer, "was suggested by the virtues that I saw prac-

tised among a family of little children with whom it was my happy privilege to pass a winter several years ago. Every Sunday afternoon they would gather around me, to hear me talk of our good God and explain to them in a simple way the truths of our holy religion. The immense good that resulted from these Sunday 'sermons' induced me to send them off to other hungry little souls, who, I trust, may be as much benefited." We can assure our young readers that the writer has made quite a banquet out of her "spiritual crumbs." If they will only send for the book and read a chapter or two, they will be convinced that not *all* religious books are dry.

Clients of St. Francis de Sales will welcome any attempt to make his virtues known among Catholics. *The Heart of St. Francis de Sales* is a series of thirty-one considerations on the virtues of the Saint. It is from the pen of Very Rev. George Porter, S.J., late Archbishop of Bombay. This charming little volume may be read at spare moments, and each time the reader will find in it something both instructive and pleasant. (Benziger Bros., New York.)

A *Directory*, or Spiritual Guide for Persons in the World, is the title of another small volume of gleanings from the writings of St. Francis de Sales, to which are added "a few practical hints taken from the works of St. Jane Frances de Chantal" (St. William's Press, Market Weighton, Yorkshire, England).

It was only lack of space that excluded a notice in our last issue of *The Illustrated Catholic Family Annual for 1893*, which, if we mistake not, is even more attractive than the *Annuals* of previous years. Its ornate appearance, and still more the superior quality of its reading-matter and illustrations, bespeak it a welcome in Catholic households.

Our German readers will find some excellent spiritual reading in the following: *Die Reise in die Ewigkeit* (8vo, 132 pages); *Geistes-Uebungen zur Vorbereitung auf das heilige Osterfest* (16mo, 195 pp.); *Die Andacht zum Göttlichen Herzen Jesu* (12mo, 327 pp.), published under the auspices of the German *Messenger* for the United States. *Angela*, a romance by Conrad von Bolanden, needs no recommendation to any one who has read either in the

original German or in translation those admirable tales which have made the fame of their author (Pustet & Co.).

Harry Dee, by Francis J. Finn, S.J., is a book that makes a day of leisure a true holiday. From the horrors of a haunted house to the innocent pleasures of college life and from Latin grammar to base-ball, even the soberest mind will follow the upright Harry and his sterling schoolfellows, some of whom the author has already made known to us in indelible characters. There is no detail of a boy's life that Mr. Finn cannot sympathize with, and he never overlooks an opportunity for presenting what is pure and noble in boyhood as a model for his young readers. After reading *Harry Dee* or *Percy Wynn*, its prelude, we might dispute as to which of his heroic characters we should like to have been in our own boyhood, but we cannot resist wishing we had been some one of them.

"Your frontispiece in the January MESSENGER is one that no Catholic mother should be without," is a sentence which tells more than pages of cold proof how the illustrations of our magazines appeal to the heart. Our Catholic magazines are beginning to admit a fact which the MESSENGER was the first to act upon. The *Catholic World* has committed itself to illustration, and very good illustration it is, needing but a slight improvement in press-work to make it rival some of the popular illustrated magazines of the day. The *Rosary*, too, from the start, has appealed to our best tastes by its select choice of subjects for illustrations. When with good pictures these two magazines unite the able biographical pieces of John A. Mooney, the attractive sketches of Christian Reid, the verse and prose sketches of Mary E. Mannix, and the novel narratives of Miss Florence Kilkelly, they leave Catholic readers no longer doubtful about subscribing to a Catholic magazine, but rather undecided as which they shall choose. The *Seminary* is publishing an illustrated series of papers on the episcopal mitre. The *Ave Maria* opened the New Year with an exquisite frontispiece of the Madonna.

OUR FRONTISPIECE.

THE feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin and Presentation of our Lord in the Temple furnishes the subject for the artist Borgognone whose painting is reproduced for our frontispiece. The scene chosen for the picture is thus portrayed in the Gospel: Simeon *came by the Spirit into the Temple. And when His parents brought in the Child Jesus to do for Him according to the custom of the law, he also took Him into his arms and blessed God. . . . And there was one Anna . . . a widow until four-score and four years; who departed not from the Temple, by fastings and prayers serving night and day. Now she at the same hour coming in, confessed to the Lord; and spoke of Him to all that looked for the redemption of Israel.*

The figures in the picture represent our Lady receiving our Lord from Simeon; behind her stand St. Joseph and the prophetess Anna. Simeon is vested as a priest, wearing the alb, the stole and the chasuble. St. Joseph holds in his hand the presentation gift of the poor.

Father Faber gives the scene and tells its significance in his hymn for the Purification, a few strophes of which we quote:

Joy! joy! the Mother comes,
And in her arms she brings
The Light of all the world,
The Christ, the King of kings.

There in the Temple court
Old Simeon's heart beats high,
And Anna feeds her soul
With food of prophecy.

O Mary! bear Him quick
Into His Temple gate
For poor impatient souls
His healing sunrise wait.

The hymn concludes with an appeal to our Lady:

For thou hast ransomed Him
Who first didst ransom thee.
Oh, with thy Mother's tongue
Pray Him to ransom me!

GENERAL INTENTION

FOR FEBRUARY, 1893.

Designated by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with his special blessing, and given to His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart—for recommendation to the prayers of the Associates.

LOVE OF OUR HOLY CHURCH.

THE foundations thereof are in the holy mountains: the Lord loveth the gates of Sion above all the tabernacles of Jacob. Glorious things are said of thee, O city of God. Shall not Sion boast: this man and that man is born in her and the Highest Himself hath founded her?[1]

In a less exultant mood the royal prophet expressed the same intense love for Sion, the city of God, when *upon the rivers of Babylon, there we sat and wept: when we remembered Sion.* For the memory roused all that fierce jealousy that always attends on the strongest love: *If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand be forgotten. Let my tongue cleave to my jaws if I do not remember thee: if I make not Jerusalem the beginning of my joy.*[2]

I.

Sion, Jerusalem, the city of God, is the Church of God, founded and governed by His Son, Jesus Christ. It is *the mountain in which God is pleased to dwell.*[3] *For the Lord hath chosen Sion: He hath chosen it for His dwelling. This is My rest forever: here will I dwell, for I have chosen it.*[4]

No wonder then that glorious things are said of this city of God. Nor is it any wonder that God Himself should love the dwelling in which *afterwards He was seen upon earth and conversed with men.*[5] He loves it chiefly for the most glorious things that can be said of it, for what Sion itself points to with pride, *that*

[1] Psalm lxxxvi. 1–5. [3] Ibid., lxvii. 17. [5] Baruch, iii. 38.
[2] Psalm cxxxvi. 1–6. [4] Ibid., cxxxi. 13, 14.

the Highest Himself hath founded her; that this man and that man is born in her; that the Lord shall tell in His writings of princes and peoples that have been in her; and that dwelling in her is as it were of all rejoicing.

The divine origin of the Church, the communion within her fold of all who through her derive their origin from God and are born of Him, the wide open gates of the house of the Lord, open wide enough to embrace all humanity, *this* man and *that* man, *princes* and *peoples;* in a word, the fellowship of God with men, and, by our brotherhood in Jesus Christ, the true fellowship of every man with his neighbor, these are the glories of the Church which make her so worthy of God's love and so worthy, therefore, of our own.

II.

The Holy Scriptures do not stint terms of endearment to express the relations of Christ with His Church. The Church is His Kingdom, His Spouse, His very Body. That these words really mean all they express is clear from the fact that the members of the Church are declared to be those who enter that Kingdom, who have that Jerusalem *which is above, is free, which is our mother,*[6] *who are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones.*[7]

It would be a great deal did these words signify simply that we should love our Holy Church in the same manner or measure as we love our native country, or as we love a mother, or our very bodies. This is not all their meaning. They mean that the Church is really our native home, the *holy nation*[8] St. Peter speaks of, the Kingdom which is transforming the world by its divine doctrine and law, and by the supernatural influences of grace; that it is in the strictest sense a mother which begets souls unto a share in the life of Jesus Christ; and that, because this life is transfused into our souls, we become members of Christ, united to Him as the branches to the vine, as members of the body to the head: *and He is the head of the body, which is the Church.*[9]

No matter, therefore, how much we may admire the Church,

[6] Galatians, iv. 26.
[7] Ephesians, v. 30.
[8] I. St. Peter, ii. 9.
[9] Colossians, i. 18.

we cannot realize its true claims on our love until as citizens of a real kingdom we actually exercise our rights and bear our burdens, make good by sincere effort our claims to God's grace in the Sacraments, and generously bear the tax on our patience and endurance in building up the body of Christ. Our love for the Church will not be as tender as it should be until we learn to know her as a mother, so forbearing, so gentle, so pained by our falls, so gladdened by our penance. Finally, our love will not endure, nor shall we love the Church, as we should love Christ, above all things, unless, convinced that we are the body of Christ, member for member, we cast off the selfish love we have for our bodies and their comfort, to take on a love of Christ and of His sufferings, and with St. Paul *fill up those things that are wanting of the sufferings of Christ in my flesh for His body which is the Church.*[10]

III.

When we speak of love for our Holy Church, it is well to recall that love aims at union, and that there is no union possible without some sacrifice. In every union between soul and soul, one of the two must give up some contrary quality or habit, whatever is disagreeable to the other. And this sacrifice must be sincere and lasting. Mere words will not suffice: deeds must prove sincerity. The self-denial of a day is not enough; daily sacrifice must give evidence of a constant will.

Moreover, this sincerity and constancy must be coupled with a love, which is directed towards an object rightly conceived. It is very easy to fancy that we love the Church of God, when we love, perhaps, the church of our own ancestry, of our own life-long familiarity, or of our own human ideals. There is an attachment which is not one of real, generous, unselfish love, but of self-love, which is pride. And so, many are attached to the Church for the external triumphs it has won, or for the natural perfection of its external laws and discipline. It is possible even to admire and love the Church for the heroism of its martyrs,

[10] Ibid., 24.

the constancy of its confessors, the learning of its Doctors, the zeal of its Apostles, the transcendent influences of its civilization, the uninterrupted succession of its Pontiffs, and for numberless other glories, without ever considering that the secret source of this heroism and constancy and learning and zeal and humanizing influence, and of all the greatness of the Church of God, is His grace purchased so abundantly by the Blood of Jesus Christ.

A love for the Church of Christ is a love for Jesus Christ and for all who have fellowship with Him, as sons, by His purchase, of the same one Father of all. What more need be said to prove the necessity of prayers and of works for attaining this great bond of union among men in an age when all is self-seeking, mutual suspicion and mistrust. Love for the Church of Christ is a love that will make men embrace one another as children of the same mother, His Spouse, all fair and unblemished. Love for the Church of Christ is a love for His Kingdom, and no object can appeal more to the prayers of our Associates than one which must ever increase the fervor of our constant prayer, *Thy Kingdom Come.* Finally, love for the Church of Christ is a love of our brethren and of ourselves, as being all members of His body, and as drawing therefore the very life of our souls from the influence of His divine Heart, the source of love and of life.

We are to pray, therefore, that all men, not true believers only, but even heretics and unbelievers as well, may be led to recognize this great glory of our Holy Church, and to love the Body of Christ because it binds all men in a holy fellowship with one another and in a divine fellowship under God the Father with Jesus Christ His Son.

Offering for the Intentions of the Month.

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sin, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer: in particular, for love of our Holy Church.

APOSTLESHIP NOTICES.

NEW APPROBATION.—The Right Reverend Bishop of Springfield, Massachusetts, has given his gracious approbation, dated January 9th, for the propagation of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart, in his diocese.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.—To the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus (from December 12, 1892, to January 12, 1893).

(Name of diocese in *italics*, before that of parish or community aggregated.)

Alton, Illinois: Church of the Sacred Heart, Dalton City.

Charleston, South Carolina: Cathedral of St. John the Baptist, Charleston.

Chicago, Illinois: Church of the Divine Maternity, Chicago.

Cincinnati, Ohio: Church of St. John the Baptist, Harrison.

Dubuque, Iowa: St. Mary's Church, McGregor.

Grand Rapids, Michigan: St. John's Orphan Asylum, Grand Rapids.

Green Bay, Wisconsin: St. John's Church, Menasha.

Hartford, Connecticut: St. John's Church, Watertown; St. Patrick's Church, Mystic; St. Joseph's Church, Grosvenordale.

Jamestown, North Dakota: St. Michael's Church, Jamestown.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin: St. Francis Xavier's Church, Brighton.

Natchez, Mississippi: St. Alphonsus' Church, McComb City.

North Carolina: St. Mary's Church, Goldsboro.

Oregon City, Oregon: St. Mary's Academy, Jacksonville.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania: Church of the Holy Family, Silver Creek.

Providence, Rhode Island: Sisters' Orphan Asylum.

Scranton, Pennsylvania: St. Thomas's Church, Dickson.

Sioux Falls, South Dakota: Missions at Hill City, Custer, Galena, Whitewood, Spearfish, Elk Creek, Hermosa and St. Augustin's; St. Lawrence's Church, Milbank.

Springfield, Massachusetts: St. Matthew's Church, Indian Orchard.

St. Cloud, Minnesota: Church of the Sacred Heart, Staples.

St. Louis, Missouri: St. Teresa's Church, St. Louis.

Syracuse, New York: St. John's Church, Oswego.

(Twenty-four aggregations.)
The total number of aggregations is 50,655.

New Concessions of Privileges.

181. Dom Rua, the Superior General of the Society of Salesian Priests, founded by Dom Bosco, has granted to the Apostleship of Prayer a share in the merits and privileges of his monastery.

182. By letter of the Very Rev. Mother Superior General the Congregation of the Ursulines of Blois has granted a similar share of merits and privileges.

Treasury of Good Works.

Associates can gain 100 days' Indulgence for each action offered for the Intentions of the League.

Offerings for the Intentions of the Sacred Heart, received from December 12, 1892, to January 12, 1893.

	No. of Times.		No. of Times.
1. Acts of Charity	359,103	11. Masses Heard	122,073
2. Beads	251,799	12. Mortifications	138,589
3. Stations of the Cross .	36,533	13. Works of Charity . .	180,785
4. Holy Communions . .	38,184	14. Works of Zeal	316,649
5. Spiritual Communions .	171,116	15. Prayers	2,261,552
6. Examens of Conscience	71,451	16. Charitable Conversation	74,888
7. Hours of Labor	259,031	17. Sufferings or Afflictions	18,901
8. Hours of Silence . . .	145,694	18. Self-Conquest	84,023
9. Pious Reading	47,797	19. Visits to B. Sacrament	96,393
10. Masses Celebrated . .	10,847	20. Various Good Works .	247,295

Special Thanksgivings, 370.

Total 4,632,703

The above returns are from 371 Local Centres.

A COMPLETE LIST

OF THE

LOCAL CENTRES OF THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER

(LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART)

ESTABLISHED AMONG

All except the German Catholics of the United States.

Dates of aggregation are given only for Centres which have received or renewed their Diplomas since 1885.

By Confirmed Promoters is meant only those who have received the Promoter's Cross and Diploma after due trial.

A Rosary Set contains 15 Rosary Tickets, the number of Associates in each Promoter's band. Each Ticket gives the practices of the Three Degrees of the Apostleship.

The figures for the column headed Communion of Reparation are reserved until the present list of questions sent to Local Directors shall have been returned with correct statistics.

It is impossible to give the figures of Associates of the First Degree in each Centre. Some estimate of it may be made from the number receiving Rosary Tickets.

PROVINCE OF BALTIMORE.

ARCHDIOCESE OF BALTIMORE.

STATE OF MARYLAND.

General Approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop and Imprimatur, Dec. 28, 1885.

Place.	Local Centre.	Date of Aggregation.	Confirmed Promoters.	Rosary Sets.	Communion of Reparation
Baltimore	Cathedral	Dec. 28, 1885	38	70	...
"	St. Andrew's.....Church	Feb. 23, 1886	...	7	...
"	St. Ann's..... "	June 1, 1891	10	12	...
"	St. Bernard's..... "	Jan. 1, 1892	...	12	...
"	Corpus Christi ..... "	Oct. 14, 1887	18	30	...
"	St. Francis Xavier's..... "	Sept. 9, 1890	1	20	...
"	St. Gregory's..... "	Mch. 30, 1887	24	24	...
"	Holy Rosary ..... "	Sept. 24, 1890	...	...	...
"	St. Ignatius'..... "	June 10, 1887	292	305	...
"	Immaculate Conception .... "	June 21, 1888	32	45	...
"	St. John's..... "	Nov. 3, 1886	25	42	...
"	St. Joseph's ..... "	Apr. 6, 1888	49	49	...
"	St. Leo's..... "	Feb. 1, ...	...	7	...
"	St. Mary Star of the Sea..... "	May 28, 1889	41	50	...
"	St. Monica's..... "	Mch. 25, 1889	...	5	...
"	St. Patrick's..... "	May 25, 1889	...	100	...
"	St. Paul's..... "	Apr. 14, 1890	...	21	...
"	St. Peter's..... "	.....	...	...	...
"	St. Peter Claver's ..... "	Dec. 13, 1890	...	1	...
"	St. Pius'..... "	1886	...	43	...
"	St. Vincent's..... "	....	65	55	...
"	Carmelite (chapel).....Convent	Sept. 23, 1891	...	3	...
"	St. Frances' (Obl.Srs. ; col.) "	Nov. 26, 1892	...	6	...
"	Good Shepherd..... "	Oct. 2, 1889	2	2	...
"	Our Lady and St. Francis' "	.....	...	...	...
"	Visitation..... "	Sept. 27, 1887	3	3	...
"	St. Joseph's (Josephite)...Seminary	Oct. 10, 1888	...	8	...
"	St. Joseph's (Xaverian Brs.).College	Nov. ... 1892	...	5	...
"	St. Andrew's Church.....Sodality	.....	...	...	...
"	St. Elizabeth's..... .....Home	.....	...	...	...

ARCHDIOCESE OF BALTIMORE—CONTINUED.

Place.	Local Centre.	Date of Aggregation.	Confirmed Promoters.	Rosary Sets.	Communion of Reparation
Alberton	St. Stanislaus'.....Church	.....	2	3	...
Ammendale	St. Joseph's..... "	Feb. 28, 1886	...	...	...
"	Normal (Christian Bros.)...Institute	Mch. 5, 1892	...	5	...
Annapolis	St. Mary's.....Church	Oct. 5, 1892	...	20	...
Barnesville	St. Mary's..... "	.....	...	...	...
Bryantown	St. Mary's..... "	Mch. 10, 1886	36	40	...
Bynum	St. Ignatius'..... "	.....	8	...	...
Calverton	St. Edward's..... "	Feb. 18, 1889	...	5	...
Carroll	St. Joseph's (Passionist).....Retreat	Oct. 14, 1887	20	12	...
"	St. Mary's (Industrial) .....School	June 10, 1890	...	12	...
Carrollton Manor	St. Joseph's .....Church	.....	...	...	...
Catonsville	St. Agnes'..... "	.....	...	...	...
"	St. Mark's..... "	Sept. 25, 1890	...	12	...
Clarksville	St. Louis'..... "	Sept. 8, 1890	18	18	...
Clear Spring	St. Michael's..... "	.....	...	...	...
Clermont Mills	St. Mary's..... "	.....	...	...	...
Cobb Neck	St. Mary's..... "	.....	...	...	...
Cornwallis	St. Charles'..... "	.....	...	...	...
Curtis Bay	St. Athanasius'..... "	May 18, 1892	...	10	...
Ellicott City	St. Paul's..... "	Nov. 19, 1890	...	14	...
" "	Rock Hill (Christian Bros.).College	Oct. 10, 1888	2	...	...
" "	St. Charles'..... "	June 17, 1887	23	17	...
Emmittsburg	St. Joseph's.....Church	.....	...	...	...
"	Mt. St. Mary's.....College	.....	33	23	...
Factory	Holy Face.....Church	Dec. 3, 1891	...	...	...
Frederick	St. John's..... "	June 16, 1888	36	78	...
"	Visitation.....Convent	June 17, 1887	...	...	...
"	Visitation.....Academy	June 17, 1887	...	14	...
"	St. John's.....School	Feb. 16, 1888	...	...	...
Frostburgh	St. Michael's.....Church	Jan. 19, 1887	...	...	...
Govanstown	St. Mary's..... "	.....	...	15	...
"	Notre Dame of Md.....Academy (School Srs. N. D.)	Feb. 5, 1889	6	12	...
Hagerstown	St. Mary's.....Church	Sept. 9, 1885	...	10	...
Hancock	St. Peter's..... "	Nov. 19, 1890	...	6	...
Harrisonville	Holy Family ..... "	Aug. 29, 1886	1	4	...
Hickory	St. Ignatius' ..... "	July 16, 1886	...	12	...
Hill Top	St. Ignatius' ..... "	.....	...	...	...
Hyattsville	St. Jerome's..... "	Oct. 8, 1890	...	5	...
Leonardtown	St. Aloysius'..... "	.....	...	12	...
"	St. Aloysius'.....Academy	.....	6	6	...
"	St. Mary's (Srs. of Nazareth) "	May 21, 1890	...	...	...
Libertytown	St. Peter's.....Church	Dec. 17, 1887	...	4	...
Locust Point	St. Lawrence's..... "	Feb. 21, 1889	...	11	...
Lonaconing	St. Mary's..... "	Dec. 25, 1885	...	...	...
Long Green	St. John's ..... "	.....	...	8	...
Mechanicsville	Immaculate Conception..... "	July 2, 1892	...	...	...
Medley's Neck	Sacred Heart..... "	Sept. 27, 1887	6	6	...
" "	Our Lady's.....Chapel	Sept. 27, 1887	2	2	...
Middletown	St. Francis Xavier's.....Church	.....	...	...	...
Milestone Landing	St. Nicholas'..... "	Dec. 3, 1891	...	...	...
Mount de Sales	Visitation.....Convent	Apr. 19, 1887	...	8	...
Mount Savage	St. Patrick's.....Church	Sept. ... 1886	8	10	...
Mount Washington	Sacred Heart..... "	.....	...	9	...
" "	Mt. St. Agnes (Srs. of Mercy) Academy	Nov. 19, 1890	...	2	...
Newport	St. Mary's.....Church	June 17, 1887	...	...	...
Newtown	St. Francis Xavier's..... "	.....	2	...	...
Petersville	St. Mary's..... "	Jan. 6, 1885	...	...	...
Pikesville	St. Charles Borromeo's..... "	May 21, 1889	...	6	...
Pomfret	St. Joseph's ..... "	Dec. 19, 1888	2	...	...
Poplar Springs	St. Michael's..... "	 1886	...	...	...
Rockville	St. Mary's..... "	.....	...	...	...
St. George's	St. George's ..... "	Dec. 3, 1891	1	...	...
St. Inigoes	St. Ignatius'..... "	.....	...	5	...
St. Mary's Co	St. Joseph's..... "	July 2, 1892	...	...	...
St. Thomas	St. Ignatius'..... "	Dec. 19, 1888	24	44	...
Sparrow's Point	St. Luke's..... "	Sept. 25, 1890	...	10	...
Sykesville	St. Joseph's..... "	Aug. 29, 1886	4	2	...
Urbana	St. Ignatius'..... "	June 21, 1888	4	6	...
Waldorf	St. Peter's..... "	July 23, 1891	...	3	...
Westernport	St. Peter's..... "	June 18, 1892	...	25	...
Westminster	St. John's ..... "	May 5, 1888	19	20	...
Wheaton	St. John's ..... "	.....	...	...	...

ARCHDIOCESE OF BALTIMORE—CONTINUED.

Place.	Local Centre.	Date of Aggregation.	Confirmed Promoters.	Rosary Sets.	Communion of Reparation
Whitemarsh	Sacred Heart.....Church	.....	42	55	...
Williamsport	St. Augustine's..... "	 1886	...	...	...
Woodbury	St. Thomas Aquinas'..... "	Jan. 22, 1889	...	37	...
Woodstock	St. Alphonsus Rodriguez' ... "	Nov. 1, 1888	10	13	13
"	Sacred Heart.....College	Aug. 29, 1886	20	22	...
Woodville	St. Dominic's.....Church	Mch. 10, 1886	...	...	...

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Anacostia	St. Teresa's.....Church	May 22, 1886	...	...	...
Georgetown	Trinity..... "	.....	...	65	...
"	Visitation.....Convent	June 8, 1887	19	14	...
"	Visitation.....Academy	June 8, 1887	...	...	...
"	Georgetown.....College	June 21, 1888	22	30	...
Tennallytown	St. Ann's.....Church	Feb. 16, 1888	5	10	...
Washington	St. Aloysius'..... "	Feb. 16, 1888	368	550	...
"	St. Augustine's..... "	.....	...	...	...
"	Immaculate Conception..... "	.....	...	40	...
"	St. Joseph's..... "	.....	...	...	...
"	St. Matthew's..... "	Nov. 15, 1888	...	64	...
"	St. Patrick's..... "	Jan. 6, 1888	46	40	...
"	St. Paul's..... "	June 9, 1890	...	30	...
"	St. Peter's..... "	Sept. 23, 1886	...	35	...
"	St. Stephen's..... "	.....	...	34	...
"	Sacred Heart of Mary.....Convent (Sisters of Mercy)	Mch. 6, 1891	...	...	...
"	Visitation..... "	Sept. 8, 1892	...	3	...

DIOCESE OF CHARLESTON.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

General Approbation of the Rt. Rev. Bishop, June 20, 1890.

Place.	Local Centre.	Date of Aggregation.	Confirmed Promoters.	Rosary Sets.	Communion of Reparation
Charleston	St. John the Baptist's.....Cathedral	Jan. 15, 1893	...	134	...
"	St. Mary's.....Church	.....	...	...	...
"	St. Patrick's..... "	.....	...	...	...
"	Mercy.....Convent	.....	...	...	...
Columbia	Ursuline..... "	June 9, 1890	...	7	...
Sumter	St. John's .....Church	.....	...	...	...

DIOCESE OF RICHMOND.

STATE OF VIRGINIA.

General Approbation of the Rt. Rev. Bishop, October 4, 1886.

Place.	Local Centre.	Date of Aggregation.	Confirmed Promoters.	Rosary Sets.	Communion of Reparation
Richmond	St. Peter's.....Cathedral	June 3, 1887	17	22	...
"	St. Joseph's.....Church	Apr. 27, 1887	3	8	...
"	St. Patrick's..... "	Sept. 17, 1887	35	28	...
"	Sacred Heart..... "	Dec. 4, 1889	23	23	...
"	Visitation .....Monastery	Dec. 17, 1887	...	6	...

DIOCESE OF RICHMOND—CONTINUED.

Place.	Local Centre.	Date of Aggregation.	Confirmed Promoters.	Rosary Sets.	Communion of Reparation
Richmond	Cathedral (Xav.Bros.) Boys' School	Oct. 27, 1886	...	8	...
Alexandria	St. Mary's.....Church	June 8, 1887	29	68	...
"	St.Mary's (Srs.Holy Cross)Academy	Nov. 6, 1889	11	2	...
Fortress Monroe	St. Mary, Star of the Sea....Church	Jan. 23, 1891	...	20	...
Newport News	St. Vincent de Paul's..... "	Oct. 28, 1892	...	8	...
Norfolk	St. Mary's..... "	Jan. 23, 1892	41	64	...
Petersburg	St. Joseph's ..... "	Oct. 6, 1887	8	14	...
Lynchburg	Holy Cross..... "	Nov. 17, 1887	9	16	...

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA.

Elk Garden	St. Vincent de Paul's.....Church	Feb. 2, 1892	3	...	...
Harper's Ferry	St. Peter's..... "	July 2, 1892	...	18	...
Keyser	Assumption..... "	Oct. 8, 1891	3	10	...
Paw Paw	St. Charles'..... "	Feb. 2, 1892	2	...	...

DIOCESE OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

STATE OF FLORIDA.

General Approbation of the Rt. Rev. Bishop.

Place.	Local Centre.	Date of Aggregation.	Confirmed Promoters.	Rosary Sets.	Communion of Reparation
St. Augustine	St.Joseph's(Srs.St.Joseph)Academy	Dec. 4, 1889	24	29	...
Fernandina	St. Michael's.....Church	.....	...	...	...
Jacksonville	Immaculate Conception..... "	May 8, 1890	9	37	...
"	St.Joseph's(Srs.St.Joseph)Academy	Mch. 19, 1890	...	...	...
Key West	St. Mary, Star of the Sea.....Church	.....	...	...	...
" "	Mary Immaculate.....Convent (Sisters of Holy Name)	May 22, 1889	4	15	... ...
Mandarin	St. Joseph's.....Church	.....	...	...	...
Orlando	St. James'..... "	Nov. 30, 1892	...	7	...
Palatka	St. Monica's ..... "	.....	...	...	...
San Antonio	St. Anthony's..... "	Feb. 17, 1891	...	15	...
" "	Holy Name (Benedic.Srs.)Academy	Mch. 4, 1891	...	2	...
St. Leo	St. Leo's (Benedictine).....College	May 7, 1891	...	4	...
Tampa	St. Louis' .....Church	Dec. 20, 1888	5	15	...
Warrington	St. Joseph's.....Convent	.....	...	...	...
"	St. Joseph's.....School	.....	...	...	...

DIOCESE OF SAVANNAH.

STATE OF GEORGIA.

General Approbation of the Rt. Rev. Bishop, October 1, 1886.

Place.	Local Centre.	Date of Aggregation.	Confirmed Promoters.	Rosary Sets.	Communion of Reparation
Savannah	Our Lady of Perp'l Help Cathedral	Oct. 6, 1886	...	50	...
"	St. Patrick's.....Church	Dec. 9, 1890	...	25	...
"	Sacred Heart..... "	July 2, 1892	...	8	...
Atlanta	Immaculate Conception..... "	Feb. 5, 1887	15	...	...
"	Sts. Peter and Paul's..... "	Jan. 19, 1887	...	36	...
Augusta	Holy Family..... "	April 1, 1888	...	...	...

DIOCESE OF SAVANNAH—CONTINUED.

Place.	Local Centre.	Date of Aggregation.	Confirmed Promoters.	Rosary Sets.	Communion of Reparation
Augusta	Sacred Heart.....Church	Dec. 17, 1887	8	23	...
"	St. Patrick's.....College	Dec. 21, 1891	...	12	...
Brunswick	St. Francis Xavier's.....Church	July 9, 1890	...	15	...
Columbus	Holy Family ..... "	Sept. 27, 1887	...	10	...
"	Sts. Philip and James'..... "	.....	...	...	...
Macon	St. Joseph's ..... "	Sept. 27, 1888	12	21	...
"	St. Stanislaus'.....Novitiate	Nov. 13, 1891	...	5	...
"	Mt. de Sales (Srs. of Mercy) Academy	Mch. 7, 1890	...	4	...
Milledgeville	Sacred Heart.....Church	June 9, 1890	...	5	...
Sharon	St. Joseph's.....Convent	.....	...	2	...
Washington	St. Joseph's.....Academy	Dec. ... 1886	7	5	...

DIOCESE OF WHEELING.

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA.

General Approbation of the Rt. Rev. Bishop, Sept. 24, 1886.

Place.	Local Centre.	Date of Aggregation.	Confirmed Promoters.	Rosary Sets.	Communion of Reparation
Wheeling	St. Joseph's.....Cathedral	May 28, 1889	101	97	...
"	Immaculate Conception.....Church	.....	...	...	...
"	St. Joseph's (Srs. St. Joseph) Convent	Jan. 19, 1887	...	...	...
"	Mt. de Chantal (Visitation Srs.) "	Sept. 28, 1886	35	...	...
"	" " " Academy	Sept. 28, 1886	...	8	...
Benwood	St. John's.....Church	July 12, 1892	...	12	...
Clarksburgh	Immaculate Conception..... "	Feb. 16, 1888	...	8	...
"	St. Joseph's (Srs. Charity).Academy	Feb. 16, 1888	...	...	...
Grafton	St. Augustine's (Srs. St. Joseph) School	Apr. 14, 1888	1	3	...
Huntington	St. Joseph's .....Church	Feb. 4, 1890	1	4	...
Moundsville	St. Francis Xavier's..... "	Apr. 27, 1887	...	2	...
Parkersburg	Visitation.....Convent	Oct. 14, 1887	...	...	...
"	" .....Academy	Oct. 14, 1887	...	9	...
St. Joseph's	St. Joseph's .....Church	Mch. 13, 1891	14	...	...
Wellsburg	St. John's..... "	Dec. 4, 1889	6	7	...
Weston	St. Patrick's ..... "	June 21, 1888	8	10	...

STATE OF VIRGINIA.

Abingdon	Visitation.....Convent	Nov. 2, 1886	...	2	...
"	" .....Academy	Nov. 2, 1886	...	...	...

DIOCESE OF WILMINGTON.

STATE OF DELAWARE.

General Approbation of the Rt. Rev. Bishop,

Place.	Local Centre.	Date of Aggregation.	Confirmed Promoters.	Rosary Sets.	Communion of Reparation
Wilmington	St. Peter's.....Cathedral	Mch. 10, 1887	...	21	...
"	St. Ann's.....Church	Nov. 1, 1888	...	...	...
"	St. Mary's..... "	Feb. 16, 1888	...	32	...
"	St. Patrick's..... "	Oct. 14, 1888	14	27	...

DIOCESE OF WILMINGTON—CONTINUED.

Place.	Local Centre.	Date of Aggregation.	Confirmed Promoters.	Rosary Sets.	Communion of Reparation
Wilmington	St. Paul's.....Church	Mch. 10, 1887	...	15	...
"	Sacred Heart..... "	Jan. 19, 1887	...	10	...
"	Visitation .....Convent	July 16, 1888	12	26	...
Brandywine	St. Joseph's.....Church	.....	...	...	...
Dover	Holy Cross ..... "	Oct. 21, 1887	...	...	...
Newark	St. Patrick's..... "	June 25, 1891	...	4	...
New Castle	St. Patrick's..... "	Nov. 17, 1887	...	8	...
Smyrna	..... "	.....	...	...	...

STATE OF MARYLAND.

Bohemia Manor	St. Francis Xavier's.....Church	Mch. 5, 1887	11	13	...
Chestertown	..... "	.....	...	...	...
Easton	Sts. Peter and Paul's..... "	.....	...	...	...
Elkton	Immaculate Conception..... "	June 25, 1891	...	9	...
Salisbury	St. Mary's ..... "	.....	...	...	...
Wye Mills	St. Joseph's ..... "	.....	...	...	...

VICARIATE-APOSTOLIC OF NORTH CAROLINA.

General Approbation signed April 19, 1889.

Place.	Local Centre.	Date of Aggregation.	Confirmed Promoters.	Rosary Sets.	Communion of Reparation
Belmont	St. Benedict's .....Church	Oct. 1, 1889	...	16	...
"	St. Mary Help (Abbey)..... "	Nov. 25, 1892	...	...	...
"	St. Mary's .....College	Dec. 13, 1891	...	7	...
Charlotte	St. Peter's .....Church	Oct. 1, 1889	7	10	...
Fayetteville	St. Patrick's..... "	Aug. 27, 1889	...	2	...
Ghio	St. Francis Xavier's..... "	Nov. 22, 1890	1	...	...
Goldsboro	St. Mary's ..... "	Dec. 28, 1892	...	4	...
Greensboro	St. Agnes'..... "	Aug. 27, 1889	4	11	...
New Berne	St. Paul's..... "	May 25, 1889	...	5	...
Raleigh	Sacred Heart..... "	Oct. 1, 1889	4	4	...
Salisbury	" " ..... "	Aug. 27, 1889	3	4	...
Wilmington	St. Thomas's..... "	.....	...	...	...
"	Mercy.....Convent	Oct. 8, 1890	10	15	...

PROVINCE OF BALTIMORE—RECAPITULATION:

Total Number of Local Centres	229
" " " Active "	176
" " " Confirmed Promoters	2781
" " " Rosary Sets distributed monthly	3719
" " " Associates practising the 2d Degree of the League	55785

IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 228,658.

——*Giving thanks always for all things in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ* (Ephesians, v. 20).——

RICHMOND, VA., DEC. 12.—For months I sent in a petition for the conversion of my father, who had not received the Sacraments since boyhood, and promised to publish the grace, if granted. A few days ago he went to confession and Communion.

SCRANTON, PA., DEC. 15.—Special thanksgiving is made for two favors obtained after persevering for some time in prayer to the Sacred Heart and St. Patrick.

BOSTON, DEC. 18.—Gratitude is expressed for the cure of a person suffering from blood-poisoning.

——, N. Y., DEC. 19.—A person who had not received the Sacraments for forty years and had always resented any advice on the subject was recommended to the League and prevailed upon to enter the First Degree. Not long afterwards he attended a mission, went to confession and Communion, and seems very happy ever since.

NEW YORK, DEC. 20.—An Associate thanks the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the conversion of a person who had not been to the Sacraments for many years. Also for recovery from severe illness on three occasions by application of the Badge.

AUSTIN, TEXAS, DEC. 22.—My husband being in great need from lack of employment, we made a novena to the Sacred Heart

and promised thanksgiving through the MESSENGER. At the conclusion of the novena he obtained a good situation, one far beyond our expectations.

ALBANY, ——.—A child whose life was almost despaired of recovered after wearing the Badge of the League.

PHILADELPHIA, DEC. 23.—In fulfilment of a promise thanks are returned for employment received through the prayers of the League.

EAST PITTSTON, ME., DEC. 24.—I wish to thank the Sacred Heart for improvement in my daughter's health, after a novena to Blessed Margaret Mary. Also for another favor received through prayers to Kateri Tekakwitha.

CHICAGO, DEC. 27.—A long-looked-for favor was quickly granted on making a promise of thanksgiving through the MESSENGER and of Masses for the holy souls.

NEW ORLEANS, ——. Please return sincere thanks to the Sacred Heart for the reconciliation of two near relatives after an estrangement of over forty-seven years. They had been recommended to the prayers of the League for over three years, and a promise had been made to publish the favor, if granted.

AVERILL PARK, N. Y., DEC. 28.—Prayers of thanksgiving are asked for the removal of a cancer from the mouth of a man eighty years of age, after a novena and promise of publication.

WASHINGTON, D. C., DEC. 28.—Last summer I asked the prayers of the League to obtain for a young man who was ill a suitable place in which to pass his last moments and prepare for death. The favor was granted and the young man died a happy death, thanks to the prayers of the Associates.

PEORIA, ILL., ——. Please thank the Sacred Heart for a favor received after promising to make it known in the MESSENGER.

NEW YORK, DEC. 28.—Please thank the Sacred Heart of Jesus for two conversions to the Faith and for the cure of a great bodily weakness, which blessings I feel were granted through the prayers of the League.

——, WIS., DEC. 29.—Grateful acknowledgment is made of

improvement in one subject to epileptic fits, after repeated novenas to the Sacred Heart.

LAKEVILLE, CONN., DEC. 29.—Thanksgiving for the recovery of several children who were very ill and for a wonderful grace granted to a poor tempted soul.

TIFFIN, O., DEC. 29.—To encourage others to persevere in prayer I offer thanks for a favor obtained after it was prayed for nearly three years.

——, PA., DEC. 31.—Thanks are offered for recovery from lameness caused by an accident, a novena having been made in honor of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony of Padua.

VALPARAISO, IND., JAN. 2.—Grateful acknowledgment is made of the almost instantaneous cure of a sick person after the Badge of the League was hung up in his room. The doctor was astonished and considered his attendance no longer necessary.

SOUTH BOSTON, JAN. 2.—I write to thank the Sacred Heart for the recovery, on application of the Badge, of a child who lay at the point of death, heart-failure having followed a severe attack of scarlet fever. I wish also to acknowledge the wonderful conversion and happy death of a person who had lived for years outside the Church.

NEW YORK, ——.—Special thanks are returned for preservation from fire. A light burning before a picture of the Sacred Heart and a statue of the Blessed Virgin had caught the cotton draperies, and was discovered in time by the fall of part of the lamp, which had burst. The intention slip on which this thanksgiving was written was in a desk in a room that came near being destroyed in the recent fire at St. Francis Xavier's, New York.

KANSAS CITY, MO., ——.—Thanks are returned for the conversion of a Protestant recommended to the League for over two years.

BROOKLYN, JAN. 3.—A Promoter wishes to acknowledge a great temporal favor obtained, notwithstanding great opposition, after keeping a taper burning in honor of the Sacred Heart.

TUCSON, ARIZ., JAN. 4.—I hasten to fulfil my promise of thanking the Sacred Heart for the recovery of one of our Sisters,

who had been given up by the attending physician, but who was restored to health after recommendation to the prayers of the League and a novena to the Sacred Heart.

——, JAN. 5.—Please have a novena of Masses said in thanksgiving for a temporal favor, which I had promised to publish, if granted.

PHILADELPHIA, JAN. 5.—Most heartfelt thanks are returned for the cure of a young religious who was prevented by a serious eye-trouble from continuing his studies. At the end of a novena his eyes had much improved, and he can now use them for purposes of study.

LYONS, N. Y., JAN. 7.—Thanksgiving is made for the restoration of a child to complete health; also for the reformation of a drunkard, and for two temporal favors.

YANKTON, S. D., ——. After repeated novenas health has been restored to a worthy priest who was laboring under severe suffering, for which favor we return sincere thanks to the Sacred Heart.

PHILADELPHIA, JAN. 10.—A Promoter acknowledges many and great favors received from the Sacred Heart.

VARIOUS CENTRES.—The prayers of the Associates are asked in thanksgiving for the following favors: Preservation from fire; an extraordinary favor after promise of publishing in the MESSENGER; relief in temptation; peace in families; twenty-two temporal favors; preservation from sickness; return to the Sacraments of twenty-six persons, many of whom had been away for years; complete or partial restoration to health of seventeen persons; recovery from insanity for three; three reconciliations; help in danger; a remarkable grace; a favor granted through the intercession of Pius IX.; the reformation of four intemperate persons; eight special favors; a loan of money; the conversion of a dying man who had refused to see a priest; the return of a husband to his family; securing a homestead; the recovery of money; a successful journey; pecuniary assistance; situations obtained by six persons; seven favors obtained by use of the Badge; a much needed spiritual favor; protection of a brother; the success of a Columbus parade.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

(Angelo.)

Becoming obedient unto death: even to the death of the cross (Philippians ii, 8).

THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. VIII (XXVIII). MARCH, 1893. No. 3

ANNUNCIATION OF THE B. V. M.

By Rev. H. K. W., S.J.

LEADEN sky droops o'er the darkened plain,
The mists low-lying with a sombre shroud
The mountains veil, and by the driving rain
The earth is hidden; till a parting cloud
A swift beam flashes: mountains massive-browed
Spring into sight once more, and once again
The sunlight gilds the valleys, while a train
Of songbirds greet day's king with chorus loud.

So on a world in darkness fell heaven's ray;
Thus was our fallen nature glorified,
When Mary to the angelic word replied:
"Behold God's handmaid"; thus new shone the day
Of grace to man when Joseph's Virgin Bride
Healed by her "Fiat" our first parents' pride.

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MISSIONS OF THE NAPO.

By Rev. J. Farrell Galligan, S.J.

A TAMBO.

SOUTH AMERICA will ever be memorable in the annals of Christian conquest and missionary zeal. The story of the Incas and their untold wealth and the greed of the reckless invaders reads like a tale of fiction in the chapters of sober history; while the same pages disclose deeds of abnegation and sacrifice that entailed all the hardship of discovery without its reward of fame and of wealth.

While history has made us familiar with the Christian heroism of the past, we are all but ignorant of the valiant laborers who are now toiling where the unselfish missionary of three centuries ago spent his life's energy. To-day, the word of God is borne across the great mountain ranges, through the forests and along dangerous river courses, and the altars raised by him are a proof that the glory of the Church of South America has not departed.

Along the eastern border of Ecuador, beyond the Cordilleras, intersected by rivers and interrupted by ranges of mountains, extend immense plains and forests that seem interminable. Through this vast region Gonzalo Pizarro and his ill-fated companions journeyed in quest of wealth. Here, too, in 1620 the Jesuits set up the standard of the cross. So great was the success of the laborers in this vineyard that at one time there were fully 200,000 Indians in the reductions or Christian villages which the Fathers had formed, often at cost of their own lives.

In 1767 misfortune came upon the Mission. The sorrows that laid waste the reductions of Paraguay brought desolation to the happy settlements along the banks of the Amazon and the Napo. The missionaries were banished, and the poor natives sought refuge from the cruelty of their rulers in the wilds of the

forest. The towns were deserted, savage customs were once more revived and feuds that religion had for a time softened broke out anew.

Thus they dwelt for well-nigh a century. In the year 1863 the first Provincial Council of Quito decided to confide to the Society of Jesus all this vast territory. The Second Council held in 1869 completed the arrangements for this vast undertaking

and the agreement then drawn up was submitted to the Sovereign Pontiff and received his approbation.

In January 1870, Father Fonseca and Father Guzman entered the territory of the Napo and traversed the entire district till they reached Iquitos, a settlement at the confluence of the Nanay and the Marañon. Stations were established at Gualaquiza and Zamora for the Jivaros. Two missionaries took up their

residence among the Zaparos at Canelos, while Archidona was chosen as a centre for labor among the Mainas. The last named tribe are often called Incas, for they were, at one time, under the old Inca dynasty, and even to this day they speak the language of the Incas.

The Jivaros are a fierce tribe and their armed incursions soon forced the missionaries to abandon Zamora and Gualaquiza. Father Pozzi had erected a church and school at Gualaquiza, but after two years of sacrifice he was obliged to leave his mission and labor in one of the stations along the Napo.

It would be almost impossible to overestimate the difficulties of travelling through these regions. In some places the forest seems impenetrable, and were it not that water-courses had torn their way through its tangled depths it would have remained barred against the approach of man. The current of the rivers frequently attains the speed and force of a torrent menacing with destruction any one who is bold enough to venture on their waters. To attend to so large a tract of territory beset with numberless difficulties was too great a task for the few missionaries who could be spared. For this reason, a division of the great mission was deemed advisable, and Canelos was given to the Dominican Fathers in 1886. At present a Vicar-Apostolic and fifteen other members of the Society of Jesus attend to the needs of Archidona and its dependent reductions. These settlements are situated along the banks of the Napo and its tributaries; they contain about 2000 Indian families.

A journey from Quito to the reductions is made now as it was made centuries ago. After leaving Quito, a large plateau must be crossed before the mountains are reached. This table-land is not a level plain, for besides being broken by spurs of the Andes it is traversed by deep cañons. The greater part of the valley is almost destitute of vegetation, but here and there are pleasant portions covered with vegetation. Scattered over the valley and on the mountain-slope are hamlets and villas and shrines of devotion. Then comes the great chain of the eastern Cordilleras. The ascent is steep and difficult; from the summit,

about 14,000 feet high, one may look down on the valley of the Amazon and see the great forests like a dark rolling sea in the plains far below. The descent is very difficult, as there is no road down the mountain-side, and it is with a feeling of relief that one arrives at Papallacta, the first resting-place after crossing the mountains.

The village of Papallacta consists of some 50 huts and is situated along the northern declivity of a valley through which the river Maspa flows. A priest who has for eleven years dealt with the Indians living here, affirms that they are faithful to every trust, of true Christian piety, and that they entertain a profound respect for the missionaries. The climate of Papallacta (potato-land) is very cold. The missionary gives instructions, administers the Sacraments and visits the sick. Every year,

INDIANS OF ECUADOR.

a priest from Quito spends a month or two with these Indians. As soon as the priest arrives religious celebrations are begun. In the morning Mass is celebrated, all the village is present and the village-band plays its best selections. After Mass, there are processions. The day's festivity closes with a dance on the prairie. These dances are simple and modest, and tradition has it that they were introduced by the missionaries of two centuries ago to supplant a form of dancing of a less innocent character. When the priest is absent the Indians assemble in the church on Sunday and prayers are recited in common. The principal truths of religion have been set to simple music, and are sung after the morning prayers. The church is neat and well-provided with ornaments; the Indians contribute their tithes, and the Father is

thus enabled to provide for all his personal wants and to make any needed improvement in the church or in the school.

On leaving Papallacta, the real dangers of the journey are encountered. The descent has not yet been completed and, at times, the path becomes so perilous that, should the horse lose its footing, the missionary would be thrown against projecting rocks or precipitated down a deep ravine. In addition to these dangers there are marshes into which the horse sinks and from which it is rescued with no little difficulty. Farther down the slope, new obstacles are encountered. The streams that are met below Papallacta form the drainage of the high mountains, and after a slight rain they are changed into torrents, and the larger rivers become impassable. It is usually late in the afternoon of the first day's journey when the missionary reaches the most remote dwelling of the Papallacta settlement; there he spends the night. Early on the following day the journey is resumed, and about noon a passage across the Maspa-Quijos is effected. Here there is a rudely constructed bridge about 30 yards in length and from 12 to 15 feet above the level of the river. When the river is swollen the bridge is swept away and, in its place, the Indians stretch a rope from bank to bank. To this rope they attach a loop, formed by bending the root of a tree, and on this the terrified missionary rests while crossing the torrent. By following the course of the river for a few miles, Baeza is reached.

Baeza was once, we are told, a thriving town. One cannot well understand how a spot so destitute of all that is necessary for a large population could have been chosen as a site for a settlement, and the suspicion naturally arises that it was populated only by the pen of some explorer wishing to give a coloring to the value of his discoveries, or eager perhaps to obtain some post of honor and profit. The Baeza of to-day contains only five huts, and not even a trace of its earlier importance remains. At the head of the little settlement is an Indian named Firmin, a type of all that is honorable, a man who wins the respect of every shrinker. Firmin has a little chapel which his own skill con- Cordille and adorned.

When the missionary departs from Firmin's hospitable home, he bids farewell to every sign of civilization, for he meets no permanent dwelling until he reaches Archidona. Baeza is a place of rest before entering the forests, while those journeying from the east to Quito hail it as an oasis. It is there that the Indians make enquiry about the prevalence of contagious diseases in Quito, and if an epidemic be raging they go no farther, but return at once to their homes.

East of Baeza the dense woods and marshes and muddy river-banks deprive the missionary of the conveniences of horse-back riding. With staff in hand and with sandals on his feet he crosses the marshy lands and wades knee-deep through the streams. Should he be overcome by fatigue or contract any sickness, he is borne in a litter or carried on the shoulders of the

A NAPO SETTLEMENT.

Indians. In the evening the guides erect a tambo. It consists of an inclined roof supported by stakes of unequal size and covered with palm leaves [see initial S]. Here after supper bruises and injuries are cared for, the exploits of the day are discussed and plans are made for the morrow. The chief article of food is a fermented mass of yucca that the natives call *chicha*. When they start on a long journey they take as much of it with them as they will need until they return. In order that they may not be troubled with unnecessary burdens, they conceal in the woods the *chicha* they will not need until they are returning. Every morning, Mass is said at which the Indians are always present. Besides they consider themselves fortunate when they are permitted to carry articles pertaining to the altar, and their

care to preserve them from rain and accident is one of their many marks of reverence and devotion.

The ascent to one of the highest points of the Cordillera of Heracamayos is a feature of the journey not soon to be forgotten. The path rises almost perpendicularly, it is narrow, irregular and dangerous. This is especially true during the rainy season when every projecting rock forms a cascade and the footway is muddy and slippery. When the trail reaches the summit it passes from peak to peak along a plain at times not more than twelve or fifteen feet in width and flanked by yawning precipices. The view repays one for the toil of ascent. Far as the eye can see there extends one unbroken stretch of woodland and in the far-distance mountains of great size raise their heads into the sky. Here the foliage and the elevation of temperature indicate the proximity of the tropics.

Descending the mountain-side and fording the Jindache, for there is no bridge across it, the footsore and weary missionary erects his tambo for the last time before reaching Archidona. A few miles from the river is Nundayacu, the ancient site of Archidona, and farther on is a spot where the Archidona of twenty-five years ago stood. To-day not a trace of it is to be seen, nor would there be found in a short time a vestige of the present location, if the Indians should abandon what is now the capital of their province.

Archidona is the largest and most important of the reductions. It contains the residence of Rt. Rev. Gaspar Tovia, Vicar-Apostolic, and his two Jesuit assistants. The governor of the province, the secretary and other officials live there. A few years ago a girls' school was built here, of which the Sisters of the Good Shepherd have charge. Besides the day-scholars they have twenty boarders. The Fathers have a school for boys and about thirty boarders. The Indians of Archidona are of fine physical development and taller than those of the higher regions of the Andes. They are sincere in their practices of religion, cultivate their lands and are quite skilful in the mechanical trades the devoted missionaries have taught them. Twenty years ago only

a few huts unfit for human habitation could be seen; now the houses are well constructed, and streets and plazas have been formed. The introduction of horses and cattle to the settlement was once looked upon as an idle speculation, but the Fathers overcame every obstacle and herds now graze in the fields. The population includes 458 families divided into 22 sections. Each family possesses a tract of land, and families located in one section are not free to pass to another. Under the care of their self-sacrificing teachers they are daily learning the virtue of industry.

The church, like all the buildings of Archidona, is straw-thatched with a projecting roof. The ornaments, sacred vessels, and statues are far better than one would expect to see in a settle-

CHURCH AT ARCHIDONA.

ment that is almost isolated from the centres of civilization. One chalice was presented by our Holy Father, Leo XIII., on the occasion of his sacerdotal jubilee.

The principal houses are illuminated on the eve of the feast of the Sacred Heart and the joy of the natives is expressed by music and decorations. After the solemn high Mass on the feast a procession is formed. First come the boys of the boarding-school, who are followed by the men in double files. A statue of the Sacred Heart is borne aloft, immediately in front of the clergy. The women and girls close the line. The procession passes out of the church and around the plaza, under the arches erected for the feast and then returns to the church.

The gardens are carefully cultivated; bananas, pineapples, sugar-cane and coffee grow in abundance. Vegetation is luxuriant; the large palm-leaves are often used as a protection against the tropical rains.

Half a day's journey south of Archidona is a broad and rapid river near which is the village of Tena. Only a few years ago the Indians of this reduction bore no high reputation, but now they are industrious, intelligent and are kindly disposed towards their true benefactors, the missionaries. Two Fathers dwell among them, one of whom has charge of the village, and the other visits the neighboring towns. The population is composed of about 200 families. Sailing down the river one soon reaches the Napo, near which is located a village of the same

MISSIONARY RESIDENCE.

name. The river at this point is smooth, but a short distance farther on there are rapids that threaten the frail canoes with destruction. There are about 135 Indian huts at Napo. Either on account of present freedom or the remembrance of past grievances, the natives are opposed to the advance of civilization. They take great delight in rowing on the river and it is quite common to see an Indian child in the prow of a canoe directing it across the water. The missioners have two canoes larger than those ordinarily seen on the river and skilfully managed by their Indian guides.

Descending the river is far more dangerous than gliding from bank to bank in the neighborhood of Napo. At times, the canoe plunges between the rocks while an attempt to avoid one obstruc-

tion almost thrusts it against another. From the roaring noise of the waters, the rocking of the canoe and the sense of danger, the missioner finds relief when he steps ashore at Pucaurcu. This mission was but recently established and at present contains some 60 families. The Indians here are docile and are anxious to exclude what has proved the bane of many a flourishing Indian village, the commerce with white traders. Their church is a neat structure with a beautiful altar. Ahuano is situated about ten miles from Pucaurcu on the left bank of the Napo. There are

FAMILY OF NATIVE CHRISTIANS.

about 40 families here and the Indians live principally by fishing and hunting. The influenza passed with deadly effect over all this region a few years ago. The scourge was especially felt in Curaray where the population was reduced from 37 to 25 families. At Ahuano the river broadens and its waters, not confined to one bed, cut out numerous channels forming many picturesque islands.

The next mission of importance on the Napo is Santa Rosa containing a population of 150 Indians. On a little eminence stand the church, the residence of the Fathers and a dwelling set

apart for the civil authorities whenever they visit Santa Rosa. Years ago these officers were stationed at that village, but they preferred to live either at Napo or in Archidona where they could more easily communicate with Quito. Farther on there are two other settlements, Suno containing 24 families and Coca whose former importance is manifest from its many huts, but nine of which are now occupied.

The missions of St. John Cotapino and La Concepcion are important both as regards their present population and the good that can yet be accomplished there. Northeast of La Concepcion is Loreto, an important centre for missionary labor. It contains 400 families. Some 500 children receive daily instruction there.

AT SANTA ROSA.

The girls are numerous and require a special school which, when means permit, will be erected and its direction entrusted to the Sisters.

This journey from station to station will give the reader an idea of the reductions, and of the trials that the missionaries must undergo. Exposure on the mountains, heat in the valleys, the attacks of wild beasts in the forests, the swollen currents and the malarial fevers of the marshes are but a portion of their difficulties. Garcia Moreno took the deepest interest in the welfare of the reductions. He put the authority of the towns in the hands of the Fathers and sent troops to enforce their commands. His assassination in 1875 was a severe blow to the mission. The officials whom he had expelled from the towns then came back

breathing vengeance against all who had opposed them. Every indignity was heaped upon the helpless missionaries and their lives were in danger. Peace was finally restored, but trials of a new nature arose.

Foremost among the losses that have of late years fallen on the mission was the death of Father Cáceres. He was a man of great prudence, energy of character and singular virtue. No one knew better than he the needs of the reductions and no one contributed more than he did to their present success. He visited the residences of the Fathers, and understood by personal experience their hardships and their consolations. In the prime of his energy God summoned him away, to the great grief of his brethren and of the Indians he loved.

Since the death of Garcia Moreno the work of converting

CHURCH AND RECTORY.

the natives has gone on, we might almost say, in sorrow; but despite privations and the obstacles of men, the mission has prospered. The population has doubled and in some places a threefold increase has been noted since the first Council of Quito. The Indians attend to their religious duties: 1500 children receive instruction in the mission-schools.

More could be said of these self-denying Fathers who have abandoned the comforts of civilization to work among the natives. Their lives are spent in toil, in teaching and in catechising, and when we call to mind their many privations we have only words of admiration for their labors. If sacrifice be the measure of Christian success, we need have no fear of failure for their saintly enterprise.

"SISTER MARY."

By F. X. Harnett.

NO one was surprised when Mary Richards appeared in the street one morning, clad in a simple black dress and serge hood, with the slightest margin of white muslin encircling her forehead. No one would have been surprised had she chosen to dress in such sombre garb even for the many fashionable receptions she was obliged to attend. Not that she was odd or whimsical in her ways, nor yet that the death of any relative made her wear this as mourning attire. Now that her old friends met her in the habit of deaconess, they all remarked that she would only have to do in different uniform the same active service of mercy she had always been engaged in.

Indeed, the dress critics could scarce recall in what fashion she used to clothe herself. On comparing their recollections, they readily agreed that she had been more distinguished by her attractive face and engaging manners than by the style of her garments. It was a rare concession for the votaries of fashion to make; it implied a high tribute to womanly charms which no art of the modiste could supply.

Still no one would have thought that Miss Mary, as everyone called her, would have felt the need of joining with the new Episcopalian Sisterhood, which had just opened a "Relief Mission" near Grace Chapel, in a neighborhood crowded with the city's poor. "Why not exercise her charity independently? She needed no nunnish vesture," said the wife of a retired minister, "to recommend her goodness and her kindly ways."

Mary Richards thought otherwise. Zealous and bold as she was when there was need of her ministrations, her sense of propriety made her recognize the need of a passport to the hospital wards, the sick-room and the prison; it made her charges more reverent, and saved her many an insult; it suited her own devotion to leave aside everything that savored of vanity, and to adopt

an attire which would impress even herself with a sense of the serious and self-sacrificing duties to which she meant to give her young life.

Serious and self-sacrificing these duties were. Late and early, from cellar to garret, with all classes, mostly with idlers and drunkards, and, as much as might be, living in the sick-room, and watching with the dying, sometimes through the night, well content if some thoughtful service could win a smile of gratitude, or if some gentle word of advice could infuse the spirit of resignation.

Three weeks of this unremitting relief-work, and Mary's own health threatened to require the like relief from her Mission sisters. Unable to persuade her to seek the rest and change of air recommended by the doctor (no one had any authority to bid her do so), they resorted to a ruse by which they might save her from complete prostration and still permit her to engage in her fond service of mercy.

Mrs. Norton, the chief benefactress of their Mission, was ill unto death. Her husband had persisted in watching at her bedside until he also had contracted the same illness. It was but proper that they should help the lady who had given them the very means of subsistence. Perhaps, too, an occasion might offer of bringing about for Mrs. Norton the one thing upon which she had set her heart, the conversion of her husband.

Norton was a very cheerful patient, and he grew more cheerful as day after day brought him favorable reports of his wife's recovery, though the disease seemed slowly growing upon himself.

He was a Catholic. He knew at a glance that Miss Richards did not belong to any of the Sisterhoods which the Bishop of that diocese had just introduced into the city. He disliked the prospect of having to submit to her attentions, kindly and helpful as they were. He knew that his Catholic friends would be alarmed at the thought of proselytism. Yet what could he do? "Mixed marriages," Father Taunton would say with a shrug of his shoulders. "Well, and what then?" Miss Richards must be

around as nurse to Mrs. Norton, and he would accept her services as those of any trained nurse.

"By what name am I to call you?" was one of his first questions.

"Sister" Mary was quick to divine the reason of his question. Naturally she felt hurt that he had not used the received address of "Sister" without questioning; but she had too much respect for another's feelings, even though she regarded them as biassed, and she answered sweetly:

"Oh, call me anything you please: Miss Mary will do; or, Mary, if it suits you better."

Not so bad, he thought; she is evidently not a stickler for forms.

Clearly tenacious, she was thinking, of what he considers a usage too sacred to extend to us heretics, as he deems us.

"Yes, I'll call you Miss Mary," he said.

"But why not Sister, or plain Mary?"

"Oh, Mrs. Norton will call you Sister; and, if you are very good to her, I'll try to call you Mary."

Since his marriage, Mr. Norton, from a very lukewarm, had become a very earnest Catholic.

He was never disposed to wrangle about religion; but he believed in the force of a good example. Hence when his wife, and her brother, an Episcopal clergyman of some prominence, began to make open efforts to bring him, as they termed it, into their unity, he playfully evaded any serious discussion with them, and fell back upon the argument of a sincere Christian life which never fails to convince. They took his manner to show that he was an indifferent Catholic, and an easy subject, therefore, to convert.

Now he was disposed to baffle the proselytism of Miss Mary in the same playful way. It was hard, though, in his present weak condition; and as she had consented to take what she considered an easy task in the hope of so far improving the occasion as to win over a misguided brother, she persisted in her attacks upon his faith as though this were the one duty of her life.

"You do not take your illness half seriously enough," was her complaint one morning, as she gave him a bitter potion, which he tossed off with a mimicry of delight.

She could not understand him. In a burning fever, he would insist now on telling his beads, now on repeating short prayers, the crucifix in hand; and the next moment he would talk on in the monosyllabic utterances his strength would permit, telling pleasant stories, ridiculing his own cowardice, and making light of his doctor's apprehension and warnings.

"You know," she continued, "you will never take any interest in recovering, unless you consider your illness as something very serious."

"You are serious, Miss Mary; I always laugh, when people are serious."

"But life is a solemn thing," she rejoined.

"No, death you mean," was his quick reminder.

"Yes, of course; but you might be near death."

"And what then? I don't want to leave a corpse with a long face."

"But Mrs. Norton is so anxious about you."

"Why should she be anxious? Am I not mending daily? Tell her I'll take it as a bad sign, if she worries about anything. You said just now she is well, did you not?"

"Sister Mary" could not conceal some slight confusion at this unlooked for question. Mr. Norton had never before asked a second time about his wife's health. He took any favorable answer unquestioningly; and, of course, every answer to his first question every morning.: "How is Mrs. Norton to-day?"—was bound to sound favorable at least, if not really to be so. He noticed the hesitancy of Miss Richards, as she tried to recover from her confusion, and say:

"Well, that is, of course, I said she is well—no worse than yesterday—but you need not be anxious."

Poor nurse! Poor "Sister!" The commissions she was charged with were too much for her. Her eagerness to convert Mr. Norton's soul made her forget that her present line of argument

would scarcely benefit the health of his body. Mrs. Norton had had a relapse, and was at that moment lying between life and death. Her husband, the doctor had advised, must not know of this, even should she die. Miss Mary's "no worse than yesterday" revealed to him more than could the plainest medical bulletin.

A shade of alarm passed over his features. Then he grew very serious; now and then his brow would contract as if in pain; and then he would look upward longingly as if appealing to some one above him; finally he would kiss his crucifix, and sigh as if the pain had been spent.

Miss Richards felt she had blundered. Say what she would, he would not be satisfied.

"Can't something be done?" was his only question.

"Everything is done for her. She wants for nothing; and I am sure she will soon be well."

"But—but—her soul! Oh, you won't understand me. Something must be done. Does she know she may be dying?"

"Now you must not think of her dying. Why, how do you know but that you may be worse off than she is?"

"Something must be done," he only answered, and then lapsed into his troubled seriousness.

"Sister" Mary kept pondering on what that something might be. The next minute she was all impulse; she had hit upon a plan. If he were really bent upon doing anything to save Mrs. Norton's life, why, she would tell him outright the one thing above all others which would make that life worth living for.

"Why, I know something which would surely bring her back to life, even if she were leaving it. And you are the very one that has it in your power."

"What! I? Tell me, oh, quickly, what is it?"

"Well, you know if you and she were of the one belief, she would be so happy."

"Did she say so?"

"Yes, that is why I am here."

"Precisely, and that is what I want."

"Oh, she will be so happy. She is so afraid she may die, and leave you a—a Catholic."

Miss Richards was flattering herself upon the happy results of her blunder. It would be the cure of both patients. How should she get away to break the welcome news to Mrs. Norton? The puzzled look on Norton's face made her wait for further questions from him.

He was too amazed to speak at all. When Sister Mary began to disclose the something which would help Mrs. Norton, he took it for granted that at length the wish of his heart had been granted and that, at the eleventh hour, his wife was to be united with him in the true Church of God. It had never occurred to him that his wife could have really desired his own conversion to Episcopalianism. What was he to do? No Catholic in attendance; Father Taunton admitted to visit him, but not received by Mrs. Norton since her illness began. He was not long in deciding his course.

"I must go to her at once."

"But you cannot be permitted even to rise."

True to his life-long habit of listening when women remonstrated, he answered nothing, but gave no sign of changing his purpose.

"You must not be disturbed by all my blundering," she went on saying; "I'll have Doctor Amuthy come and tell you just how Mrs. Norton is."

"Thank you! God bless you! But you must call Mr. Ensey."

This was Mr. Norton's private secretary. They were like brothers together, and Mr. Ensey had insisted from the beginning of this illness that he should be allowed to watch at night at the bedside of the sick man.

The sudden summons at noonday alarmed him. "Had Mr. Norton a change for the worse? Wanted to go to Mrs. Norton! Impossible! Harmful to both of them. Was he delirious?"

No, Mr. Norton was as cool as if he were dictating an informal answer to an unimportant letter.

"You must manage to bring me to see Mrs. Norton. She is dying," was the sick man's greeting.

"But, Mr. Norton—"

"Now, Ensey, I am too weak to argue with you. Calmly now, for old friendship's sake, and let's do it before the doctor comes."

"I'll do anything in the world for you. Of course, you're sure it will not alarm Mrs. Norton or hurt her in any way."

"Hurt! Why, it will save her. Something must be done! And oh, the bitter thought that I should so long have neglected to do it."

It was an heroic effort on Norton's part. Arrived at the door of his wife's room, he dismissed his attendants and rising from his reclining chair, he braced himself firmly enough to walk to the bedside of his wife, whom all thought a dying woman.

Pleasant as ever, he soon aroused her drooping energies and brought back a look of animation to her features. Doctor Amuhty, who abruptly broke in upon this strange meeting, saw at a glance that it would result far differently from what had been apprehended. Still he dreaded the reaction so far as Norton was concerned, and prudently ordered him back to his room, before even a mention of religion had been made.

It was not long before the two patients now convalescent were able to meet and go over the experiences of their illness, and "Sister Mary" was always present.

One day the forbidden visit of Mr. Norton became the topic of conversation.

"And what could have led you to risk so much with the bare chance of finding me alive?" asked Mrs. Norton.

"Your soul and your belief in the true Church of Jesus Christ," was his rapid answer.

"But if I was to die, why need you care about the religion I'd profess? You never seemed much concerned about my beliefs at any time."

"Precisely, whilst you lived, I could wait in patience; but to see you die out of the true fold—" and he shuddered at the bare mention of it.

"Sister Mary" was an attentive listener. Some time before she had heard Mrs. Norton say: "If my husband is to die, let him die in his own faith; but if he is to live, I do want you to make him an Episcopalian."

Now she heard him utter the very opposite principle. So the Catholic faith was best for the next world; any belief might do in this.

It was something to think over. Sister Mary has not ceased to think of it to this day. She has the happiness now of making others think over it to their profit, as she moves about the wards of St. Joseph's hospital, where all, Protestants as well as Catholics, reverently call her Sister Mary.

CLOSE TO THE ALTAR RAILS.

By the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J.

ANY are the deep mysteries in human speech in all its marvellous varieties. But it is its sameness, not variety, that impresses me now; for I am thinking of a few eucharistic words that have been repeated thousands and thousands of times every moment—for at every moment it is morning and the hour of Mass somewhere over the earth's surface—every moment for so many centuries, and will be repeated through as many centuries as remain for this earth in its present state of probation. Next to the *Pater* and *Ave*, which at the bidding of Christ and His Church fall so often every day from all Catholic lips, the words of the liturgy of the Mass are those that go up oftenest from earth to heaven.

Amongst these, after the consecrating words themselves, the most solemn are the words which the priest utters, some aloud, some under his breath, at the time of Holy Communion. These do not come as a fresh inspiration from heaven, but the Church

has recourse for them to King David,[1] St. John the Baptist, and one whose name has not been told to us—namely the centurion whose faith made his Redeemer marvel.[2] For he believed that Jesus could bid diseases depart, as he himself could bid his soldiers go and come; and when our Lord said, "*I will come and heal him,*" he, in his faith and humility, remonstrated: "*Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof, but only say the word and my servant shall be healed.*" And healed he was at that same hour; and his kind master's protest, with the change of one word, is the last act of faith and humility that priest and people make before Holy Communion. *Domine, non sum dignus.*

A few moments earlier in the Mass we use the words of the Precursor. One of those who heard them first was Andrew the Apostle. Whatever true and orthodox learning may say of St. Andrew's Acts—whether it pronounces them to be a genuine contemporary record or only based on tradition written down at a later day—that later day is so long ago that those Acts bear witness to the creed of primeval Christendom. And in them we hear St. Peter's brother answering to Aegeas, the Proconsul of Achaia, who entreated him to look to his own interests and sacrifice to the gods: "I sacrifice daily to God Almighty, Who is the one true God, not the flesh of bulls and the blood of goats, but the immaculate Lamb upon the altar; which Lamb, after all the people of the believers have eaten of it, abideth whole and living."

This is the last that is told us of St. Andrew, and it has a curious affinity with what is first told to us about him. In this last scene he calls his divine Master the immaculate Lamb; in the first scene in which St. Andrew figures, he hears the same divine Master called by the Baptist, the Lamb of God. "*Behold*

[1] The *Quid retribuam* of the Royal Psalmist, which the priest adopts before taking the sacred chalice, has already been made the subject of a meditation in these pages, July 1892.

[2] St. Matthew, viii. 10.

the Lamb of God!" The spirit in which Andrew received the announcement shows how worthy he was to be the first called of all the Apostles, he himself calling his glorious brother, the Prince of the Apostles, St. Peter. With perfect simplicity and docility he leaves the Precursor for the Messiah, when the Precursor points Him out. He and St. John, who tells the story but hides his own name, kept close to Jesus without daring to speak to Him, till He turns round and asks: "*What seek ye?*" "*Master, where dwellest Thou?*" "*Come and see.*"[3] And they went and abode with Him that day and probably the following night. Whatever they saw there, whatever they heard from Him, they could not be so close to Him and for so long without feeling their hearts burning within them, as three years later two other disciples felt their hearts burning during their evening walk with Him to Emmaus.

"*Where dwellest Thou?*" "*Come and see.*" This question and answer were full of a pathetic significance when spoken first, and still more now when we hear that answer of our Divine Lord addressed to us here as we kneel close to the altar rails. Nor is it at the mere behest of a pious fancy that we would discover a eucharistic meaning in all this passage and especially in the words of the Baptist: for, as we have already noticed, those words have been honored by the choice of the Church herself who uses them at the most solemn moment of the Mass. Not only does the priest, bending down before his Eucharistic Lord, strike his breast and say: "O Lamb of God, Who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us!"—but when he turns round to give Communion to the faithful, he announces our Lord in the exact words with which the Baptist announced Him of old to St. Andrew and the rest. *Ecce Agnus Dei!* "*Behold the Lamb of God, behold Him Who taketh away the sins of the world.*"

Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ had recourse to the disguise of the Eucharist in order to multiply His power of loving.

[3] John, i. 38.

Alas! it has too often multiplied also his power of suffering. We cannot go too far in striving to realize the cruelty of our ingratitude towards that Heart so loving and so little loved. As far as we are concerned, there is baseness and cruelty and treachery beyond conception. "*Jesus, being risen from the dead, dieth now no more,*" and He cannot suffer in heaven what He suffered in the garden of His prayer and agony; but this does not lessen the guilt of those whose conduct would renew (if that were possible) Calvary and Gethsemane, the Passion of His Sacred Body and the Passion of His Sacred Heart. If some human monster plotted against the life of his father, and if the father, warned of his evil purpose, clothed himself secretly with armor—if the impious son lay in wait and at a favorable moment aimed his dagger at the old man's heart—would not this villain have all the guilt of parricide though the dagger broke harmless against the hidden breastplate? Our guilt and our ingratitude are the same as if our neglect and coldness could break our Lord's Heart again.

It reminded me of that ancient but ever new expression of the Divine tenderness which is most fully realized in the Blessed Eucharist: "*I sleep, and my heart watcheth.*"[4] A youthful mother, who had not borne that sacred title for many days, sat with her infant clasped close to her heart. I offered condolence (which was meant to be congratulation) on the never ceasing care and trouble that her new friend would impose upon her, both in the nighttime and the daytime for many a night and day. "Yes, even my sleep is not what it was before: all the time that I am asleep, I feel that *It* is there." She slept, but the mother's heart kept watch. *Ego dormio, et cor meum vigilat: I sleep, but my heart watcheth.*

May we dare to apply to our Eucharistic Lord Himself what He one day, during His unsacramental life on earth, said of the daughter of Jairus? He "is not dead but sleepeth." He is not dead. He is the Life, He is the living God. "*Jesus, being*

[4] Canticles, v. 2.

risen from the dead, dieth now no more."[5] He is "*always living to make intercession for us.*"[6] He is not dead but sleepeth. Sleep is very like Death. "How beautiful is Death!—Death and his brother Sleep." He sleeps, as He slept in the midst of the storm on the sea of Galilee; and He sleeps or seems to sleep now for the same reason that He slept then—in order to be waked up by our cry: "*Save us, O Lord! we perish.*" So in the storm of temptation we must cry, "*Salva nos, perimus!*" and we shall not perish, we shall be safe: for at once, at a word, at a look, at the thought of His presence, the storm is quelled and there comes upon our souls a great calm. *Et facta est tranquillitas magna.*[7]

THE JUBILEE IN ROME.

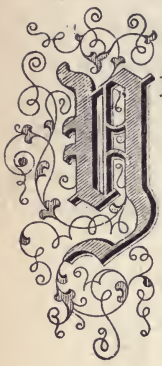
HIS HOLINESS granted audiences to the pilgrims from different parts of Italy on Feb. 16th and 17th. On the 19th, the feast of the Jubilee, he celebrated Mass in the Vatican Basilica, at which these pilgrims were present. At mid-day on the 20th, the anniversary of his elevation to the See of Rome, a solemn *Te Deum* was sung in the Church of St. John Lateran. On the 21st, 22d and 23d, solemn services were held in the Church of St. Laurence, where the episcopal consecration of His Holiness took place. On the octave of the feast of the Jubilee, the committee for the arrangement of the celebrations clothed 100 aged beggars and accompanied them to Communion in the Church of St. Laurence. Later a breakfast was provided for these poor people which was served by ladies and gentlemen of the best Roman families. There was also a special literary and musical entertainment in the Church of the Holy Apostles. At noon on March 3d, the anniversary of the coronation of His Holiness, a *Te Deum* will be sung in the Vatican Basilica. During Passion week missions will be given in four of the churches by the Passionist Fathers.

[5] Romans, vi. 9. [6] Hebrews, vii. 25. [7] St. Matthew, viii. 26.

LEAVE IT WITH HIM.

To Sister M. C., O.S.F.

By Sister M. A., O.S.F.



ES, leave it with Jesus,
The lillies all do,
And they grow—
They grow in the rain,
And they grow in the dew—
Yes; they grow,
They grow in the darkness, all hid in the night;
They grow in the sunshine, revealed by the light;
Still they grow.

They ask not your planting,
They need not your care
As they grow.
Dropped down in the valley,
The field, anywhere—
There they grow.
They grow in their beauty, arrayed in pure white,
They grow, clothed in glory, by Heaven's own light,
Sweetly grow.

The grasses are clothed
And the ravens are fed
From His store;
But *you*, whom He loved
And guarded and led,
How much more
Will He clothe you, and feed you, and give you His care?
Then leave it with Him; He has everywhere
Ample store.

Yes, leave it with Him,
'Tis more dear to His Heart
You well know,
Than the lillies that bloom,
Or the flowers that start
'Neath the snow
What you need, if you ask it in prayer,
You can leave it with Him, for you are His care,
You, *you* know.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF BLESSED MARGARET MARY.

VI. The Passion. The Heart of Jesus.

WE have mentioned over and over again in these studies that when Blessed Margaret Mary was still a young girl, long before her entrance into the religious state, she had what spiritual writers often call special lights from heaven, by which she was enabled either to see the sacred scenes of our Lord's life more vividly, or to appreciate His divine words and teachings more sensibly. We have dwelt more than once upon the fact that the scenes in which our Lord became most familiar to her were those of His Sacred Passion. Now she would behold Him scourged, again as the *Ecce Homo*, then covered with His Wounds, or thorn-crowned, bound, insulted and condemned, by the voice of the rabble, to death by the cross.

While pursuing our studies in her beautiful life, a picture lies before us, a copy of the one which her novices painted after her directions. It represents the Heart of Jesus, as the Blessed Margaret knew It; and very properly it portrays that divine Heart as pierced by spear-heads and surrounded—crowned would be a more apt term—by a wreath of hearts, and this again encircled by a crown, or crowned by a circlet of thorns. Very

properly we say is the Heart of Jesus so represented, because the Blessed Nun had actually seen It so pierced and so crowned; and because, moreover, the great lesson of the Sacred Heart is that the crown of suffering must always go with the crown of love. To be crowned with the love which this wreath of hearts symbolizes, Jesus Christ was first crowned with the sorrows, which thorns once helped to cause and which, therefore, they help us to realize.

This is the great peculiarity of Blessed Margaret's devotion to the Heart of her Master. Years before she had this picture painted, she had her own mental image of the Heart of Christ, and her own special motive in honoring that Heart. As her most familiar image of Christ was that of Christ suffering for love of us, so her most natural picture of His Sacred Heart should be that of a Heart with the emblems of suffering and of love.

We may lay it down therefore as a logical result of Margaret Mary's first heavenly lights about Christ suffering and Christ deigning to accept the commiseration of men, that had she, like so many holy persons conceived a devotion to the Sacred Heart, even without a divine revelation, she would have honored that Heart as this picture represents It, the symbol of divine love itself crowned by the emblems of love and of suffering. Even without a divine *revelation* notice, for we do not say, without a divine intervention. It surely was the intervention of a special providence, which made Blessed Margaret Mary progress from her first vivid realization of our Lord at the pillar, to a keen sense of the mystery of His pierced Heart. We call it special, because it impressed these scenes and mysteries so deeply in her soul, because it recurred so frequently, because it produced such holy fruits in her, and because it was so gradual, so manifestly according to a divine plan to prepare her for the great and formal revelations, which were to make her an Apostle of the Sacred Heart.

Now it is well to remark that this picture of the Sacred Heart of Jesus gives not merely the view or theory of Margaret Mary on devotion to the Sacred Heart; it presents most truly her own practical piety towards It. Once more, had she never

had a revelation of her mission in behalf of the Heart of her Master, her love would, indeed, it did impel her to prove her love by suffering, and by inducing others to suffer in union with His divine Heart. What the manifestations and revelations of Jesus added to her own devotion, was this very mission to make known to men the sufferings of the Heart of Jesus, and to compel them by all the ways of love, by example, by sacrifice and by the sanction of her own worship, in spirit and in truth, to love that Heart and to suffer for It in return.

Other Saints and servants of God had honored the Heart of our Redeemer with words of praise and practices of devotion. St. Gertrude spoke of the Divine Heart as naturally as she spoke of the Five Wounds and of the Precious Blood. "O Jesus, only object of my affection," reads one of her prayers: "receive me now, at once, under the amiable protection of Thy Sacred Heart," and again: "Open to me the door of Thy amiable Heart. . . . Happy the heart which is favored by being united to Thy Heart, and which thus forms an indissoluble friendship with Thee." Like Blessed Margaret Mary, St. Catharine of Siena, and St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi, in some mystical way, received the Heart of our Lord in exchange for their own. Blessed Henry Suso was ever mindful of the sorrows of the Heart of Christ and of His Mother. "Oh, never forget, most sweet Jesus, the unmeasured sorrow of Your Heart when You saw Your afflicted Mother at the foot of the Cross! . . .

We might go on multiplying instances of devotion to the Heart of Jesus, and cite the most remarkable expressions of this devotion given by Saints and Venerable Servants of God, some of whom lived before, others since the time of Blessed Margaret. Take even the spiritual writers who have lived since Blessed Margaret Mary's time. Not one of them will emphasize her peculiar presentation of devotion to the Heart of Jesus as a devotion which must unite suffering with love. The stress which she lays upon this characteristic of the devotion is so pronounced as to strike us as something entirely new. Other Saints may mention it; she insists upon it so much in her letters, in her own

life, in her training of novices that it becomes identified with her. She is really the Apostle of the devotion to the Sacred Heart, which most befits that Heart, a devotion of love and suffering combined, to the Heart Which loved and suffered as much as was possible to any heart.

There is no need of illustrating this point from the life of our Blessed one. It begins with suffering of every sort, and ends in the same way. From bodily ills to mental sorrow, and back again to painful infirmities, the index of her Life might well present some sort of suffering as a sub-title or even as a leading title to every one of its chapters. Even when love of the Sacred Heart draws her specially to the Blessed Sacrament, suffering is still the chief attraction. The outrages heaped upon our Lord in the Tabernacle by men, the indifference shown to Him in the Sacrament of His Love by those who should of all be grateful to Him, these are the prevailing motives. He is a God of love, because He has a Heart to suffer. Margaret Mary loves Him because He has suffered; loving Him she must be like Him in suffering, and she must unite her heart with His divine Heart, and induce others to suffer with Him. This is Margaret Mary's devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Now a true devotion to the Passion of our Saviour must naturally lead us to a devotion to His Sacred Heart. The sufferings and Death of Christ all lead up to this. His own *Consummatum est* is testimony that all His will could do had been accomplished and that the sacrifice for our Redemption was complete. The piercing of His Sacred Heart, even after It had ceased to beat, is testimony that, until It should be broken, His enemies would fear that It might still throb with love for us. There can be no doubt that our divine Lord intended, by this needless cruelty of His executioners, to draw our attention and our devotion to this symbol and organ of His love for us. Hence it is that Margaret Mary, beginning with the first scenes of the Sacred Passion, was finally admitted to know the secret, how this closing scene of the Crucifixion explains the source of the Crucifixion itself, viz. the love of the Heart of Jesus for mankind.

INTO THE DESERT.

THERE is a desert between Jericho and Jerusalem, extending from Galgala to Engaddi near the Dead Sea. Though nowadays many men dwell there, their presence does not make it less a desert; for they dwell only in portions of it, mostly in the caverns which are very numerous along the mountain side; and they dwell there as hermits, silent and apart from one another, apparently as dead to the world and to the joys of human society as the valleys and cliffs about them are to vegetation or to any except wild, brute life.

Still those lovers of solitude take an interest in the rare stranger, or, rather, explorer who may visit them; and the reason of this interest is to arouse in others the spirit upon which they themselves live—the spirit of attachment to Him Who once hallowed those wild precincts. And so they repeat not only the gospel narrative how "Jesus being full of the Holy Ghost, returned from the Jordan, and immediately was led by the spirit into the desert, to be tempted by the devil"; but they also point out the very cavern in which our Saviour dwelt those Forty Days in the desert.

The hermits of to-day are not responsible for this tradition. The ruinous condition of the chapel erected within that cavern proves that the tradition is very old; for the chapel was erected to commemorate our Lord's fast and prayer in that very spot. Writers of five centuries ago tell that the ruins of an old church and monastery, once inhabited by some Greek monks, were still visible.

When or how did the tradition originate? Why question its origin? It is a commonplace tradition, as are all local traditions; it is one that could naturally have arisen from the fact that this cavern was more eligible for a dwelling than the others on that mountain side, or, as naturally, from the fact that it was the cavern usually resorted to by solitaries even in the time of

Christ, who, like John the Baptist, *the voice of one crying in the wilderness,* lived for a time away from the haunts of men. Quarantania, the name of that entire region, is applied especially to the mountain "high and hard to climb," as travellers tell us. It rises as high as 2,350 feet above the level of the Dead Sea. The cavern which Christ is said to have occupied is on the east side and near the top of the mountain.

It was in December, when the desert was more bleak than at other times of the year; but it was just after Jesus, "being baptized, went up presently out of the water: and behold, Jesus praying, the heavens were opened to Him; and He saw the Holy Ghost in a bodily shape descending as a dove and coming and remaining on Him. And behold a voice came from heaven saying: Thou art My beloved Son; in Thee I am well pleased."

So the gospel narrative reads when put together from all three evangelists, St. Matthew, St. Luke and St. Mark, who give the details about this part of our Lord's life. To continue in their words: "And Jesus being full of the Holy Ghost, returned from the Jordan [where He had just been baptized], and *immediately* was led by the spirit into the desert to be tempted by the devil." *Immediately!* Straightway might suit the action better; for it is clear there was no tarrying with friends, no delay overnight. How the witnesses of His Baptism could have let Him depart alone, unchallenged, is a puzzle to us when we remember that they had been worrying John himself with questions as to who might be the Messiah. They did not, it is true, see the heavens opening, nor the dove descending, nor did they hear the testimony of God the Father, "*Thou* art My beloved Son; in *Thee* I am well pleased"; for it seems to have been addressed to Christ only. They did, however, see John expostulating with Jesus, "staying" Him, and arguing: I ought to be baptized by Thee; and comest Thou to me? No doubt the spirit that led Jesus into the desert had not yet put it into their hearts to follow Him, as they would later, to that mountainous desert near the sea of Galilee, so regardless of hunger that out of pity for their want He would have to multiply the loaves and fishes to feed them.

Straightway is a word that suits every action of our Lord. *What thou doest, do quickly.* The word suits the conduct of all

THE FIRST TEMPTATION.
If Thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be turned into bread.

who are led by the spirit of God. There is no irresolution, no hesitancy, no wavering. Now Christ was always led by the Holy

Spirit, that is to say, He was always quick to recognize the will of God and to do it. Led by the spirit means that His own free will determined Him to fulfil the designs of His Father. He waited only to learn those designs, or, rather, since He knew them already, He waited only for the time and circumstances in which He was to fulfil them. The knowledge that Christ was led by the spirit into the desert, makes his departure, that evening early in January, a very dramatic picture for us, howsoever unnoticed it may have been by the neophytes of John who witnessed it. How could they have known what has been mercifully revealed to us, that the majestic figure moving towards those desolate hills was the Expected of Nations? He goes forward into the desert, alone. The distance up the ascent is fully a mile and a half, and as our eyes follow the progress of that solitary figure, we know by divine revelation that He is led thither by the Spirit to be tempted. Christ is about to face what He bade us afterward to pray against. *Lead us not into temptation!* He is actually led into temptation by God the Father, Who had disposed the time, the place and the manner of His trial and of His triumph.

Why did our Lord go into solitude for temptation? In the Old Testament there is a *Væ homini soli!* a curse on the man who puts himself beyond the help of his neighbor. The Imitation, it is true, counsels silence and retirement as a means both of avoiding and of resisting temptation; but it means the silence and retirement of a life with others near enough to advise or encourage us in case of need. It would seem natural that the more the sources the more the temptations, and that the *world* being a source of temptation, Christ could have met with more and harder trials in the world than by going out into the desert, and thus diminishing the occasions of trial.

Be it noted, in answer to this, that the world is so potent a cause of temptation, and so insidious also, that it takes possession of us, impresses its images on our imaginations, forces its maxims on our mind, familiarizes every sense, sight, touch, and taste and smell and hearing, with its pleasant sights, sounds, scents and savors, habituates every passion to some of its alluring objects:

in a word, the world practically becomes part and parcel of ourselves, and the temptations which arise from the world may therefore—witness the temptations of Saint Jerome in his solitude—follow us when alone and try us as much as those which arise from our own concupiscence.

But this has little to do with our Lord's reason for going out into the desert alone. In point of fact, He was to be tried even while in that solitude by the offer of all the kingdoms of the world, of the power and glory of them, shown to him as they were in a moment of time. So far as we can inquire into the designs of Providence, Christ went alone to be tempted, in order to make us understand that, when temptation comes upon us, we alone, aided by God's grace, are to meet it and resist it. Men may advise and encourage us: we must face the temptation and struggle with it. We alone become responsible for triumph or defeat. It will not do to plead: "Others are not tried in this way"; or, "others have more grace than I have to meet such onsets." Much less may we presume to say: "Others have at least entertained this temptation without falling; or, they have even yielded to some extent, without suffering entire defeat." It may be that others are enlisted with the evil one in striving to compass our fall. It matters not. The affair is between God and ourselves. He is to judge whether others should be tried as we are, whether they should receive more grace than we have; it is His place to condemn their slightest consent to evil, to put a penalty on those who lead others into evil, and His woe to the scandal givers proves that he does so. It is our place to stand by Him against all odds. The world of human beings is a desert so far as we are concerned when under trial for Almighty God. Even should it fall away entirely the upright man will witness its loss unmoved, bent only upon one thing, and that is, to keep his will united with the Will of his Maker and Ruler.

"And He was in the desert forty days and forty nights; and He was tempted by Satan; and He was with beasts; and He did eat nothing in those days." The forty days of solitude were forty days of fasting. "He did eat nothing" does not mean

merely, as some heretical writers of the Life of Christ maintain, that He ate only what He could find in that sterile region. It means that He ate nothing whatever. Nor are we to suppose that He adopted any external means of alleviating His fast, such as those employed by the forty-day fasters of our time. Again, it should be taken into account that He lived in a cavern, on a bleak mountain-top, exposed to the trying atmosphere of a level of at least 1,500 feet. Besides, He was neither bodily nor mentally inactive. If He was actually tempted during those days, mentally He must have been active to a most trying degree. Even if we are to take the narrative of the gospel, as many commentators maintain, to mean that only after or when He had fasted forty days and forty nights the tempter came, still we are sure that He was mentally employed in the meditation or the "much study" which is an affliction of the flesh.[1] The mission of His public career, the miracles, the Apostolic training He was to give, the miseries of soul and body He was to meet, the enmity He was to arouse in high places, the journeys, and hidings, the persecution of the next three years, His suffering and death, the Church He was to found, the souls He was to save, and most engaging thought of all, most painful of all, the souls He should not save, because they would refuse His proffer of salvation: —all were the concerns of the soul of Christ during that prolonged fast; and it is for reason of these circumstances and concerns, both so trying to soul and body, that theologians pronounce His fast a miraculous one, as something above the powers of any created being.

The importance of reiterating that the Word was God, and "the Word was made Flesh" is never more pressing than when explaining the narrative of Christ's Temptation. That narrative confronts His holiness with sin, and offers doctrinal problems about His relations to sin, which true belief and heresy always solve differently. Elsewhere the Scriptures tell us, what a devout faith would have instinctively assumed,—He "knew no sin,"[2] and "was tempted in all things like as we are, yet without

[1] Eccles. xii. 12. [2] 2 Cor. v. 21.

sin";[3] but as they nowhere say He was incapable of sinning, biographers of Jesus must endeavor to decide this point in accord-

TRIUMPH AFTER TRIAL.
And behold angels came and ministered to Him.

ance with the general scripture teaching about His human per-

[3] Hebrews, iv. 15.

fections and holiness. Catholic interpreters have learned from Holy Scripture that no dignity, no human nor divine adornment, is to be denied to Christ unless it interfere either with His office of Redeemer, or with His highest prerogative, the abiding vision of the Godhead.

Now the vision of the Godhead deprives the Blessed of the capability of sinning, and the office of Redeemer, so far from being hindered, is best furthered by impeccability. Accordingly, going back to St. John, our theologians say the Christ of the gospels could not sin. His human nature, which was truly a nature of the Word, did not and could not know sin. That nature was assumed by the Word into a most intimate, substantial union. Its very substance therefore received from the Uncreated Holiness of the Word a holiness of its own which made it incapable of sinning. The Holiness of the Word was the source of the chief, the substantial holiness of the human nature of Christ. Hence not to mention various other causes of His human sanctity and impeccability assigned by different writers, such as,—the absurdity of saying that He a very God could sin, the absolute conformity of His human with His divine Will, and the deiformity of His human nature in the Beatific Vision,—this one cause, the hypostatic union alone suffices to show His human nature must necessarily be impeccable. What grace does for us, the same and infinitely more has Uncreated Holiness done for the humanity of Christ. If grace may so confirm a man's will as to render it incapable of sin, all the more did the Holiness of the Word sanctify the very nature of Christ, and make that nature impeccable.

It is not enough therefore to say with Edersheim, that "with a peccable nature, He was an impeccable Person." Of course His Person was impeccable; so too was His divine nature: to question this were blasphemy. His human nature was also impeccable, and it was so, not only by an adornment of His Will enabling Him to resist sin, but by its own, inherent, substantial sanctification, which made it incapable of sin.

It mars the exquisite simplicity of the gospel account to go

into a subtle analysis of Christ's bodily and mental attitude on the occasion of the devil's assault, and to make idle conjectures as to the subject of the struggle, if such there was, within His soul. This is a common defect in non-Catholic biographers of Christ, arising, it should seem, from their oversight of the part which grace plays in all temptation, and from the consequent tendency to magnify the natural forces engaged, such as the purely human strength or weakness of the soul on trial, and the magnitude or advantage of the hostile tempting power.

It is further a mistake to forget that Christ's temptation was not simply for His trial, but for our lesson. He could not sin, but He could permit proposals to be made Him by the enemy of our nature to show us how to repel them. It is not necessary, nay, to pious ears it is grossly irreverent, to say that unless He could sin His temptation would be "a mere deceptive phantasmagoria," or that the Anointed of God should be put to the test, and that by a real assault on His Will. It is not necessary that His Will should have been assailed. On receiving the proposals it could give no consent to them, but merely permit them to awaken those first inclinations of the sensitive appetite, which it naturally manifests towards its proper objects.

As a rule when we are tempted two forces combine to bring about our trial and, if possible, our fall. Satan usually proposes some alluring object which our own concupiscence strongly recommends, even against the mandate of our conscience. This latter factor was wholly wanting in the Temptations of our divine Lord. So submissive were the tendencies of His lower faculties to His reason and will, that they could not rise or rebel against these, and therefore He could not suffer a temptation from what we call self, the flesh, or concupiscence. He could however be tried by the proposals of an enemy, distinct from Himself, just as He could triumph over those proposals, by a triumph so real, as to merit the consolations of heaven, the coming of angels to minister unto Him, to His Body and to His Soul, tried, as only the enemy of human nature could have tried, the nature which, as he suspected, had some special relation with the divine.

THE ICONOGRAPHY OF THE APOSTLES.

By Caryl Coleman.

XII.

Saint Simon.

Apostle and Martyr, A.D. 64.

Latin, Sanctus Simon.	*Greek*, Agios Simon.	*German*, Heiliger Simon
French, Saint Simon.	*Italian*, San Simone.	*Spanish*, San Simon.

Feast: October 28th. The commemoration of St. Simon is associated with that of his fellow-Apostle, Thaddeus, or, as he is sometimes called, Jude. Among the Greeks the festival is held May 10th, but never jointly with that of St. Thaddeus as in the Western Church.

Patronage: St. Simon is one of the patrons of the City of Goslar, and also of coopers, gaugers, wine-porters, shoemakers and tanners.

Life: Very little is known about this Apostle, either from Holy Writ or tradition. He is merely mentioned in the gospels as one of the College of Apostles. St. Matthew and St. Mark give him an additional name: *Simon Cananeus*,[1] apparently to distinguish him from Simon Peter, and St. Luke translates this name into Zelotes: his words are, *Simon who is called Zelotes*.[2] These two surnames are believed by many to be one and the same name;[3] *Cananaeus* is held to be from the Hebrew equivalent of the Greek word *Zelotes*[4] signifying zeal, and refers to a sect among the Hebrews which revenged by blood, every transgression against the Jewish law. "Would Jesus," says the Abbe Fouard, have called one of these fanatics to Him; would He have thought it wise to admit into equal fellowship this Jew, Simon, who rebelled against every tribute extorted by the hated foreigners, and Levi, collector of the Roman taxes? Yet in this there

[1] Matt., x. 4. Mark, iii. 18. [2] Luke, vi. 15.

[3] Smith's Dict. of Christ. Ant, p. 99, Maas' *Life of Christ.*

[4] Kannan.

would be nothing repugnant to the plans of the Master, for He made little account of human prudence in His works, and *chose that which is foolishness in the world's eyes to confound the wise, so that no man should glorify himself before Him.*" On the other hand it is held that he received the surname Cananeus because he was a native of Cana, in Galilee, of the tribe either of Zabulon or Nephthali, in one word because he was a Canaanite; and that St. Luke gave him the name Zelotes because he was so zealous in the cause of Christ.[5]

ST. SIMON.

The Greek historian, Nicephorus Callistus says that Simon was a Galilæan, which is undoubtedly correct, but he adds that it was at his marriage our Divine Lord changed the water into wine, which is exceedingly doubtful.

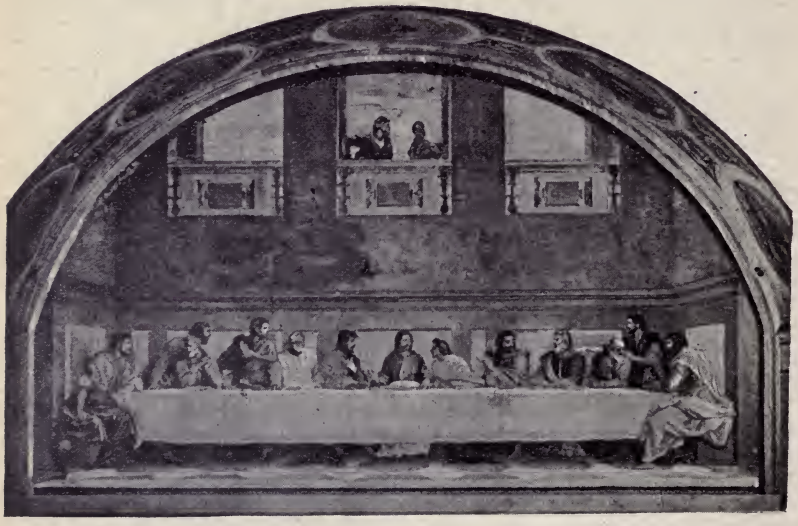
With the other Apostles he received the miraculous gifts of the Holy Ghost,[6] which he afterwards exercised with great zeal in company, it is said, with St. Thaddæus. His especial mission was to the Persians, among whom he spread the Faith, and at last he received the crown of martyrdom from their hands in the city of Susa[7], where he was sawn asunder. It has been said, but the evidence on which it rests is of little weight, that St. Simon carried the news of the Gospel to the British Isles. Relics of

[5] Maldonatus Com. Matt. x. 4. [6] Acts, i. 13. [7] Moreri, *in voc.* Apotre.

this servant of Christ are kept in St. Peter's at Rome and in the Cathedral of Toulouse.

APPEARANCE: St. Simon is represented either as a young man or middle-aged. Some confound him with St. Simon, the son of Mary and Alpheus or Cleophas, the cousin of our Lord and the brother of St. James the Less, and therefore describe St. Simon as a man of "extreme old age, with a bald head and long white beard."

COSTUME: The costume of the Saint is not fixed: as a rule,



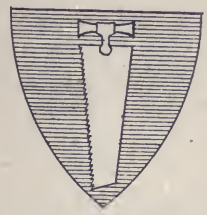
THE LAST SUPPER.

however, Christian artists have clothed him in a tunic of white with a cloak of the same color or of red, placed sandals upon his feet, a nimbus of gold about his head, and in his hand a book bearing a fish (a symbol of Christ), or more often, a saw.

EMBLEM: A saw, the instrument of his martyrdom. The arms are blazoned as follows: field azure, a saw erect in fess, argent.

SYMBOLIC TYPES: 1. Micheas the Prophet, because the following words of his Prophecy: *He will turn again, and have*

mercy on us, He will put away our iniquities,[8] foreshadow the words St. Simon contributed to the Apostles' Creed, viz.: *The forgiveness of sins.*



ARMS OF ST. SIMON.

2. Aser because his name was written upon that stone in the rational of the High Priest of the Old Law, which symbolizes the character of St. Simon, and that is the ligurius or jacinth: which stands for sweetness, detachment and prudence.

3. The jacinth is the eleventh foundation-stone in the New Jerusalem[9] and in Christian Symbology carries the name of Simon.

> The azure Jacinth comes between
> The brighter and the dimmer sheen:
> The ardor of whose varied ray
> Is changed with every changing day:
> The Angelic life it brings to view
> Attempered with discretion due.

REPRESENTATION: The Apostle Simon has very seldom been portrayed separately from the other Apostles, therefore he holds a very small place in the temple of Christian Art, outside of illuminated manuscripts, prints and statues. The pictures of the "Last Supper" and the "Opening of Our Lady's Tomb" are given here because they contain representations of St. Simon and St. Thaddeus.

XIII.

SAINT MATTHIAS.

Apostle and Martyr, A.D. 64.

Latin, Sanctus Matthias. *German*, Heiliger Matthias. *Greek*, Agios Matthias.
Italian, San Matthias. *French*, Saint Mathias. *Spanish*, San Matias.

FEAST: February 24, except in leap-year, when it is held on the 25th. The Greeks commemorate him on August 9th.

PATRONAGE: Patron of Triers, of vine-dressers and stone-masons. Conjointly with St. Simon and St. Thaddeus he is a patron of Goslar. He is invoked against the small-pox.

[8] Mich., vii. 18. [9] Apoc., xxi. 20.

LIFE: Although St. Matthias was not one of the Apostles chosen by our Divine Lord in person, nevertheless he was well-known to the Master, as he had been a constant attendant on Him, from the time of His baptism by St. John until His Ascension.[10] He was one of the seventy-two disciples, from among whom many of the first bishops and other ministers of the Church were chosen.[11]

After the Ascension of our Divine Lord it became necessary

OPENING OUR LADY'S TOMB.

to fill the place in the College of Apostles made vacant by the suicide of the arch-traitor Judas, therefore soon after the Blessed Jesus took leave of them on Mount Olivet, the Apostles assembled in the house of St. John on Mount Sion where, under the guidance of the Prince of the Apostles, they elected Matthias to fill

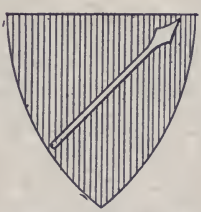
[10] Acts, i. 22.

[11] Eusebius Eccl. Hist.

the place. The manner of election was by lots, the choice was between Joseph called Barsabas, one of the seventy-two disciples, and St. Matthias; the lots were cast after devout prayer, the lot falling on Matthias.

With the other Apostles he received the Holy Ghost, and after their dispersion, applied himself with zeal to the duties of the Apostleship. At first his ministry was confined to Judea, whence having reaped a considerable harvest, he passed into Cappadocia, preaching the Faith as far as the Caspian sea.[12] Just where he received his crown of martyrdom is not known, but it is the general belief that he was crucified and that while hanging upon the cross his life was ended by the thrust of a spear or lance.

APPEARANCE: A middle-aged man of dignified appearance with a Jewish cast of features, brown hair and a full beard. In Greek art he is always portrayed as an old man with a rounded beard.



ARMS OF ST. MATTHIAS.

COSTUME: A white tunic, with a cloak of red lined with green. Sandals upon his feet or cream or light-yellow and a nimbus of gold about his head.

EMBLEMS: A spear or lance, a cross and spear, a book and spear. Some of the later German artists have given him as an emblem an axe or halbert, but there is no good reason for this usage, and it should not, therefore, be employed in future work. The floral emblem is the mozereon (Daphne megereon). Arms: Gules, tilting spear argent, point sinister chief.

SYMBOLIC TYPES: 1. The Prophet Ezekiel is used as a type of St. Matthias because his words: *Behold I will open your graves, and will bring you out of your sepulchres* correspond with the article of the Apostles' Creed contributed by St. Matthias, viz.: *The resurrection of the body.* 2. The last foundation stone in the Heavenly City: the amethyst, which is a type of the Saint because he was the last of the Apostles, and because of its symbolic meaning, typical of his character.

[12] Idem, B. II., C. I.

Last in the Holy City set
With hue of glorious violet,
Forth from Amethyst are rolled
Sparks crimson-bright, and flames of gold:
The humble heart it signifies
That with its dying Master dies.[13]

3. The Amethyst was that stone in the breastplate of the High-Priest that bore the name of Zabulon; hence Zabulon is a type of Matthias; this is the tribe he will judge.

REPRESENTATION: St. Matthias is seldom represented in works of art either in separate pictures or in pictures that include the other Apostles. The Florentine artist Fabrizio Boschi (A.D. 1570–1642) painted the choosing of St. Matthias, following in his representation the account of St. Denis, who says that the Apostles were led to cast their lots for Matthias because a light, a beam of divine splendor, rested upon him, pointing him out as the chosen of God.

There is a picture of the Apostle by Cosimo Rosselli (A.D. 1439–1506) in which he is shown holding a sword by the point.

XIV.

SAINT THADDEUS (JUDE).

Apostle and Martyr.

Latin, Sanctus Thaddaeus. *German*, Heiliger Thaddaus. *Greek*, Agios Thaddaios.
Italian, San Taddeo. *French*, Saint Thadee. *Spanish*, San Tadeo.

FEAST: October 28. In the West the commemoration of St. Thaddeus has been joined with that of St. Simon on the above date, but in the Eastern calendars, the feast of this Apostle is named apart from St. Simon and is held on June 19th.

PATRONAGE: St. Thaddeus with St. Simon and St. Matthias is one of the patrons of Goslar.

LIFE: St. Thaddeus was a brother of St. James the Just, a cousin of our Divine Lord, and a son of Mary and Alpheus. His true name was Judas, but he was also called Thaddeus, perhaps to distinguish him from Judas Iscariot the Traitor, or it

[13] Marbodus, *Cives Coelestis patriæ.*

may be because the word Thaddeus (Lebbeus) was a term of affection: *"Little heart,"*[14] or *"the man of heart";*[15] and was given him as a symbol of his nature; he however in his Epistle

ST. THADDEUS.

calls himself *Jude the servant of Jesus Christ and brother of James;*[16] hence it will be seen, as St. Jerome says, "he in truth had three names."

[14] Maldonatus. Com. on St. Matt., C. X.

[15] Fouard's *Life of Christ.*

[16] St. Jude Ep., i. 1.

St. Thaddeus, like the other members of the household at Nazareth, was slow to comprehend the divine mission of our Blessed Lord; like the other relations of Jesus, it needed the breath of the Holy Spirit to turn his heart from coveting temporal possession and honors; nevertheless, he was chosen by the Master to be one of His instruments for the promotion of truth. We may believe that his heart, under the action of grace, was filled with the love of God and the love of souls, for he gave his life for the Faith.

We know he was a married man before he was called to the apostleship, because two of his grandsons were living at the time Domitian issued an order that the descendants of King David should be slain; through the vindictive instrumentality of a number of heretics they were brought before the Emperor, their enemies accusing them of being descendants of Jude, the cousin of Jesus of Nazareth, and of the house of David.[17]

After the Ascension of our Lord and the descent of the Holy Ghost, St. Thaddeus with the other Apostles set out to conquer the world by faith and love, to the cause of Christ. Having won many souls to the truth in various parts of Syria, he returned to Jerusalem, after the martyrdom of his brother, St. James the Less (A.D. 63) in order to assist at the election of his successor, and it so chanced that another of his brothers, St. Simeon, was unanimously declared worthy of the See.

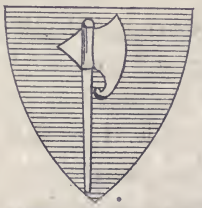
In the course of time evil and wilful men among the Christians began to rebel against the lawful authority of their pastors; shutting their ears to the voice of the Church, *they became murmurers, full of complaints, walking according to their own desires,*[18] taking upon themselves to teach without being sent, and at last separating from the Catholic communion. So much trouble was caused by these heretics and schismatics: Simonians, Nicolaites and Gnostics, that St. Thaddeus, or, as he calls himself, *Jude the servant of Jesus Christ,* was led to write a letter to all the faithful in which he inveighs against these self-constituted teachers. At the same time he exhorts the children of the Church

[17] Eusebius Eccl. Hist., B. III., C. 19, 20. [18] St. Jud., i. 16.

to be true to the faith and to have nothing to do with these *wandering stars, to whom the storm of darkness is reserved forever,* for he says they are sensual men, having not the Spirit, walking *according to their own desires in ungodliness,* unlike Christians who build their lives upon *the most holy* Faith, keeping themselves in the love of God, and *waiting for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto life everlasting.* Just when this Epistle was published to the Catholic world is not known, but it is believed that very few of the Apostles were living at the time it was issued.

St. Thaddeus in company with St. Simon finally carried the Gospel to the Persians, among whom they gained the crown of everlasting life through their joint martyrdom in the year 64. St. Simon was sawn asunder, while St. Thaddeus was killed with a halbert.

APPEARANCE: The art traditions as to the appearance of St. Thaddeus are confused and indefinite of countenance. he is sometimes represented with a beard, again without one, but almost always as an old man of a Jewish and patriarchal cast



ARMS OF ST. THADDEUS.

COSTUME: A white tunic and white cloak, a red tunic and cloak, a brown tunic and cloak; sandals on his feet; and a nimbus of gold on his head.

EMBLEMS: A halbert, the instrument of his martyrdom. His arms are a field *azure, halbert* erect in *fess, argent.*

SYMBOLIC TYPES: 1. Daniel the Prophet is a symbolic type because his words: *and many of those that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake: some unto life everlasting and others unto reproach,*[19] prefigure the words of St. Thaddeus in the Apostles' Creed, viz.: *And life everlasting.* 2. The gem that is known under the name of chrysoprase is used as a type of St. Thaddeus, because it is the symbol of wisdom and it is the foundation-stone of the Golden and Heavenly City, that St. John saw in his wonderful vision; upon this stone is written the Apostle's name. 3. In the Breastplate of the High-Priest upon the

[19] Dan., xii. 2.

chrysoprase was the name of Issachar, hence Issachar is a symbolic type of St. Thaddeus.

REPRESENTATION: Pictures of St. Thaddeus, distinct from the other Apostles, are very rare, and where these have been painted the martyrdom was the subject generally chosen, a subject always of interest in the pictorial representation of incidents from the life of a martyr, if for no other reason than this that it teaches us of what little moment the things of this world are in comparison with those of eternity.

THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS OF JERUSALEM.

IN the February MESSENGER we wrote of the proposed Congress and of the important results that are expected from it.

A letter from the Sovereign Pontiff, in which he expressed his approval of the design and granted Indulgences to those who should take part in the Congress, was given in the same number.

A second Brief from the Holy Father adds new dignity to the undertaking. Cardinal Langénieux, Archbishop of Rheims, is appointed Legate Apostolic to preside over the Congress in his name and place. The words of the Holy Father, in conferring this title and rank upon the Cardinal, will serve to show the interest which the Holy See takes in the work. "Convinced as we are that your presence as our Legate will increase the solemnity as well as the importance of the future Congress, and multiply the good we expect from it, we cordially entrust to your prudence the charge of taking our place, in our absence, and of assisting at the Congress in our name. Knowing well your piety towards the Blessed Eucharist and your experience in the management of affairs, we are certain that you will lend all your zeal to the fulfilment of this mission and that you will bring it to a successful issue. Meanwhile, as a pledge of Heaven's grace, which alone can assure the success of our undertakings, we cordially grant the Apostolic Benediction to you, Dear Son, and to

your people, and to all those who shall take part in this Congress." In forwarding a translation of this brief to the Bishop of Liege, the Cardinal, Archbishop of Rheims writes: "You will find that the Brief answers all your desires, it will be a warrant of success for the Eucharistic Congress. The Pope seems to have wished to exhaust his power and his kindness in writing it. Who can foresee what graces and blessings our good Master will deign to add in the midst of the triumphs you have prepared for Him, in that city which witnessed His humiliation and His death? Will not our brethren, the Greeks, be touched as the Apostle Peter was when Jesus looks upon them? for they, too, love Him although they know not how to follow, and to recognize Him in the person of His Vicar. Let us pray, then, and get all Christian souls to pray with us, to the end that this Congress may have all the results we hope for, and that Providence offers to us if we but interpret God's Will faithfully."

His Beatitude, the Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem, writes as follows to the Bishop of Liege: "I rejoice at the thought that Jerusalem has been chosen as the meeting-place of the Eighth Eucharistic Congress from which I expect great good, both by its calling attention to the various Eucharistic liturgies of the East, which it will help to bring out more clearly, and by increasing devotion to the Most Blessed Sacrament."

The permanent committee on the work of the Eucharistic Congress has received notice from thirty Patriarchs, Apostolic Delegates, Archbishops and Bishops of Asia Minor, Syria, Turkey and Egypt that they will be present at the Congress of Jerusalem. All these prelates express their joy at this meeting of East and West; they have well-founded hopes that the Congress will result in bringing back many schismatics to the unity of the Catholic Church. European delegates will travel to the Holy Land with the "Pilgrimage of Penance," which is to leave France, April 22. The first session of the Congress will be held on May 13. The general meetings, presided over by the Legate Apostolic, will be open to all Catholics who may be in the Holy City.

NOTES FROM THE HEAD CENTRES.

AUSTRALIA—The Australian *Messenger* founded January 1, 1887, has now a monthly circulation of 23,000 copies. The January, 1893, number contains a most interesting account of the Jesuit Mission established ten years ago in the Northern Territory for the conversion of the aborigines. The natives are cannibals and are much given to sorcery, infanticide is common amongst them. The chief hope of the Mission is in the few children who are receiving a Christian education.

CANADA—During the year 1892, seventy-two new Local Centres were established in Canada. 15,000 copies of the two Canadian *Messengers*, English and French, are circulated every month; each Band of 15 receives three copies of the *Messenger*. 232,500 Rosary tickets are distributed monthly among the Canadian Associates of the League. Thanksgivings for favors received through the intercession of Fathers Brebeuf and Lalemant continue to be recorded. The Father who has prepared the souvenir-cards calls attention to the fact that they cost him sixty cents a dozen, and adds that, "of course, separate cards are sent gratuitously to those who are unable to make an offering for them." The special work of the English Canadian *Messenger*, at present, is the publication of rare documents relating to Catholic Canadian history. The January number gives an account of the death of a missionary in Quebec, in 1735. "He passed to a better life tenderly kissing the crucifix and with his dying lips pressed to the Wound of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for which he had a particular devotion."

ENGLAND—The work of providing suitable reading-matter for Catholic sailors is carried on by the Central Director with the assistance of two Local Secretaries and several Promoters. Packets of Catholic books and magazines have been sent to different English ships on foreign service. Letters of thanks have been received from the men who are, indeed, very grateful for the interest taken in them. The little prayer-book published

for sailors by the Catholic Truth Society, was sent to the ships, at first, as a sample, then, at the urgent request of the men who wished to pay for copies, in such large numbers that a very considerable part of the Catholic sailors has been provided with it. May not this fact encourage some of our zealous Promoters to inquire about what might be done for sailors in our navy?

The English Vice-Central Director, writing from Glasgow, tells an amusing but edifying story of the pious persistence with which a shrewd Scotch Promoter, with the help of a Badge placed where it would be the first thing seen in the morning, succeeded in having a forgetful Associate call to mind and make the Morning Offering, faithfully.

IRELAND — Father James Cullen, S.J., the Irish Head Director, has returned from the Cape of Good Hope, and resumed charge of the *Messenger*. His special work is the Heroic Offering in reparation for sins of intemperance. The January number had a very fine opening piece entitled *Credo*, a profession of faith, from the pen of the retiring editor, Father Matthew Russell, S.J., and "Thoughts on Prayer," a hitherto unpublished paper written by the lamented Rev. Joseph Farrell, author of the widely-known "Lectures of a Certain Professor."

ITALY—Two *Messengers* are published for Italian Associates, one *Il Messagere* in Rome, and the other *La Voce* in Naples. The Central Director writes that special care is given to the work of First Communions. With the aid of the Promoters, children are gathered together, instructed and, in some cases, presented with suitable clothing for the great day of their lives. New Local Centres are being established throughout Italy, and fervent Promoters devote themselves to the work of advancing the interests and increasing the glory of the Sacred Heart. The cities of Milan, Brescia, Florence, Naples, and Turin, vie with Rome in the number and fervor of their Associates. The Promoters in Brescia distribute 15,000 Rosary tickets monthly.

SPAIN—A new *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, in the Catalonian tongue, has made its first appearance at Barcelona. This

brings the number of our *Messengers* up to thirty-five; the number of languages in which they are published is increased to sixteen. The eminent Catholic publicist Sarda y Salvany is the chief Promoter of this new glory given to the Sacred Heart. The title of the Catalonian *Messenger* is *Lo Missatjer del Sagrat Cor de Jesus.* The Church of the Sacred Heart, Barcelona, is one of the most active League Centres in the world. Promoters and Associates in this Centre devote one day each month to recollection and to other exercises of devotion. During Carnival-time each year, a triduum of reparation is held. Twenty thousand persons received Holy Communion in this church during the month of June, 1892, and thirteen hundred approached the Holy Table on the feast of the Sacred Heart.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—The League has long been at work here and has diffused its spirit of prayer and reparation everywhere. Most of the churches of Manilla are League Centres, and some of them honor the month of the Sacred Heart with daily public devotions in the church. Nine thousand nine hundred persons received Holy Communion in the Church of the Holy Cross, during this month last year, and in another church of the same city there were, in June, seven thousand seven hundred and thirty-four communicants.

CHINA—Mgr. Bulté, Central Director for Northern China, writes to the Director General as follows: "What I wrote you last year regarding the zeal of our missionaries in promoting devotion to the Sacred Heart and the practices of our Apostleship of Prayer should be repeated now if I wished to give a full account of the League. Their generosity in the service of our King has brought us countless blessings from that Heart Which cannot be outdone in generosity. I hope that our Associates here, who now number 7,398 Chinese Christians, will continue to increase in number and in fervor; and that in union with their Associates in other lands they will pray, work and suffer to obtain the realization of the Intentions of the Sacred Heart, the coming of Christ's Kingdom on earth." The Chinese *Messenger*, published monthly at Zi-Ka-Wei, has now 3240 regular subscribers.

INDIA—We are amazed to find in the Indian *Messenger* the following statement made by a correspondent in the United States. "You must not be surprised to read that the work of the League makes its headway in our glorious country more slowly and sluggishly than you would have expected." What the writer's sources of information may be, to warrant such a sweeping assertion, we have not ascertained, but we are in a position to prove that the "work of the League" in the United States progresses neither "slowly" nor "sluggishly." Taking the work of a single year, as summarized in our January, 1893, MESSENGER, we find that new Local Centres to the number of 283 were established by this Central Direction.

"The new Local Centres give 265,500 new Associates, making the total number of Associates, among English-speaking Catholics in the United States, 1,465,000. Of the Promoters in charge of these Associates 21,054 are regularly confirmed in their office by the Diploma and the Indulgenced Cross conferred upon them. 6,054 received Diplomas and Crosses during 1892. The Rosary tickets designating the monthly patron and indicating the League Intentions were distributed to 870,000 Associates each month. Good-works amounting in all to 144,060,081 were placed in the 'Treasury of the Sacred Heart' for these Intentions. Of these good-works 1,222,765 were Holy Communions, 731,043 Stations of the Cross, and 4,423,658 Rosaries.

"Can we wonder then that 1,530,356 thanksgivings for favors received through the prayers of the League were recorded during the year in our League calendars? Can we wonder that again and again souls have been moved to new confidence in prayer by reading the special thanksgivings which filled fifty pages of the MESSENGER in the course of the year? These pages bear witness to the blessing that rests upon the work of the Apostleship of Prayer in League with the Sacred Heart." It may be well to note that the number of new Centres given above is *one-fourth* of the total number of new Centres aggregated to the Apostleship of Prayer, *throughout the world*, during the year 1892. In January, 1893, forty new Centres received Diplomas of Aggregation.

THE READER.

*

Letters from the Moderator General of the Apostleship, the Rev. E. Regnault, S.J., express much satisfaction with the Report sent to him from this Central Direction in answer to the questions which he addresses each year to the Central Directors. "It is evident," he writes, "that the divine Heart of Jesus is blessing the zeal of our Directors, Promoters and Associates." The Report sent him is a summary of the statements made about the Work last year both in our Almanac and Calendar for 1893, and in the MESSENGER for January.

* *

When in January, 1890, it was announced that the Holy Father would designate the General Intentions for that year, it was not stated whether he would continue to do so each successive year. To our inquiry about the extent of his designation and approval of these Intentions, the answer comes that: "he still continues to designate and to approve the General Intentions, even so far as to determine their titles. Moreover in the blessing which he imparts to these Intentions is evidently implied his blessing for all those who help either in making them known to the Associates or in obtaining by their prayers the favors recommended.

* * *

By a happy coincidence the General Intention for this month is much the same as the practice which our Almanac and Calendar recommends for the Feast of Saint Patrick, one of the most widely celebrated of the many beautiful Feasts which occur in March. The blessing which above all others we owe to St. Patrick is the gift of Faith; for to him we owe that spirit of Faith which the children of his apostolic zeal have preserved so strong and so lively that it still keeps burning brightly in their souls despite the efforts of persecution to extinguish it. It is more than life to them, or, rather it is so distinctively the chief element of their lives national and domestic, that in carrying their influence to the

uttermost ends of the earth, they have never failed to spread about them this spark of divine life which their souls possess so abundantly.

* * * *

The extracts, which we publish in this number from the letters of some of our Local Directors, are so interesting that there is no need of calling special attention to them. Still we must mention them here, if only to thank the writers for their prompt response to our circular of questions, and to commend their praiseworthy zeal and methods to others who may have had to assume charge of Local Centres when already burdened with many difficult tasks. From these Reports it will be readily seen that a League Centre must always be successful when Promoters are systematically chosen and trained, Councils held regularly, Rosary Sets, Certificates, and Badges distributed opportunely, so that every Associate may be supplied by the first of each month with everything necessary to practise the united prayer for which the Apostleship has been organized.

* * * * *

One of the important results of these circulars is the increase in the number of aggregations to the Apostleship, which may be seen from our list published this month with the Apostleship Notices. In a few of these Centres Rosary Sets had been distributed for years without adverting to the necessity of having Diplomas of Aggregation. In others it was very doubtful if Diplomas had ever been obtained. Besides the Diplomas sent to the new Centres recorded in this list, several others have been sent as duplicates to replace those which had been mislaid or lost. As the Handbook notes, on page 61, "Both Diplomas, should be hung in the Church or Sacristy." This suggestion has been made with a view to securing the effects of these Diplomas which are not only to make the parish, school or institution a Local Centre validly established, and to confer the powers of receiving Associates, but also "to prevent the painful uncertainty, which so often arises in Confraternities, after the death or removal of the Director, of the validity of the acts of the successor." It should be observed that the powers and privileges granted by both these Diplomas are perpetual.

* * * * * *

Among other results which we shall soon be able to publish from these answers to our circulars, are the rapid growth of the Apostleship of Study in our schools and colleges, and the large numbers of those who practise the Third Degree, by making the Communion of Reparation, either on the First Fridays, or on some Sunday or other day chosen for this holy practice. The Apostleship does not accomplish its true work until it unites its Associates most intimately with our divine Lord and with His Vicar upon earth. Now, in what way can we be more intimately united with Christ than by receiving Him on the day and with the motive which He Himself has recommended, the motive of Reparation to His divine Heart for all the ingratitude shown to Him in the Sacrament of His Love? Or, what better means can there be of uniting the faithful to the Head of the Church upon earth, than by training the young to an ardent and generous attachment to the office and Person of the Chief Pastor of the flock of Jesus Christ? The Pope's Militia, the original name of the Apostleship of Study, shows that it was first established to foster this attachment.

* * * * * * *

Union with the Vicar of Jesus Christ is a natural fruit of the practices of our Associates, who all unite with him daily in recommending the General Intention, or interest of Christ and of the Church, which he designates monthly as the object of our prayers. To make this union closer still, it has been a practice of the Apostleship to offer special prayers from time to time for the personal welfare of the Supreme Pontiff as well as for the welfare of the Church, which he makes his personal concern. No time could be more proper for a special movement of prayers in his behalf than this year of his Golden Episcopal Jubilee, which has already been recommended to our prayers in the General Intention for January of this year. We therefore invite our Local Directors to urge their Promoters and Associates to offer up special prayers and good works for our Holy Father Leo XIII. during this time, that, as his measure of years has been so well filled, so also every wish of his heart may be gratified.

THE LEAGUE IN LARGE CITIES.

ST. PATRICK'S (OLD CATHEDRAL) LOCAL CENTRE, NEW YORK.

I was pleased to receive, in this morning's mail, your printed blank. As I was about to make my annual report to the Promoters, it will be an easy matter to answer your questions. A brief history of the League in our Centre I consider very interesting. We organized during the month of October, 1889. Our first public meeting was held on the Feast of All Saints, November 1, 1889. In spite of the fact that our parish (the old Cathedral) is daily decreasing in numbers, on account of removals to other localities, yet the "Prayer for the Associates," which we recite at the public meetings on the First Fridays, is surely heard by our Divine Lord and granted, because we "daily increase in numbers and in fervor," as you may judge from the following results. We organized with 27 Promoters, at present we have 130, of whom 20 are on probation, the rest having already received their Crosses and Diplomas. We have lost from our Centre about 30 Promoters, some of whom became Promoters in new Centres, others entered religion, and others, their number very few, gave up the work. We meet once a month in our school-hall. Supplies are distributed to Promoters, and matters concerning the welfare of the League are discussed. The League is entirely self-supporting, although we have no monthly dues, and give to all our members whatever League material they may desire, free of cost. On the first Friday of every month a Mass is offered up for the living Associates of the League in our Centre, and on the last Friday, Mass is said for the Dead Associates. Up to the present time, 118 of our Associates have died.

How do we support ourselves? Through the Promoters, I receive every month enough money to pay all expenses and to keep our beautiful altars supplied with whatever is necessary. In this way I receive sums ranging from $50.00 to $65.00 monthly. This work is carried on by means of an Altar-Society,

the members of which pay five cents monthly. Promoters are free to become collectors for this Society, though it is thoroughly understood that no one is *obliged* to become a collector, much less is any Associate of the League to be neglected if he does not contribute to the Altar-Society. As a Local Centre we have found time to engage in other works. We have organized a *free* circulating library and have our printed catalogue; we take charge of the Altars, and have engaged in a work for the Colored Home at Rye, N. Y. Through the efforts of our Promoters the sum of $1500.00 was collected for this work. Every month we distribute one thousand Catholic Tracts. I wish the League throughout the country would engage in this good work of spreading these tracts among our fellow-citizens who are not Catholics. Our latest work has been to obtain a magnificent oil-painting from the brush of the famous Italian artist Gagliardi. It represents the First Communion of St. Aloysius, and is a memorial of his Third Centenary. The voluntary contributions of the Associates paid for this gift to our church. We have our receptions of Promoters semi-annually, in June and December, on the Feasts of the Sacred Heart and of the Immaculate Conception.

M. A. M., *Secretary.*

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER: A communication was sent from your office asking for information in regard to the work of our Local Centre of the League. Besides filling the blank sent us, I consider it proper that we should send you our annual report which was read in the church on the First Friday in January.

Yours sincerely *in Corde Jesu,*

JAMES THOMAS COFFEY.

ST. JOHN'S LOCAL CENTRE, ST. LOUIS, MO.

REPORT OF LEAGUE WORK IN 1892.

In January, 1892, the Heroic Offering in reparation for sins of intemperance was introduced in our Local Centre; 500 cards

of the 1st, 2d, and 3d classes were distributed. Many persons willingly made the Heroic Offering for life. We consider this new method the most successful ever tried in spreading the work of temperance among our people. In March, at the request of many Promoters and Associates, we adopted a plan to raise funds for the erection of a memorial altar to the Sacred Heart. In this new work we hope to make some slight return to our dear Lord for the innumerable favors conferred upon us since the establishment of the League in our church.

In May, we began the Six-Sunday Communions in honor of St. Aloysius, under the auspices of the League. A small book containing a sketch of the Saint's life, with short meditations for the Six Sundays, was published and distributed *gratis*. Over three thousand copies were given out in this parish. Fully fifteen hundred people made the Six Sundays. The good done, especially among the young people, is simply inestimable. To celebrate the conclusion of the Six Sundays, the 19th, 20th and 21st of June were devoted to the Forty Hours' Adoration. Solemn High Mass was celebrated each day. The Very Reverend Francis V. Nugent, C.M., President of St. Vincent's College, Cape Girardeau, Mo., preached the sermons on the Real Presence. Many Protestants attended these services. A magnificent statue of St. Aloysius was blessed and unveiled in memory of this celebration.

In July, by special permission, the Promoters' Monthly Council-meeting was concluded with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. This new privilege has helped our Council-meetings wonderfully. Our first attempt at congregational singing was also made at the Promoters' Council-meetings.

In October, the League determined to meet the expense of circulating a monthly tract on the devotions of the Church. Accordingly 1000 tracts on the Indulgences of the Rosary were distributed *gratis* to the people of the parish. In October, too, we celebrated the Feast of Blessed Margaret Mary by a solemn triduum.

In November, tracts were distributed on "Having Masses said for the Dead," and on the Sunday Parochial or High Mass.

We have the Apostleship of Study in our schools. The decorations are given every three months. In each room there is a roll of honor. Names are placed on this roll for scholarship, deportment, and regular and prompt attendance at school and church-exercises. This is called the "teacher's vote." A few days before the decorations are to be conferred, the vote of the children in each room is taken on the names placed by the teacher on the Roll of Honor. Each name is read, and the teacher asks, "Is N. N. worthy of the honor to be conferred?" The answer, simply "Yes" or "No," is to be written on a slip of paper by each pupil. On the back of this slip the scholar voting writes his name, so that he may be held accountable for his vote. Now, why this vote of the children? For conduct out of school, nothing else. A boy may be a little angel in school, and a little *something else* outside. This difference seldom comes to a teacher's knowledge nowadays. Boys have been excluded from the honors in our school for using tobacco, especially cigarettes, and in several cases this has proven a most effective remedy.

Almost all our school-boys and girls, who have made their First Communion during the past three years, have taken the 1st degree of the Heroic Offering.

We confer the Apostleship decorations on the children, after Mass, in the church on the First Friday. The parents are always present and take a great interest in this matter. All the expense of the Decorations and Diplomas are borne by the League.

Every month we have two Masses celebrated, one for the repose of the souls of dead Associates, and one for the welfare of the living.

MEETINGS.

During the year we have had League devotions, with sermon, every First Friday evening.

The Promoters' Council is held on the last Sunday of every month, at 3.00 P. M. in winter and at 7.30 P. M. in summer.

Two efficient Secretaries attend to all the business of the League. Miss Cora B. Moylan keeps the minutes, attends to subscriptions for the MESSENGER, and sends notices to the Pro-

moters. She also manages the finances of the League and pays all bills. Miss Kate M. Buckley has charge of the Register, Rosary Tickets, Monthly Reports, and Intentions. Both these officers are appointed permanently, as the work is of such a character that any change would necessarily cause many inconveniences.

PROMOTERS.

During the year, seven Promoters were dropped for neglect of duty, four withdrew, one died; ten new Promoters were taken on probation, and six received the Cross and Diploma. We have now seventy-six Promoters. The average attendance at our monthly meetings has been fifty-seven. One of our boy-Promoters entered the Seminary to study for the Priesthood.

MEMBERSHIP, JANUARY 1, 1893.

1st Degree only,	232
1st and 2d Degrees,	297
1st and 3d Degrees,	86
1st, 2d and 3d Degrees,	1548
Total number of Associates in this Local Centre,	2172
Monthly Communicants,	1496
Weekly Communicants,	111

"OLD ST. JOSEPH'S" LOCAL CENTRE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

In April, 1889, at the Annual Retreat given in St. Joseph's, the League was fully explained, and 123 persons handed in their names for membership. A Local Centre was formed, with Rev. Thomas A. Reid, S.J., as Local Director. The first Council-meeting of Promoters was held April 28, 1889. Mr. W. H. Sullivan was appointed Secretary, and Mr. T. A. Meagher Assistant-secretary. The third Sunday of the month was chosen for the regular monthly Council-meeting day of Promoters and the fifth Sunday, when it occurred, was set apart for the General Communion of Reparation. The League made rapid progress and in September, 1889, the reports showed that there were in this Centre 3800 Associates under 198 Promoters. On Sunday, September 29, 1889, the first General Communion of Reparation was made by the Local Centre. 800 Promoters and Associates

received Holy Communion. This great number of communicants was a strong proof of the fervent love glowing in the hearts, of these zealous friends of the Sacred Heart. At the eighth Promoters' meeting the Director announced his intention of conferring the Indulgenced Cross and Diploma upon those Promoters who, for six months, could show a clear record of earnest work, and he appointed Sunday evening, December 1, 1889, for the Reception.

On that happy occasion 100 Promoters were consecrated and received their Crosses and Diplomas. An Instruction was given the Promoters upon their duties, and the exalted and responsible position they held, as the Apostles of the Sacred Heart.

In the August of 1890, Rev. Joseph M. Jerge, S.J., became Local Director. The second centenary of the death of Blessed Margaret Mary, October 25, 1890, was devoutly celebrated by the Local Centre, which, for the nine days preceding the anniversary, united in a novena, to honor this holy religious, chosen by our Lord for the revelation of the depths of His most loving Heart.

In November 1891, Rev. John Scully, S.J., became our Local Director. The Promoters now number 418, of whom 322 have been confirmed in their office; the Associates number 8783. Of this number 6619 say the Rosary decade and 4300 have promised to make the Communion of Reparation. A Triduum for the Promoters was given in May, 1892, by the Central Director, Rev. F. X. Brady, S.J., and was of great benefit.

The Consecration of Families took place in St. Joseph's Church, on the Feast of the Sacred Heart, June 1892.

The monthly Council-meeting of Promoters, held in the Sunday School Chapel, is opened with prayers by the Director, followed by a hymn to the Sacred Heart. Then comes an instruction on the General Intention for the month, every Promoter is thus enabled to explain the Intention to his Associates. After the instruction the particular Intentions are read, with the list of the many favors obtained through the prayers of the League. Matters that require correction or explanation receive

attention. The meeting is closed with prayers and a hymn to the Sacred Heart, followed by the distribution of the Rosary tickets and other League supplies. Every First Friday evening is devoted to the League, for the benefit more particularly of Associates. Hymns to the Sacred Heart are sung, the prayers of the League are recited and the Director gives an Instruction. The use of the League Badge is very marked in St. Joseph's on the General Communion Day; it is most impressive and edifying to see nearly every person in the crowded church, wearing the Badge which bears the image of the Heart "that so loved men," and the prayer of every true Associate of the League, *Thy Kingdom Come.*

The evening of the Feast of the Epiphany, the First Friday of January, 1893, was selected for the Reception of new Promoters. In spite of an old-fashioned snow-storm, there was an excellent attendance. As the Blessed Sacrament had been exposed all day, the altars were beautifully decorated, with the exquisite taste ever displayed in the "Hidden Shrine in Willing's Alley." The ceremonies were conducted by the Local Director. After the new Promoters had received their Crosses and Diplomas, the Act of Consecration was read aloud, and all those who were present united in devoutly repeating it. The sermon was preached by the acting Central Director, and was followed by Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, after which the choir sang the League hymn "Form your ranks." With what fervor should the Associates of the League in St. Joseph's thank the Sacred Heart, that this Centre so well-founded is still progressing with unabated activity.

A PROMOTER.

Our Promoters and Associates will read these three reports with pleasure and profit. The kindness of Local Directors and Secretaries in response to the circular recently sent them warrants our promising future reports of equal interest.

GENERAL INTENTION

FOR MARCH, 1893.

Designated by His Holiness, Leo XIII., and recommended with his special blessing to the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.

LIVELINESS OF FAITH.

FAITH is not like the knowledge we have of things about us; it is not the evidence of things seen, but only *the evidence of things which appear not;* it is not the vision of God face to face, but only *as seen through a glass darkly;* it is not the assurance of things possessed, but only the groundwork, *the substance of things hoped for.*

I.

This knowledge of faith is more excellent than the knowledge of reason. It is an approach to divine knowledge, because it makes us, like God Himself, assent to Truth itself for its own sake. It is for this reason an anticipation of the vision of God in heaven; its light, as the light of glory, is like a new eye, a new sense, a new mind by which a new world is discovered, a new order of things made visible and what *eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor hath it entered into the mind of man to conceive,* is laid open to us; by which we are led into the very mysteries of God, and made partakers of the divine secrets, which the Son from the bosom of the Father hath declared unto us. It is, therefore, so superior to the knowledge of human reason that it can bend and subject this to divine authority, and direct every faculty of man, spiritual or sensible, to its influences.

Although the gift or virtue of faith is so excellent, it is still subject to the law of every human habit, whether supernatural or natural, whether of will, of intellect or of sense: to maintain its excellence it must be constantly exercised, it must be brought into play in every detail of life. If natural knowledge be acquired and preserved only by constant application and diligence,

much more does the knowledge infused into our souls by faith, which is to be a light and a guide both to reason and sense, need application and diligence to keep it and perfect it. The importance of exercising our faith in every action is plain from the fact that, *without faith it is impossible to please God;* without the knowledge of God as Creator and Remunerator, no action can merit His divine pleasure; without some reference, implicit or explicit, of our thoughts, words and deeds to Him, as our beginning and last end, be they ever so good in the eyes of men, they are worthless, or without merit in the sight of God.

It is for this reason that St. Paul declares: *My just man liveth by faith.* As the just man is the man who is right with God, the man who lives in the grace of God, and who is therefore pleasing to Him, so he finds it impossible to live without faith, to perform any action whatever without some guiding principle, some motive, some determining reason which he has learned from the truths revealed by faith. As a man, he must live by reason, and his conduct must always be guided by some principle or rule which reason recommends; as a Christian, he must live by faith, and do nothing therefore which is not enlivened by faith.

II.

This constant exercise of the virtue of faith, so that gradually it comes to inspire and animate our every action, is what we call liveliness of faith. It matters not what rule or motive of faith we may recur to most frequently or familiarly, be it the thought of the presence of God, the remembrance of His mercies, the fear of His punishments, or the sweetness of His example when on earth, a lively faith will make that rule or motive so habitual with us that, like our very breathing, it will come insensibly to actuate us and govern our whole life.

It is related of the Ven. M. Olier, the pious founder of the Sulpicians that his faith was so lively, that it became the ruling spirit of his conduct. All his actions were based on some motive which faith proposed and which he drew from the doctrines of Christ. To train his disciples to this practice, he would often

ask them: "On what principle of faith are you acting." He saw God in everything. In a word, everything was for him a veil or trace of the divinity.

It is this liveliness of faith which makes true servants of God act as though they could really see Him, or hear His voice, and feel His presence. It is the lighted torch which makes them follow whither God leads, whilst those about them, whose faith is a dead rather than a living faith, look on in amazement and consider such holy lives extravagant and foolish. At most, the world will find in their lives the interest of a strange romance, and will tell over and over, in its own curious way, of a St. Martin sharing his coat with a beggar, of sweet St. Elizabeth courting the company of the poor, of St. Wenceslas tilling with royal hands, and threshing the wheat, and expressing the wine, which were to be made, by the words of the priest, into the Body and Blood of Christ; but the world will never understand that these actions were all so beautiful, because they were inspired by faith in the presence of Christ, either in His most perfect images, the poor, or in His most Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist. It is easy to speak of God riding upon the wings of the storm, stirring and quieting the depths of the sea, helping the sparrow to wing its flight, and clothing the lily of the field in its beauty. It is only a lively faith which will enable us to look to Him as Master of the storm when its fury is upon us, cry *Save us, we perish!*— when the billows of temptation threaten to submerge us, and recognize that He, Who clothes the grass of the field, watches also over us with infinitely more care and tenderness, though we be *of little faith.*

III.

It is customary to speak of the ages of faith, when the memory of Christ was stamped upon the laws, the commerce, the education and the language of men. Kings held their sceptres as pledges of divine guidance; subjects were obedient to their temporal masters, not serving as to the eye, but as to Christ Himself. In those ages every fiercest passion yielded to the influence of a lively faith. Anger lost its fury at the gate of the

Sanctuary, whither the worst of criminals could repair unharmed; revenge respected the *Truce of God;* and even lust, which inspired the Mohammedan invasions, was triumphantly overthrown by the champions of chastity, and of all things honorable, whom a lively faith inspired to unite in the Christian Crusades.

Whatever may be said of the interior spirit of faith which prevails in our age, it is certain that we are fast losing the external indications of that spirit and the external aids which fostered it so well in the ages of faith. Gradually but surely it is being effaced from our laws, so surely that we feel grateful nowadays for an isolated or rare reference in our laws and constitutions even to the existence of God. Commerce has long ago ceased to bear the stamp of Christ or to promote the interests of His religion; education is losing the potent object-lessons of a lively faith, the Crucifix, the holy-water font, the sacred statue and picture, not to speak of the efforts made to secularize it entirely, or expose it to the control of the enemies of Christ. *The Son of man, when He cometh, shall He find, think you, faith on earth?*

Through His Vicar upon earth, the Son of Man, our Lord Jesus Christ, asks us to keep faith upon the earth now and against His coming. He asks us to do it by our prayers, the best expression of our faith; He asks us to do it by our works, the very life of faith, for *faith without works is dead;* He asks us to do it, if need be, by our sufferings, for suffering and sacrifice like the blood of the martyrs are the very seed and existence of faith.

Offering for the Intentions of the Month.

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sin, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer: in particular for liveliness of faith.

APOSTLESHIP NOTICES.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.—To the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus (from January 12 to February 12, 1893).

(Name of diocese in *italics*, before that of parish or community aggregated.)

Albany, New York: St. Peter's Church, Saratoga.

Baltimore, Maryland: St. Leo's Church, St. Bridget's Church, and St. James' Home for Boys, Baltimore; St. Cecilia's Academy (Sisters of the Holy Cross), and the Asylum of the Little Sisters of the Poor, Washington, D. C.

Belleville, Illinois: Assumption B. V. M. Church, Centralia.

Boston, Massachusetts: St. Stephen's Church, Boston.

Buffalo, New York: St. Patrick's Church, Java Centre; St. Bonaventure's (Franciscan) Monastery, Allegany; Mt. St. Joseph Convent (Sisters of St. Joseph), Buffalo.

Cleveland, Ohio: Immaculate Conception Church, Port Clinton; St. Ignatius College, Cleveland.

Columbus, Ohio: St. Stephen's Church, Bolivar.

Detroit, Michigan: St. Francis Church, Ecorse.

Dubuque, Iowa: St. Francis Church, Dyersville.

Duluth, Minnesota: Church of the Holy Ghost, Two Harbors.

Fort Wayne, Indiana: St. Joseph's Hospital, Fort Wayne.

Green Bay, Wisconsin: St. Mary's Church, Tomahawk; Sts. Peter and Paul's Church, Sevastopol.

Harrisburg, Pennsylvania: St. Ignatius Church, Centralia.

Hartford, Connecticut: St. Augustine's Church, Seymour.

Louisville, Kentucky: St. William's Church, Knottsville.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin: Our Lady of Angels' Church, Osceola.

Mobile, Alabama: St. Michael's Church, Pensacola (Florida).

Monterey and Los Angeles, California: St. Joseph's Hospital (Sisters of Mercy), San Diego.

New York, New York: Immaculate Conception Church (Redemptorist Fathers), St. Catharine's Academy, and Academy of the Sacred Heart (W. 17th St.), New York; St. Mary's Church, Williamsbridge; Assumption B. V. M. Church, Port Richmond.

North Carolina, North Carolina: Immaculate Conception Church, Halifax; St. Peter's Church, Greenville; St. Mark's Church, Newton.

Ogdensburg, New York: St. Mary's Church, Ticonderoga.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania: St. Mary's of the Mount Church, Pittsburgh.

Santa Fe, New Mexico: St. Anthony's Church, Chaperito; St. Gertrude's Church, Mora.

Sioux Falls, South Dakota: Sts. Simon and Jude's Church, Flandreau.

St. Augustine, Florida: St. Monica's Church, Pilatka.

St. Joseph, Missouri: St. Maur's College (Benedictine Fathers), Conception.

St. Louis, Missouri: St. Charles Church, St. Charles.

Vincennes, Indiana: St. Martin's Church, Loogootee.

(Forty-three aggregations.)

The total number of aggregations is 50,782.

Treasury of Good Works.

Associates can gain 100 days' Indulgence for each action offered for the Intentions of the League.

Offerings for the Intentions of the Sacred Heart, received from January 12 to February 12, 1893.

	No. of Times.		No. of Times.
1. Acts of Charity	454,457	11. Masses Heard	114,419
2. Beads	295,657	12. Mortifications	123,162
3. Stations of the Cross .	27,958	13. Works of Charity . .	73,822
4. Holy Communions . .	32,564	14. Works of Zeal	223,817
5. Spiritual Communions .	163,075	15. Prayers	4,049,579
6. Examens of Conscience	92,361	16. Charitable Conversation	30,842
7. Hours of Labor	163,041	17. Sufferings or Afflictions	34,734
8. Hours of Silence . . .	100,765	18. Self-Conquest	32,868
9. Pious Reading	42,436	19. Visits to B. Sacrament	116,057
10. Masses Celebrated . .	2,246	20. Various Good Works .	243,600

Special Thanksgivings, 290.

Total 6,417,454

Votive Mass of the Sacred Heart.

For the convenience of our Local Directors, we give here some recent decisions concerning the Votive Mass of the Sacred Heart. The Mass, "*Miserebitur,*" is given in the new Missals at the end of the Masses for feasts in May. The first two answers refer to the ordinary Votive Mass.

Dubium. An in Missa votiva Sacri Cordis Jesu, "Miserebitur," extra tempus paschale, omitti debeant "Alleluia" tum ad Introitum tum ad Offertorium et Communionem? Respondetur *Negative.*

Dubium. An eadem Missa votiva de Sacro Corde licita sit privilegio utentibus, iis diebus, in quibus recitant Officium votivum de SSmo. Sacramento, Feria V., vel de Passione Domini, Feria VI.? Et, quatenus affirmative, quænam erit secunda oratio: an de Officio votivo, vel de tempore (quando non occurrunt aliæ commemorationes)? Resp. *Affirmative et secunda oratio sumatur de tempore.*

S. R. C. Rescript of June 3, 1892.

Concerning the First Friday Votive Mass in churches and oratories in which special exercises of piety in honor of the Divine Heart are practised, with the approval of the Ordinary, on the morning of that day; Beatissmus Pater indulsit, ut hisce exercitiis addi valeat Missa votiva de Sacro Corde Jesu; dummodo in illam diem non incidat aliquod festum Domini, aut Duplex primæ classis, vel Feria, Vigilia, Octava ex privilegiatis.

Brief of June 28, 1889.

This First Friday Votive Mass celebrari debet ritu quo celebrantur Missæ votivæ solemniter cum *Gloria et Credo et unica Oratione.*

S. R. C. Rescript of May 20, 1890.

The words *ritu quo celebrantur Missæ votivæ solemniter* in this Rescript gave rise to the following doubt which was proposed to the Sacred Congregation of Rites and resolved, May 20, 1892. An hæc verba: Missa votiva Sacratissimi Cordis Jesu ritu Missæ votivæ solemnis celebranda—intelligi queant etiam de Missa lecta, seu sine cantu? Et eadem S. Cong. rescribendum censuit: *Affirmative.*

PROVINCE OF BOSTON.

ARCHDIOCESE OF BOSTON.

STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

General Approbation of Archbishop, January 7, 1886.

Place.	Local Centre.	Date of Aggregation.	Confirmed Promoters.	Rosary Sets.	Communion of Reparation
Boston	Holy Cross.....Cathedral	.....	...	...	...
"	Immaculate Conception.....Church	Oct. 10, 1889	588	800	...
"	St. James'..... "	May 7, 1889	207	205	...
"	St. John the Baptist's..... "	.....	...	...	...
"	St. Joseph's..... "	June 18, 1889	94	130	...
"	St. Mary's..... "	Sept. 23, 1888	233	430	...
"	St. Mary of the Sacred Heart "	.....	...	...	...
"	Our Lady of Victories..... "	Mch. 2, 1892	...	...	...
"	Sacred Heart (Italian)..... "	June 18, 1892	...	5	...
"	St. Stephen's..... "	Feb. 12, 1893	...	20	...
"	Dominican Srs. (3d Order).Convent	.....	...	...	...
"	Good Shepherd..... "	.....	...	26	...
"	Sacred Heart (Chester Sq.). "	Nov. 17, 1887	17	54	...
"	Boston.....College	Sept. 21, 1888	34	70	...
"	Notre Dame (Berkeley St.)Academy	Nov. 6, 1889	...	8	...
" (South).....	St. Augustine's.....Church	Mch. 9, 1889	129	230	...
" "	Gate of Heaven..... "	Nov. 6, 1887	199	260	...
" "	Sts. Peter and Paul's ..... "	Nov. 3, 1886	189	100	...
" "	St. Vincent's..... "	June 20, 1892	...	52	...
" (East).....	Sacred Heart ..... "	.....	...	...	...
" "	Notre Dame .....Convent	.....	...	20	...
Arlington.....	St. Malachy's.....Church	May 21, 1889	...	...	...
Beverly.....	Star of the Sea..... "	Dec. 30, 1887	32	32	...
Billerica.....	St. Andrew's ..... "	Aug. 15, 1890	3	20	...
Brighton.....	St. Columbkille's ..... "	Mch. 16, 1889	...	55	...
Brockton	St. Patrick's ..... "	Oct. 13, 1892	...	200	...
Cambridgeport	St. Mary's..... "	.....	...	...	...
Canton.....	St. John's..... "	June 9, 1890	45	70	...
Charlestown.....	St. Francis de Sales'..... "	Mch. 16, 1889	124	175	...
"	St. Mary's ..... "	.....	...	...	...
Chelsea.....	St. Rose's ..... "	May 7, 1889	159	175	...
Cohasset.....	St. Anthony's..... "	Mch. 19, 1889	...	...	...
Danvers.....	Annunciation ..... "	.....	...	...	...
Dedham.....	St. Mary's..... "	May 17, 1890	...	31	...
Everett	St. Mary's..... "	July 2, 1889	36	75	...
Franklin.....	St. Mary's..... "	Jan. 1, 1892	36	58	...
Haverhill.....	St. James'..... "	Apr. 14, 1890	20	30	...
Hingham	St. Paul's..... "	Mch. 2, 1888	...	...	...
Hopkinton.....	St. John the Evangelist's ... "	May 11, 1888	36	43	...
Hyde Park.....	Most Precious Blood..... "	Mch. 19, 1889	56	100	...
Jamaica Plains.....	St. Thomas'..... "	Nov. 10, 1891	...	235	...
Lawrence.....	St. Ann's (French)..... "	May 5, 1888	...	...	...
"	Immaculate Conception..... "	Dec. 4, 1889	...	25	...
"	St. Lawrence's..... "	Dec. 4, 1889	...	15	...
"	St. Mary's..... "	Dec. 4, 1889	95	100	...
"	Notre Dame.....Convent	.....	...	...	...
Lowell.....	Immaculate Conception.....Church	Oct. 10, 1890	151	250	...
"	St. Patrick's..... "	Feb. 20, 1891	198	400	...
"	St. Peter's..... "	Feb. 5, 1887	...	...	...
"	Sacred Heart ..... "	Sept. 27, 1887	236	198	...
"	St.Joseph's Church..B.V.M.Sodality	Nov. 1, 1888	...	...	...
"	Xaverian Brothers'.....Residence	Oct. 29, 1887	2	13	...
Lynn	St. John the Baptist's (Fr'h) Church	Apr. 1, 1888	...	...	...
"	St. Joseph's..... "	.....	...	...	...
"	St. Joseph's Church.....Sodality	.....	...	...	...
"	Notre Dame.....Convent	Mch. 7, 1887	...	35	...
Malden.....	Immaculate Conception.....Church	Mch. 19, 1889	142	165	...
Middleboro.....	Sacred Heart..... "	May 17, 1890	...	20	...
Nahant.....	St. Thomas the Apostle's ... "	Dec. 4, 1889	...	...	...
Natick.....	St. Patrick's ..... "	June 14, 1886	...	10	...
Neponset	St. Ann's ..... "	Dec. 4, 1889	25	50	...
Newburyport.....	Immaculate Conception..... "	Jan. 7, 1886	...	...	...
Peabody.....	St. John's..... "	Mch. 19, 1889	57	50	...
Plymouth.....	St. Peter's..... "	July 2, 1889	33	50	...
Quincy.....	St. John the Baptist's ..... "	July 2, 1889	52	50	...
Revere.....	Immaculate Conception..... "	Oct 25, 1889	18	40	...
Roxbury.....	St. Francis de Sales' ..... "	July 2, 1889	...	75	...

ARCHDIOCESE OF BOSTON—CONTINUED.

Place.	Local Centre.	Date of Aggregation.	Confirmed Promoters.	Rosary Sets.	Communion of Reparation
Roxbury	St. Joseph's.....Church	Mch. 7, 1890	84	105	...
"	Our Lady of Perpet'l Help... "	July 2, 1892	...	227	...
"	St. Patrick's..... "	Mch. 28, 1889	123	125	...
"	Holy Angels'(Bros. of Charity)House	May 21, 1891	...	15	...
"	Good Shepherd.....Convent	Nov. 1, 1888	...	...	...
"	Notre Dame..... "	May 27, 1887	...	3	...
Salem	Immaculate Conception ....Church	Jan. 19, 1892	...	100	...
"	St. James'..... "	.....	...	...	...
"	City Orphan(Srs. of Charity)Asylum	Sept. 16, 1891	...	5	...
Somerville	St. Ann's .....Church	Dec. 18, 1891	...	...	...
"	Patronage of St. Joseph..... "	July 16, 1886	67	197	...
South Framingham	St. Stephen's..... "	Jan. 6, 1888	55	35	...
Stoneham	St. Patrick's ..... "	Oct. 10, 1888	20	...	...
Tewksbury	Sac. Heart of Mary(O.M.I.)Novitiate	July 9, 1890	...	3	...
Wakefield	St. Joseph's.....Church	Nov. 22, 1890	...	14	...
Waltham	St. Mary's..... "	Sept. 16, 1888	146	150	...
Weymouth	Sacred Heart..... .. "	Aug. 1, 1889	...	40	...
" (East)	Immaculate Conception..... "	Mch. 19, 1889	...	15	...

DIOCESE OF BURLINGTON.

STATE OF VERMONT.

General Approbation of the Rt. Rev. Bishop, March 24, 1886.

Place.	Local Centre.	Date of Aggregation.	Confirmed Promoters.	Rosary Sets.	Communion of Reparation
Burlington	St. Mary's. .....Convent	Jan. 19, 1887	...	12	...
"	Sisters of Providence..... "	.....	...	...	...
"	St. Joseph's.....College	Mch. 30, 1887	...	...	...
"	St. Joseph's .....School	Sept. 17, 1887	...	3	...
"	St. Mary's Cathedral..... "	Dec. 13, 1891	3	4	...
Brandon	Our Lady of Good Help.....Church	.....	...	...	...
Brattleboro	St. Michael's ..... "	.....	...	...	...
Danby	Holy Trinity..... "	Nov. 19, 1890	4	...	...
East Dorset	St. Jerome's..... "	Nov. 19, 1890	8	40	...
East Rutland	St. Peter's..... "	Nov. 25, 1889	48	50	...
"	St. Joseph's.....Convent	Nov. 25, 1889	...	3	...
Fairhaven	Seven Dolors B. V. M.....Church	Apr. 8, 1886	...	18	...
Ludlow	Annunciation..... "	July 9, 1890	16	20	...
Milton	St. Ann's..... "	Aug. 23, 1888	...	...	...
Montpelier	St. Michael's.....School	Oct. 10, 1888	29	40	...
Newport	St. Mary's, Star of the Sea..Church	.....	...	...	...
Pittsford Mills	St. Alphonsus'..... "	Feb. 12, 1893	...	9	...
Proctor	St. Dominic's..... "	Sept. 20, 1892	...	90	...
Swanton	Nativity B. V. M..... "	Dec. 18, 1889	...	25	...
"	St. Ann's.....School	Dec. 18, 1889	10	...	...
Wallingford	St. Patrick's..... .....Church	Nov. 19, 1890	6	...	...

DIOCESE OF HARTFORD.

STATE OF CONNECTICUT.

General Approbation of the Rt. Rev. Bishop, ... 1886.

Place.	Local Centre.	Date of Aggregation.	Confirmed Promoters.	Rosary Sets.	Communion of Reparation
Hartford	St. Joseph's.....Cathedral	.....	...	...	...
"	St. Patrick's.....Church	.....	...	...	...
"	St. Peter's ..... "	.....	...	...	...

DIOCESE OF HARTFORD—CONTINUED.

Place.	Local Centre.	Date of Aggregation.	Confirmed Promoters.	Rosary Sets.	Communion of Reparation
Hartford	Sacred Heart.....Church	.....	...	...	...
"	Mt. St. Joseph's (Srs. Mercy) Convent	Dec. 18, 1889	5	11	...
"	St. Joseph's (Srs. St. Joseph) "	Mch. 4, 1891	...	...	...
"	St. Patrick's (Srs. of Mercy). School	Oct. 28, 1892	...	34	...
Baltic	Immaculate Conception.....Church	.....	...	...	...
"	Holy Family (Srs. Charity) Convent	June 17, 1887	...	5	...
Birmingham	Immaculate Conception.....Church	June 12, 1892	...	50	...
Bridgeport	St. Augustine's..... "	June 8, 1887	...	8	...
"	Sacred Heart..... "	June 7, 1889	...	25	...
"	St. Agnes' (Srs. of Mercy)..Convent	Dec. 21, 1888	9	67	...
" (East)	St. Mary's.....Church	Feb. 16, 1888	...	71	...
Danbury	St. Peter's..... "	Apr. 30, 1887	198	189	...
Dayville	St. Joseph's ..... "	Oct. 10, 1888	...	4	...
Fairhaven	Mercy.....Convent	June 18, 1891	...	2	...
Grosvenordale	St. Joseph's.....Church	Dec. 28, 1892	...	...	...
Lakeville	St. Mary's..... "	May 21, 1889	...	...	...
"	St. Joseph's (Srs. of Mercy) Convent	Mch. 19, 1889	...	12	...
Meriden	St. Rose of Lima's.....Church	Mch. 10, 1887	...	...	...
Middletown	St. Elizabeth's (Srs. Mercy) Convent	Dec. ... 1886	...	8	...
Milford	St. Mary's.....Church	Apr. 1, 1888	5	5	...
Mystic	St. Patrick's..... "	Jan. 4, 1893	...	10	...
New Britain	St. Mary's..... "	Dec. 21, 1888	114	150	...
"	St. Thomas' (Srs. of Mercy) Convent	Jan. 22, 1889	...	...	...
New Hartford	Immaculate Conception.....Church	June 18, 1892	...	10	...
New Haven	St. Boniface's ..... "	.....	...	...	...
"	St. Francis'..... "	Dec. 13, 1890	15	25	...
"	St. John's..... "	June 17, 1891	...	40	...
"	St. Louis'..... "	May 7, 1890	...	15	...
New London	St. Mary's..... "	June 18, 1891	...	29	...
"	St. Patrick's..... "	.....	...	...	...
Newtown	St. Rose of Lima's..... "	Apr. 22, 1891	25	25	...
Norfolk	Immaculate Conception..... "	Nov. 6, 1889	...	12	...
Norwich	St. Mary's..... "	.....	...	...	...
"	St. Patrick's..... "	.....	...	...	...
Putnam	N. D. de Bon Secours.....Academy	Dec. 18, 1891	...	5	...
Ridgefield	St. Mary's.....Church	.....	...	...	...
Seymour	St. Augustine's..... "	Feb. 12, 1893	...	4	...
Southington	St. Thomas' ..... "	.....	...	...	...
Stafford Springs	St. Edward's ..... "	July 2, 1889	16	116	...
Stamford	St. John's..... "	Aug. 1, 1889	89	25	...
Thompsonville	St. Patrick's..... "	.....	...	...	...
Versailles	St. Joseph's..... "	Nov. 9, 1889	...	...	...
Waterbury	Immaculate Conception..... "	Nov. 10, 1892	8	149	...
"	Sacred Heart..... "	Sept. 16, 1891	...	60	...
"	Notre Dame.....Convent (Sisters from Montreal)	Mch. 19, 1889	...	8	...
Westport	Assumption.....Church	Aug. 1, 1889	...	26	...
Willimantic	St. Joseph's ..... "	Dec. 21, 1888	63	50	...
Winsted	St. Joseph's..... "	Oct. 25, 1892	...	39	...

DIOCESE OF MANCHESTER.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Place.	Local Centre.	Date of Aggregation.	Confirmed Promoters.	Rosary Sets.	Communion of Reparation
Manchester	St. Joseph's.....Cathedral	Mch. 12, 1886	113	230	...
"	St. Ann's.....Church	Nov. 19, 1890	65	75	...
"	Mercy.....Convent	Oct. 10, 1888	...	9	...
"	St. Joseph's (Christ. Brs.) High School	Apr. 14, 1888	...	...	...
Claremont	St. Mary's.....Church	Aug. 12, 1892	...	30	...
Dover	St. Mary's..... "	Oct. 20, 1886	...	12	...
"	St. Mary's.....School	Dec. 8, 1892	...	5	...
Franklin Falls	St. Paul's.....Church	Nov. 25, 1889	16	20	...
Kecne	St. Bernard's..... "	Dec. 20, 1888	18	25	...
Laconia	St. Joseph's ..... "	May 21, 1889	...	16	...
Nashua	Immaculate Conception..... "	Feb. 5, 1889	...	60	...
Portsmouth	Immaculate Conception..... "	Jan. 19, 1887	...	8	...
Whitefield	St. Matthew's..... "	Dec. 21, 1891	...	10	...

DIOCESE OF PORTLAND.

STATE OF MAINE.

General Approbation of the Rt. Rev. Bishop, February 7, 1887.

Place.	Local Centre.	Date of Aggregation.	Confirmed Promoters.	Rosary Sets.	Communion of Reparation
Portland	Immaculate Conception Cathedral	Nov. 4, 1888	...	105	...
"	St. Dominic's.....Church	Aug. 1, 1889	...	67	...
"	Mercy.....Convent	Dec. 19, 1888	...	10	...
"	Notre Dame..... "	.....	...	...	...
Bangor	Mercy..... "	Apr. 3, 1891	...	1	...
"	Mercy.....Academy	Apr. 3, 1891	...	...	...
Biddeford	St. Joseph's.....Church (French Canadian)	.....	...	...	...
Deering	St. Joseph's (Srs. of Mercy)...Home	Nov. 6, 1889	...	10	...
Eastport	St. Joseph's.....Church	Mch. 19, 1890	...	10	...
Ellsworth	St. Joseph's..... "	Aug. 12, 1892	...	14	...
Gardner	St. Joseph's..... "	Mch. 30, 1887	...	8	...
Lewiston	Little Brothers of Mary....Institute	Feb. 9, 1891	...	...	...
Oldtown	St. Joseph's (Srs. of Mercy) Convent	Mch. 19, 1890	...	3	...

DIOCESE OF PROVIDENCE.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

General Approbation of the Rt. Rev. Bishop, January 19, 1889.

Place.	Local Centre.	Date of Aggregation.	Confirmed Promoters.	Rosary Sets.	Communion of Reparation
Providence	Blessed Sacrament.....Church	Jan. 23, 1891	36	80	...
"	Immaculate Conception..... "	Nov. 25, 1889	72	100	...
"	St. Joseph's..... "	May 7, 1889	156	174	...
"	Mercy.....Convent	Dec. 30, 1890	...	12	...
"	Ursuline ..... "	.....	...	...	...
"	St. Xavier's.....Academy	.....	...	...	...
"	St. Aloysius'.....Orphan Asylum	Dec. 30, 1892	...	...	...
Bristol	St. Mary's.....Church	May 8, 1890	15	20	...
Crompton	Our Lady of Mt. Carmel..... "	.....	...	...	...
Elmhurst	Sacred Heart.....Convent	Feb. 18, 1889	20	66	...
Newport	St. Joseph's.....Church	Feb. 16, 1888	64	107	...
"	Our Lady of the Isle..... "	Feb. 20, 1891	15	50	...
Pawtucket	Immaculate Conception..... "	Mch. 28, 1889	70	120	...
"	St. Joseph's..... "	Mch. 28, 1889	...	100	...
"	Sacred Heart..... "	June 18, 1889	67	70	...
Valley Falls	St. Patrick's..... "	Mch. 28, 1889	100	125	...
Wakefield	St Francis'..... "	July 9, 1890	...	...	...

STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Fall River	St. Joseph's.....Church	Nov. 25, 1889	51	60	...
"	St. Louis'..... "	Sept. 5, 1890	...	75	...
"	St. Patrick's..... "	.....	...	...	...
"	St. Vincent's.....Orphanage	May 31, 1889	...	1	...
Nantucket	Our Lady of the Isle.....Church	July 12, 1892	...	5	...
Taunton	Immaculate Conception..... "	Dec. 4, 1889	...	104	...

DIOCESE OF SPRINGFIELD.

STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

General Approbation of the Rt. Rev. Bishop, December 30, 1885; January 9, 1893.

Place.	Local Centre.	Date of Aggregation.	Confirmed Promoters.	Rosary Sets.	Communion of Reparation
Springfield	St. Michael's ..... Cathedral	Feb. 17, 1891	59	75	...
"	St. Joseph's (French)..... Church	.....	...	...	...
"	St. Joseph's (Srs. St. Joseph) Convent	Feb. 9, 1891	12	4	...
Clinton	St. John's..... Church	Feb. 21, 1885	...	...	...
Fitchburg	St. Bernard's..... "	.....	...	...	...
Holyoke	Holy Rosary..... "	June 9, 1889	65	50	...
"	Sacred Heart..... "	Jan. 22, 1889	...	15	...
"	Notre Dame..... Convent	Sept. 17, 1887	2	34	...
"	Providence..... House	June 5, 1889	3	15	...
"	St. Vincent's..... Orphanage	Aug. 14, 1889	...	5	...
Lee	St. Joseph's..... Convent (Srs. of St. Joseph of Imm. Concep.)	Feb. 16, 1888	22	7	...
Leicester	St. Joseph's..... Church	.....	...	...	...
North Adams	St. Joseph's..... Convent	Mch. 25, 1891	...	1	...
Northampton	St. Joseph's..... "	Dec. 27, 1891	1	1	...
North Brookfield	St. Joseph's..... Church	Jan. 6, 1886	...	25	...
Pittsfield	St. Joseph's..... "	June 9, 1892	...	180	...
Rochdale	St. Aloysius'..... "	.....	...	...	...
Spencer	St. Mary's..... "	Aug. 6, 1887	...	...	...
Worcester	St. Ann's..... "	Dec. 18, 1889	...	...	...
"	Immaculate Conception..... "	.....	...	12	...
"	St. John's..... "	Nov. 5, 1889	101	65	...
"	St. Paul's..... "	Nov. 5, 1889	66	70	...
"	Sacred Heart..... "	Apr. 19, 1887	...	30	...
"	St. Gabriel's (Srs. of Mercy) Convent	.....	...	10	...
"	Notre Dame..... "	Mch. 10, 1887	...	...	...
"	Holy Cross..... College	Nov. 1, 1889	32	20	...

PROVINCE OF BOSTON—RECAPITULATION:

Total Number of Local Centres	233
" " " Active "	190
" " " Confirmed Promoters	5,686
" " " Rosary Sets distributed monthly	10,476
" " " League Associates practising the 2d Degree	157,140

The total number of parishes, schools, communities, and other institutions regularly aggregated to the Apostleship of Prayer is actually 50,782, an increase of 127 during the month.

RELIGIOUS ORDERS AND CONGREGATIONS

Which have given the Apostleship of Prayer a share in their merits and good works.

183. The Franciscan Sisters of the Third Order of Regular Observance, of Bordeaux. By letter of Sister Sainte-Rose, Superior General.

ERRATUM.—The Moderator-General calls attention to an error in the record of these participations under No. 182, published in the January MESSENGER. Instead of the Ursulines of Blois, it should have read The Ursulines of Troyes.

IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 228,658.

——*In all things give thanks, for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus.* (I. Thessal., v. 18).——

WOODSTOCK, MD., JAN. 12.—One of our Brothers had to undergo a dangerous surgical operation. Prayers were offered to the Sacred Heart. The operation proved so successful that the Brother is now better in health than he has been for fifteen years.

ORANGE, N. J., JAN. 12.—A young man wishes to return heartfelt thanks to the Sacred Heart for strength to stop drinking, after having sent in his intention three times.

MOUNT HOPE, MD., JAN. 13.—My niece, prayed for by the League since 1890, has attended a Mission, and is now a convert to our holy Faith and a League Promoter.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., JAN. 17.—Thanks for instant relief from a rheumatic attack, upon application of the League Badge.

BOSTON, JAN. 17.—A mother gives thanks for the recovery of her children, who were lost to her for many years.

KANSAS CITY, MO., JAN. 18.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart, my son has obtained employment, and has returned to the practice of his religious duties.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., JAN. 20.—The Sisters of the Good Shepherd return thanks to the Sacred Heart for the abundance of

work provided for their charges, in answer to a Novena of Masses. They provide for a Novena of Masses in thanksgiving.

PINE BLUFF, ARK., JAN. 26.—Sincere thanks to the Sacred Heart for the restoration to health of two persons through the application of the League Badge. The life of one had been utterly despaired of.

PHILADELPHIA, JAN. 27.—A Promoter returns thanks to the Sacred Heart for the reconciliation of two relatives, effected three days after the intention was offered.

NASHVILLE, TENN., JAN. 28.—My brother had a tumor upon his arm, and physicians pronounced a surgical operation necessary. The Sacred Heart was invoked, and at once the tumor subsided. It has now disappeared.

——, ILLINOIS, JAN. 30.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for employment secured for two children, the support of a widowed mother; for the adoration of the Blessed Sacrament on First Fridays; and for full attendance at our school.

NORRISTOWN, PA., JAN. 30.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for protecting us and our home from fire on two several occasions. Our timely discovering of the fire on the second occasion seemed little short of miraculous.

NEW YORK, JAN. 30.—I was suffering from an intensely painful earache; upon applying the League Badge I obtained instant relief.

CUMBERLAND, MD., JAN. 30.—I return thanks to the Sacred Heart for preserving our house from destruction by fire. Also for the restoration of one who was at the point of death. Through the intercession of the souls in Purgatory this favor was granted.

FREDERICK, MD., JANUARY.—Please return thanks to the Sacred Heart for a reconciliation; and for a return to the Sacraments after an absence of *twenty-five* years.

VICTORIA, B. C., ——. An Associate returns thanks for the conversion of a sexagenarian, who had given up the practice of his religion for forty-five years. He was recommended to the prayers of the League.

BAY CITY, MICH., FEB. 1.—Sincere thanks are returned for

the recovery of two of our religious who were attacked by diphtheria. A Novena was begun, and a lamp lighted before the picture of the Sacred Heart; the next day the doctor pronounced them out of danger.

JERSEY CITY, ——. Thanks are returned for the gaining of a law-suit, and for the conversion of a Protestant young man.

CAIRO, ILL., FEB. 8.—After praying to the Sacred Heart for twelve years, my husband has been converted. I recommend all who desire some great favor to keep a lamp burning in honor of the Sacred Heart. To this practice I attribute the above conversion, and four or five great favors.

BUFFALO, N. Y., FEB. 9.—In fulfilment of promise to publish in the MESSENGER I return thanks for the gaining of a very important law-suit, and for employment continued to the father of a large family who dreaded his loss of employment.

ABERDEEN, S. DAK., FEB. 10.—Thanksgiving for favors granted a religious community, for an increase of postulants and success of schools.

TORONTO, CANADA, FEB. 10.—I return thanks for news of a relative, who had been absent fifteen years.

WINSPORT, PA., FEB. 11.—Some time ago I asked the Sacred Heart that I might hear from my brother, who had left home twenty years ago. My petition has been heard.

VARIOUS CENTRES.—For the reform of an intemperate man, saved from an untimely death in a drunken quarrel.—For peace restored between three families.—For employment and means obtained by fourteen persons.—For the success of three surgical operations.—For the removal of obstacles to two religious vocations.—For three houses saved from fire.—For restoration to health after long illness.—For three cures through the League Badge.—For the reformation of four drunkards.—For the return to the Sacraments of persons absent eighteen months and five years.—For enlightenment in doubt.—For many other spiritual and temporal favors.

MAID, ARISE!

And her spirit returned, and she rose immediately (St. Luke viii, 54-55).

(From painting by G. Richter.)

THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. VIII (XXVIII). APRIL, 1893. No. 4

"IF YE HAD FAITH."

M. H. L.

A HEART fell, at a stroke,
From its high pedestal of Love and Hope
And broke;
And at the awful sound
A shudder crept the world of souls around.

As shattered there it lay,
While crimson rills crept down the place,
Straightway
Faith bent and girdled it with her warm hand,
Whose strength went round it like a living band;

An Altar there
With swift and tender fingers she made fair,
And laid the bloodless shape thereon,
And kneeling bowed her head.
"Blessed the heart whence passion's tide has gone
Even though broken by the world," she said;
"For them it was that His own Heart hath bled!"

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MISSION SAN DIEGO.
The first established by Junipero Serra, July 16, 1769.

THE DAYS OF JUNIPERO SERRA.

Born at Petra, Spain, November 24, 1713.
Died at Monterey, Calif., June 28th, 1784.

IN the days of Junipero Serra, when the Missions were in their prime, what pastoral peace, what virginal innocence reigned in fair California! But, alas! how difficult the tourist finds it now, in picking his way amidst the sad and lonely ruins of church, store-house, fountain and garden-wall, to realize what broad avenues of life and religion, hardly more than a hundred years ago, stretched out from these centres! Vanished are the races to whom Serra brought the Gospel of Christ, gone as though the earth had swallowed them up; tumbled in ruins are the churches he built; weed-grown and earth-covered the cloisters which he trod; and not a trace remains of the Spanish power which helped and thwarted him by turns. A new race of men, a new civilization, a new Church hierarchy combine to obliterate every vestige of his presence. Yet it is to Junipero Serra that California owes its first awakening to civilized life. His Indians have, indeed, disappeared—gone, let us trust, through his labors and prayers into happiness eternal—but on their graves has been raised a social

and commercial fabric which is the envy of the world, and with which his name must ever be associated as its founder.

I.

Early Life and Missionary Labors.

Michael Joseph Serra was born at Petra, in the island of

FRA JUNIPERO SERRA, O.S.F.

Majorca, on November 24, 1713. His parents were of humble station and of godly life, and early set his feet on the path which

he trod so nobly till he died. In his boyhood readings he loved the lives of the Saints, and his greatest pleasure was to be found either in the choir as a sweet-warbling singer or in the sanctuary as a graceful and devout altar-boy. Such beginnings impressed upon him the true value of earthly ambitions, and at the age of seventeen he consecrated himself to God in the seraphic order of St. Francis, at Palma. One year later, after a novitiate of extraordinary fervor, he pronounced the perpetual vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, and on this occasion changed his name to Juniper, in honor of the humble companion of St. Francis, of whom the Saint once said that he wished he had a forest of such junipers.

Young Serra's piety was equalled only by his learning. Even before becoming a priest, he taught philosophy with great applause in the chief convent of Palma. He there obtained the degree of Doctor of Sacred Theology from the Lullian University, and was appointed to the Duns Scotus Chair of Philosophy, which he held till he left Spain. The life of a missionary, however, had far more attractions for his heroic soul than the quiet of the lecture-hall. He knew very well what hardships he might expect amongst the American savages, but he longed for them with all the ardor of a true lover of the Cross of Christ, and rested not from piously importuning his superiors till, in 1749, he obtained their permission to start for Mexico. Fathers Palou, Verger and Crespí, whose names are likewise illustrious in California history, were his life-long and devoted friends, and accompanied him from Spain.

His voyage to America was illustrated by characteristic incidents. Between Malaga and Cadiz, their first stopping-place, he fell into an argument with the heretic captain of the boat, and would not yield a point though the latter broke into profanity, pressed a dagger to his throat and even threatened to throw him into the sea. At Porto Rico, in America, where the vessel stopped for fifteen days, Father Serra seized the chance to go ashore and preach and administer the Sacraments and to establish a mission. Just outside of Vera Cruz, a violent storm arose, the vessel sprang

a leak, and the terrified sailors implored the captain to run it on the beach for fear they should be carried out to sea. When the captain refused, a mutiny was imminent, but Serra and the other Fathers determined to entrust the matter to some of their patron saints. They cast lots as to who it should be, and to their delight drew the name of St. Barbara, whose feast they were celebrating that very day. *"Viva Santa Barbara!"* cried priests and sailors. The storm at once abated, and in two days they were safely

SAN BUENAVENTURA MISSION.
The last established by Junipero Serra, 1782.

anchored off Vera Cruz, December 6th, 1749, having been at sea ninety-nine days.

Serra's restless zeal would not allow him to linger here, but he set off immediately on foot from Vera Cruz to the College of San Fernando in the city of Mexico, a distance of one hundred Spanish leagues. The journey was full of privations and sufferings for him, though not devoid of manifest supernatural assistance on more than one occasion. When he arrived at the College,

the headquarters of his brethren in America, his limbs were painfully bitten and swollen from the innumerable insects which had beset his path, and from the fatigues of a march afoot for twenty-five days; so much so that to the end of his life he bore on one leg a wound which never healed.

The next nine years of his life Father Serra spent in the trying missions of the Sierra Gorda mountains of Querétaro and San Luis Potosi, north of the city of Mexico. As usual, he made his journey thither on foot. For some time, he was President of these missions, and labored indefatigably for the conversion of the Pames Indians, to whom he also taught many of the arts and comforts of civilized life. He was next employed at the College of San Fernando for seven years, either in college work or in preaching in the city of Mexico and the surrounding provinces.

Throughout all these employments, he practised the most incredible austerities. Better still, he everywhere displayed such unfaltering obedience and consuming thirst for the salvation of souls, that when, in 1767, the Spanish government drove the Jesuits out of Lower or Baja California and transferred the field to the Franciscans, he was appointed President of the Missions there. He received the appointment in silence and tears. He was now fifty-six years old, and had been longing for such employment from childhood. Childhood's ardor still flamed in his bosom, and his joy was too great for utterance.

II.

Lower California and San Diego.

Serra arrived with sixteen Franciscan companions at Loreto, on the east coast of Lower California, on the first of April, 1768. Loreto had been the headquarters of the Jesuits, who had labored on these missions for some seventy-two years. Following closely in the footsteps of the Jesuits, one of Junipero Serra's first acts was to ask and receive from Pope Clement XIV. the same privilege which had been conferred upon the Superior of the Jesuits in these parts, the right, namely, of administering Confirmation. The difficulty of episcopal visitation rendered this almost imperative.

The Franciscans were not destined, however, to remain long in Lower California. In May, 1773, according to a decree of April 30, 1772, the missions of this part of the country were turned over to the Dominicans, and the province of Alta or Upper California was entrusted to the Franciscans. How fortunate the movement was for the latter country is shown in the life of Junipero Serra. In sixteen years he transformed the country from a waste for the brutish savage to a land swarming with herds of

PAGAN INDIANS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

cattle, smiling with immense fields of grain, musical with the labors of countless artisans, and hallowed with the all-pervading sound of the church-bell.

In the meantime, after our missionary had been about three months in Lower California, he was invited by Don Jose de Galvez, the Visitador-General of Spanish America, to organize a band of Fathers to accompany that officer in the exploration and settlement of the upper country.

Father Serra entered enthusiastically into the plan, and decided that three Fathers should go with the ships and three with the land expeditions. He himself and Father Campa would accompany that of Captain Gaspar de Portolá, who was at the time civil and military governor of California. In November, 1768, Serra visited all the southern missions, and, according to a custom established by the Jesuits, called upon them to contribute toward the new foundations. Captain Rivera did the same in the north, and in this way the necessary provisions and church utensils were obtained.

Galvez issued a proclamation on November 21st, solemnly proclaiming Saint Joseph the patron of the enterprise. The whole expedition was conducted with similar edification. Before the *San Carlos* departed, January 9th, 1769, all the crew went to Confession and received Holy Communion. They then listened to a spirited address by Galvez, and finally knelt to receive the blessing of Father Serra on themselves, their vessel and their flag. The same religious ceremonies preceded the sailing of the *San Antonio* on February 15th, and the starting of Rivera's expedition from Velicatá, March 24th. Portolá led the second land expedition in the footsteps of Rivera on May 15th. Father Serra had joined him in spite of a serious wound in his leg, which he had half cured by insisting on having a rough horse-plaster applied to it.[1] On his way north, this indefatigable worker had founded the Mission of San Fernando at Velicatá on May 14th, and had left Father Campa in charge. This was the last to be founded in Lower California. Begun under such pious auspices, little wonder have we that Serra's work should meet with such unexampled success.

Some idea of the hardships of this overland journey can be gathered from the famous diary of Father Crespí, who accompanied the first of them. Many of their men fell sick, and numbers of their Indians deserted. Rivera's expedition obtained their first view of San Diego on May 13th, from a noble headland about

[1] For further details of this expedition, see the MESSENGER for September, 1892—"Where Father Jayme Was Killed."

ten miles south of the harbor, not far from the stone shaft which now marks the boundary-line between Mexico and the United States. That day marks an epoch in the history of California. It was the dawning of the Sun of Justice on the darkness of heathendom.

Portolá's party arrived at San Diego on July 1st, and on the following day, the feast of the Visitation of our Lady, Father Serra celebrated the first Mass in California, one of solemn thanksgiving in honor of Saint Joseph. Their thanksgiving, however, was mingled with inexpressible sadness. Scurvy had broken out on the *San Carlos*. Thus almost the first work done at San Diego was the erection of a pest-house, and twelve of the Spaniards had died before the arrival of Serra. Combining this loss with deaths amongst the sailors and Indians and desertions of the latter, only one hundred and twenty-six, out of the original two hundred and seventeen, assembled at the first Mass and the erection of the Mission cross. The latter was set up and solemnly blessed by Father Serra on July 16th, and the Mission of San Diego, the first of the great chain which was to civilize the wilderness, was dedicated to Saint James of Alcalá on a spot which the savages called Cosoy, at the foot of a hill in what is now called the Old Town.

OLD CHRISTIAN INDIAN OF TO-DAY.

The limits of this sketch prevent us from entering into the details of the early days of this Mission. They would have been discouraging to almost any soul but that of Junipero Serra. No convert could be made during the first year of its existence, and on one occasion the Indians made a fierce attack on the camp, and killed a servant-boy and wounded Father Viscaino in the hand. Meantime, on July 14, 1769, Governor Portolá set out with Cap-

tain Rivera, Fathers Crespí and Gomez and a large force, on his six months' fruitless and painful search for Monterey. In his absence, the scurvy again broke out in the camp, and of the forty whom he had left at San Diego only twenty lived to greet him on his return. The *San Antonio*, which had been sent back to San Blas for fresh supplies more than eight months ago, had not returned, and in despair Portolá sent Rivera south again to Velicatá to secure enough provisions to enable the whole party to return to Loreto. He determined to abandon the enterprise in the middle of March, as utterly hopeless.

The remonstrances of Fathers Serra and Crespí were made in vain, until the holy men betook themselves to the most earnest prayer and resolved that they at least would remain at San Diego at any cost. They began a novena to Saint Joseph. On his feast-day, which occurred one day before the time set for the abandonment of the mission, they celebrated high Mass in his honor, and then with tearful eyes mounted the heights to catch a glimpse of the returning *San Antonio*. It was a time of heart-rending suspense, but Saint Joseph did not disappoint his loving clients. Just as the sun was setting, the ship appeared in the dim distance. The enterprise was saved! Four days later, the long-delayed messenger was at anchor in the bay. Satisfactory explanations were made, abundant provisions were brought, and Portolá in great joy began a second and successful search for Monterey.

III.

Monterey and Other Early Foundations.

Portolá divided his second expedition into two parties. The first started by sea on April 16th under Captain Perez in the *San Antonio*. Father Serra, still feeble from his long sufferings, was one of this party. Portolá himself started overland the following day, with Father Crespí as his chaplain. He profited greatly by the melancholy experiences of his former expedition. On May 24th, they came upon a cross which they had set up the preceding winter on the shores of a lovely bay, little dreaming then what bay it was; but now their eyes were opened, and they recognized

with confusion and delight that they were standing on the shores of the harbor of Monterey! Last year they had visited it twice, and had not known it as the spot for which they were searching!

For want of fresh water elsewhere, Portolá first pitched his camp on Carmelo Bay. One week later, the *San Antonio* swept around Point Pinos, and the governor and his party crossed over to the port of Monterey to welcome them.

The mission and presidio of San Cárlos Borromeo de Monte-

UNVEILING THE SERRA MONUMENT, MONTEREY, CAL., JUNE 3, 1891.

rey were established on the 3d of June, 1770, and Saint Joseph was chosen as special protector. A cross was set up near Viscaino's venerable oak, holy water was blessed, the bells were rung and salvos of artillery fired. Father Serra in alb and stole knelt and chanted the *Veni Creator*, and then blessed the cross,

after which he sang high Mass amidst many another far-sounding salute of musket and cannon.

The first church, which was only a rude hut of the branches of trees, was opened and blessed by Father Serra on June 14th, amidst all the pomp which their circumstances allowed. About a month afterwards, Portolá, having successfully executed the orders of Galvez, relinquished the government of the new erections to Lieutenant Fages, and returned aboard the *San Antonio* to Mexico. He had sent messengers before him to announce his success, and all Mexico was fairly delirious with joy at the good news. Something like a national festival was held to celebrate the event. Ten new friars were asked and obtained from the College of San Fernando for the missions of San Diego and Monterey, with the understanding that twenty others should follow shortly for the foundation of five new missions.

On the departure of Portolá, Father Serra lost no time in plunging into his missionary works. The Indians, who were chiefly the Eslenes, had at first been frightened away by the sound of firearms, but they were now gradually attracted by the missionaries and soon manifested the friendliest feelings. The first baptism was administered on December 26th, 1770. Meantime, Serra burned with eagerness to extend the mission-work and open not only San Buenaventura, on the Santa Barbara Channel, which Galvez five years ago had called his own mission, but also the five others contemplated, namely, San Antonio, San Gabriel, San Luis Obispo, San Francisco and Santa Clara. He could only, however, wait in patience and prayer till May 21st, 1771, when the famous *San Antonio* brought him the ten promised recruits from the College of San Fernando. The new Fathers were at once instructed in their duties, and on the 7th of June the first party of them, six in number, were sent to San Diego for the three southern missions. Of the northern missions, no men could be spared as yet for Santa Clara or San Francisco, and of the others only that of San Antonio could be founded till the needed escort of soldiers should arrive from the south.

Still what could be done was done, and with his usual trans-

ports of joy Father Serra set out with Father Pieras on his journey of sixty miles through the unbroken wilderness to the south of Monterey for the Hoya de la Sierra de Santa Lucía, where he was to establish his third mission. It is likely that he traveled up the Salinas River and the Arroyo Seco to the Jolone Valley, till on July 14, 1771, he came to a lovely plain covered with oak trees and watered with a full broad stream, at a spot called by the Indians Texhaya, and which the Spaniards now called Canáda de los Robles or Valley of the Oaks. In his great joy at the lovely scene and at the prospect of speedy and manifold conversions, Father Serra ordered the bells to be hung upon a tree and rung loudly, while he exclaimed:

"Hear, hear, O ye Gentiles! Come to the holy church! Come and embrace the faith of Jesus Christ!"

As not a savage could be seen, Father Pieras ventured to remonstrate with him, but the loving enthusiast only answered:

"Let me alone! Let me unburden my heart, for I wish that my bells could be heard by all the world, but in particular by all the gentiles of these mountains!"

And so the ding-dong of the bells went on until at last one of the Indians did appear, overcome with astonishment. In his presence the mission cross was erected and Father Serra celebrated Mass under the branches of an immense oak tree. The original savage soon brought in many of his companions, with presents of seeds and pine-nuts, all the poor creatures had to give. They freely assisted the Fathers in building a little church and barracks for the soldiers, and enclosing them with the usual palisade.

One of the party, an aged woman named Agreda, begged the Fathers for baptism. She assured them that when she was a little girl she had heard her father describe men exactly like these priests, who, he told her, had come to the country through the air and had preached doctrines which she now saw were Christian. It is unfortunate that we have no further details of this story. It might help to substantiate the pretty clearly-established story of the Irish Saint Brendan's visit to America in the sixth century.

Leaving Fathers Pieras and Sitjar in charge of the Mission,

after being assured of its chances of prosperity, Father Serra returned to Monterey. He there transferred the mission site to the Carmelo Valley toward the end of December. The reason he gave in public was the want of water and a fertile soil at Monterey, reason enough in itself, but to this was added a private reason: the contact of the soldiers and other whites with the natives was not calculated to edify the latter. In fact it was quite disastrous to their faith and morality—ever the old sad story in all missions among the savages, as true to-day as it was in the days of Junipero Serra.

In the following year, Father Serra founded the Mission of San Gabriel. The natives at first gathered in a large force and made hostile demonstrations. When, however, a beautiful banner of the Blessed Virgin was raised before their eyes, they immediately cast themselves down at the feet of the great Queen in token of peace. The Mission of San Luis Obispo was founded on September 1st, 1772, at an equally fertile and beautiful place near the mouth of the Canáda de los Osos. The dispositions of the natives here gave greater hopes than at any of the other missions.

The pleasure of all these foundations, however, was grievously marred by evils against which the devoted Father protested in vain. In spite of his vigilance, the immorality of the whites was too often an occasion of scandal, and Lieutenant Fages, by his imbecility, ignorance and insolence, was just as often a stumbling-block in the way of success. Serra was persuaded that the time was critical and that only prompt and vigorous action on his part could continue the assurances of prosperity. He, therefore, resolved to visit the capital in person to represent his case to the viceroy and his council.

Well might he expect to be heard with respect. In the five years already spent as President of the Missions of Alta California, he had erected five missions with but nineteen Fathers and sixty soldiers to assist him, and already some five hundred Indians had been received into the fold of Christ. Roads had been built through the country, the land had been carefully explored, two magnificent sea-ports established, and friendly relations every-

THE SERRA MONUMENT.

where secured with the natives. In a word, the wilderness had been reclaimed, and religion and civilization introduced into what promised to be one of Spain's fairest possessions.

On arriving at San Blas, he walked all the way to Guadalajara, a distance of two hundred and forty miles. He then fell so ill of a fever that for a time his life was despaired of, but his iron will sustained him and, even before he had fully recovered, he set out again on his travels on foot and arrived at Mexico in February. He was kindly received by the Viceroy, and on March 13th presented his first memorial. He drew up another on April 22d, and on May 21st presented a full report of the California Missions. In all of the documents, his consummate prudence and foresight was so conspicuous that the Board of War and Exchequer, after careful deliberation, granted the saintly veteran nearly all that he requested. Not the least of these favors was the removal of the incompetent Fages and the appointment to his place of Rivera y Moncada. Before leaving Mexico, Father Serra knelt and kissed the feet of his religious brethren and humbly besought their pardon for all his bad example. He set out in triumph for Monterey on January 24, 1774. His work was now perfectly safe, and he could labor for his beloved Indians, unhampered by the thousand vexations which had so long beset him.

IV.

The remaining ten years of Junipero Serra's life might indeed be called monotonous. They afford but a long repetition of ceaseless labors and travels, of savages converted and their rights sternly defended, of his brethren consoled amid their many trials, of prayer without ending and bodily mortifications almost beyond belief. Quoting even his non-Catholic biographers, we may say that there was no limit to his heroic endurance, none to his consuming desire to extend the kingdom of Christ; nothing seemed able to discourage him or weaken his sublime faith in the assistance of God.

In the fields and in the work-shop he labored side by side with his neophytes. He asked them to do nothing in which he

did not first set them the example. A wrong done to them was like a knife-thrust deep in his own heart. Never was his eye kindled with wrath except when defending them from the ignorance, cupidity or vices of the white settlers. The Indians returned this whole-souled devotion with all the sincerity of their simple hearts, and revered him as the truest of fathers. Before he died, he had baptized more than a thousand of them with his own hands, and conferred the sacrament of Confirmation upon five thousand.

The four last Missions which Junipero Serra founded were added in the years after his return from Mexico. Two years after the last of these, he was called to his eternal reward.

Father Serra made the last of his innumerable journeys in June, 1784. In January, he visited, as usual on foot, all the missions and Indian villages between San Diego and Monterey, and at all of them administered the sacrament of Confirmation. Returned to Monterey, he then set out for San Francisco and came back overland through Santa Clara. At the latter place, he foretold his approaching end.

The weakness of his chest and the ulcers on his leg, combined with his ceaseless austerities, had almost prostrated him.

The day before his death, he insisted on going to the church to receive Holy Communion and to join in the vesper services; and at the *Tantum ergo* his voice was as high and strong as ever. The next morning, he made his last confession. He then quietly discussed with Father Palou his approaching death, and asked to be buried at the side of Father Crespí. At noon, he walked to the door to gaze around upon the Mission, and at one o'clock lay down never to rise again. He died on the 28th of June, 1784. His passing was inexpressibly peaceful. Almost his last words were:

"Thank God! I have no longer any fear!"

Father Serra's tomb, at the San Carlos Mission of Monterey, was long a place of pilgrimage for devout Spaniards and Indians alike. Political changes came, the church fell into ruin, and even

the place of his burial was forgotten. One hundred years after his death, the present venerable pastor of Monterey, Father Angelo Casanova, at the cost of much labor and expense, located again the hallowed tomb and restored the ruinous church to the appearance which it bore in the days of Junipero Serra. All California united with the noble pastor to celebrate the event with every circumstance of pomp and veneration; and but recently Mrs. Leland Stanford erected, under similar auspices, a grand statue to his memory not far from the spot where he first landed at Monterey. To-day no name is so venerated in all California as that of Junipero Serra.

AN EASTER LILY.

By S. X. B.

"IT will be quite the loveliest altar you ever saw. The candlesticks have come, and nothing could be more satisfactory. Hilda and Bertha will give flowers for the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, and some kind friend, name unknown, has sent a pretty lamp for each of the brackets. The lace for the altar cloth shall be my offering; to-morrow I will go to the city for it. And the flowers too, when Easter comes, lilies and hyacinths,—yes, all that go upon the altar shall be from me."

"And what are you leaving for me?" said Miss Meredith, looking fondly at the animated girl who had just returned from a meeting of those most deeply interested in the beautifying of their much-loved little church.

"Best of aunties," said Lilian, "you can give the lamp for the statue of the Sacred Heart, and a basket of the loveliest red roses for the bracket. And there is any quantity of smilax waiting to be provided. O! never fear; even if you were not able to attend the meeting, you will not be overlooked, I assure you."

The speakers were Miss Catherine Meredith and her niece Lilian; the place a quiet village, some miles from the metropolis, and the scene of the above conversation, the cozy library in their pretty country home. When Lilian was six years old her father met with a sudden, yet not "unprovided" death, and, ere yet the finger of time had pointed to the anniversary of the sad bereavement, her sorrowing mother closed her eyes upon this world and the things thereof, leaving her little child to be cared for by their only relative, the sister of her husband, Miss Meredith.

How well the trust had been fulfilled might be seen by the devoted love which existed between the two, but still more by the result of the untiring efforts of the aunt as manifested in the character of her beloved charge.

The little church had been finished, and indeed dedicated, some six months ago, but, owing to various circumstances, principally to the fact of there being no resident pastor, divine service had been but seldom held within its walls.

This defect had been remedied, the requisite or desired appointments were provided for by some ardent, generous souls, and all looked forward to the coming Easter as the real opening of the church.

It was still a period far enough in the future, Lilian regretfully thought, as she turned next morning to wave a last adieu to her aunt. The Christmas holidays had only taken their departure, but then there was much to be prepared, and the very anticipation of the happy day was a pleasure. So Lilian was in a very blissful frame of mind as, her destination reached, she lingered hesitating among the laces; for each piece held up to view seemed more beautiful than the last. She made her selection however and proceeded to pay for the lace. What was her annoyance and vexation to find that her purse was nowhere to be found. Although not precisely stranded on a desolate island, to be in the city for the day without a penny was the reverse of pleasant.

Suddenly there was a slight commotion, a forlorn-looking girl was thrust forward, and Lilian was given to understand that

there stood the purloiner of the missing purse. The girl did not attempt to deny it, but stood with rather a defiant air, as Lilian countermanded the order for a policeman given by some one in the rear, and said she knew it must be a mistake. Her money was all untouched, she said, as she paid for the lace and bade the girl follow her to the street.

What a contrast! With their age, which was evidently the same, all similitude ceased. Lilian, erect as a young pine, in her favorite gown of dark-blue cloth and seal-skin jacket, her golden waving locks gathered in a low knot and surmounted by the little toque with its scarlet wing, while the hands which held the recovered purse and her muff were encased in "gants de suede" of the most approved texture and hue. Yet it was upon her face that one would linger most, with its unclouded eyes, so expressive of the innocent soul within.

The culprit was clad in a dress of such miserable quality, and an old worn jacket of faded cloth so utterly inadequate to protect her from the cold, that she looked more forlorn, if that were possible, than when she had been brought before Lilian in the store. Her finger-tips, blue and half-frozen, peered forth from torn cotton gloves; and her shoes, alas! scarcely merited the name. Thus she stood, her old scarlet hood forming a vivid contrast to her black hair and the dark eyes which flashed defiant glances upon the world.

"Now tell me your trouble," said Lilian. "You never meant to take my purse. It was a mistake, I am sure."

"It was not a mistake," answered the girl. "I would have starved before I would have touched a penny not my own for myself. But my little sister is burning up with fever, and how could I listen to her cry for one piece of orange, *one little piece*, and not be pierced to the heart?"

"But why—O! why did you not ask me?" said Lilian.

"I followed you, intending to *beg* for the first time in my life; but my heart failed me, and when you dropped your purse—it was all in a moment—I never thought of it before—I could not resist the temptation."

"Take me to your sister," said Lilian gently, and Dolores, for that was her name, too amazed to express either objection or satisfaction, turned and walked so rapidly that Lilian, active as she was, had some difficulty in keeping her in sight.

It seemed to Lilian that they would never reach their destination; but finally, the coveted oranges having first been secured, Dolores pointed out a tenement house more miserable than the rest, and asked Lilian if she were not afraid to go into such a place. The answer was of course a negative one, and they began to climb flights of stairs until they reached the floor beneath the stars.

Lilian was not unaccustomed to scenes of poverty, for she frequently accompanied Miss Meredith on her missions of mercy; but anything approaching to this destitution had never come under her notice. The room was small, dark and chilling, while the little invalid, nevertheless, was tossing on an old lounge in the delirium of fever, and begging Dolores to open the window and give her air. How eagerly the wasted child swallowed a piece of the longed-for fruit which her sister lovingly held to her lips.

Lilian was a young woman of prompt decision. She looked around. The child would die if no helping hand were stretched forth to aid, and Dolores, in whom she felt so strangely interested, —what would become of *her?* Threading her way over the broken boards of the floor and going down one flight of the rickety stairway, she asked a boy to get her a conveyance of some kind at once. Then returning, she inquired of Dolores if she owed any rent and to whom. She was told that the old dame in the next apartment, God bless her! had given them this tiny corner until Dolores could secure "something to do"; so Lilian had her called in, and gladdened her heart by paying the moderate sum, after which she calmly announced her intention of removing the two sisters to other quarters. I have said that Lilian was prompt in decision, yet never had she taken so much upon herself before. She wondered what her aunt would say; and her special friend Hilda who often called her "Donna Quixote"—well, she felt that she was acting for the best, and so the little procession left

the dingy room; Dolores coming last with her few belongings—or souvenirs—carefully held in an old black bag.

With all her courage Lilian was growing rather nervous, and gladly saw the shabby-looking hack which they lost no time in entering, while she directed the driver to go to the hospital presided over by one of her former teachers and still very dear friend, Mother Clotilde. When the latter came into the little waiting-room, Lilian hastily explained the situation and begged that Teresa, the wasted little child, might be attended to at once. "And I know, Mother," said she detaining her,—"I know that Dolores, the elder sister, is almost famished. I will come again soon and relate my adventure; but now I have only time to reach my train. Good-bye, dear Mother, and do not forget me in your prayers."

Miss Meredith, we may imagine, was deeply interested in Lilian's narration, and promised to see her two protegées at an early day. Hilda and Bertha also, although with some good-natured bantering, evinced a satisfactory eagerness to see "Lilian's very latest." As Hilda was to be the organist at the Easter services, and Bertha belonged to the newly organized choir, and Lilian still devoted as much time as she could to music, the three friends were wont to go to the city for lessons twice a week.

Aunt Kate accompanied them on the occasion immediately following the event I have related, and in the afternoon the quartette repaired to the hospital where the two friendless waifs were tenderly and lovingly cared for.

What a transformation a few days had effected! Both were clad in comfortable and *becoming* attire such as frequently found its way to the institution from the benevolent and charitably disposed. Little Teresa, who was the image of her sister but evidently of a far more gentle type, and who was now able to sit up, looked quite pretty in the soft woolen gown of crimson hue sent by some juvenile Lady Bountiful for a poor sick little girl.

Good Mère Clotilde evidently took great satisfaction in their improved personal appearance, but Teresa was so very thin that

Bertha and Hilda called her little "Thistledown" and said that a puff would blow her away.

Later on the Mother took Miss Meredith and Lilian into another room.

"That Dolores"—said she—"certainly she has had very much to suffer in her short life. But I never saw such an implacable unforgiving disposition in one so young. Do not look so sad, my dear," she continued as Lilian's bright face clouded. "It is a loving nature too, and a grateful one. I think she would lay down her life for you, for instance; but some day you will hear her story, and learn from her lips the treatment which she declares she never will forgive."

Shortly after this visit, Miss Meredith, who was never very strong, contracted a severe cold which developed into pneumonia, and at one stage of the disease there was a very sharp battle with death. Dolores now had an opportunity of proving her gratitude to Lilian, whose consent to assist in nursing the patient she sought and obtained. During the four weeks when the "valley of the shadow" seemed so near, her ministrations never ceased. They would have to be very careful during March, but the patient was convalescing rapidly, and Lilian reminded her that as "the feast of feasts" fell so unusually late that year, the last week in April, she would certainly be out long before that time.

One day Miss Meredith asked Dolores, who was soon to return to the hospital, to tell them something of her life. She complied at once, and with unaffected pathos told how her father who, she said, had been an artist, after long struggling against adverse circumstances lost first his health, then his sight and finally his life, leaving her mother with two children, strangers indeed within a stranger's land. Then her mother tried to support them all by fine sewing and embroidery. She was especially skilled in the latter, having learned it in the convent in Seville where she had been educated. Dolores was twelve and Teresa four years old when their father died. She helped her mother in every possible way, and although it was a weary struggle they succeeded in keeping the wolf from the door, until her dear

mother's health began to fail. Then the dark clouds of adversity seemed persistently to envelope them. Unable to pay even the moderate rent asked for their fairly presentable apartment, they had to seek cheaper lodgings, and so from one place to another they went until their patronesses were reluctant to trust their fine material in such unsightly quarters.

"Then we suffered with cold and hunger," continued Dolores; "but through it all my mother never murmured. At last one day a woman came saying she had secured some work for mother. It was to embroider an elegant silk ball dress, and we were very thankful, I assure you. She had done us the same kindness before, but that was some time ago, and, looking doubtfully at the surroundings, she gave mother many charges not to spoil the young lady's gown. The gown was finished, and the embroidery on the shining breadths looked lovely. I was to take it to the house, and receive the money, for the landlord had decided that *the next* was to be our last day of grace, and said that if the rent were not paid he would turn us out on the street.

"I gave the parcel to a maid who was chatting with a friend at the door. 'O! the silk for my mistress,' said she. Then she told her friend who was about leaving, that when made up it would be the most elegant gown at the ball. The friend said 'she would love of all things to see it,' and the maid said, 'Well, come, you may, but you must mail my letter to pay me. I have only to add a few words.' I ventured to remonstrate, but was ordered to attend to my own affairs, and the two disappeared. When the maid returned, saying I was to go to her young lady, of course I thought I was to be paid. Imagine my feelings when she pointed out a spot of ink on one of the breadths and declared that she would not pay me a penny for the work.

"Denial, explanations, even a request for enough to pay the rent were in vain. The maid positively denied the story of the letter, and with a bursting heart I hurried away. O! madame, the man was true to his word. With a terrible cold, in a heavy snow-storm, my mother was forced to go on the street. We wandered about for hours until we found shelter in an old shed,

and there, she who would not utter an impatient word, but bore all for the dear Lord's sake as she often said—she grew worse and died. And that woman is her murderess. I hate her. O! yes, I hate her from the very depths of my heart."

"Our Blessed Mother forgave the murderers of her Son, Dolores," said Miss Meredith very gently, but there was no softening of the bitter expression until Lilian, who had been weeping silently, put her arm around the agitated girl and whispered: "And she *loved* them too." Then she burst into tears.

"O, Miss Meredith—Miss Lilian—if only there were more like you. But I *cannot—cannot*—forgive her. O! my mother! my mother!"

What could be done then? Nothing more but to send a silent fervent petition to "the Heart of Jesus pleading" from two pitying suppliants, and surely it would be heard.

. . . . . .

Before the visit to the hospital Miss Meredith had asked Lilian seriously what her intentions in regard to Dolores might be. Lilian, who was "something of an heiress," unfolded various half-defined plans which her aunt, whose views on the "education of the masses" were very decided, did not encourage. After Dolores had left the room, the subject was resumed, Lilian reminding her aunt that the girl's mother had been convent-bred, and probably not one of the "masses."

"But won't you promise to be a friend to her if anything should happen to me?"

"How strangely you talk, Lilian! Her sad tale has made you melancholy. But I will readily promise what you ask. I *will* say however that I would be unequal to cope with one of her fiery spirit, and that gentle little Teresa would be more to my taste."

"Best of aunties, the very thing. I predict that Teresa will be the stay of your declining years, the staff of your venerable age," said Lilian recovering her spirits. "Meanwhile Dolores will return to the hospital where Mother Clotilde assures me she will be very welcome and useful; and we must pray that her obdurate heart may be moved."

But Lilian was very thoughtful after this, and when the three friends met to work for the great object—the altar—the other two would rally her, and ask what mighty secret she had on her mind.

About this time she spent a few days with Mother Clotilde, and remained often and long before the Blessed Sacrament. After holy Communion on the First Friday in the chapel, her dimly formed resolve seemed to receive an approval from heaven, and with a fervent prayer to the Sacred Heart, she made the offering of her young and happy life—laid it as the price of a soul at the feet of her loving Lord—offered it freely for the conversion of a bitter and unforgiving heart.

Mother Clotilde wondered when, as Lilian was taking leave, she turned so very pale as the Mother said—"O! and here is something a little strange. This morning while you were still in the chapel I found Dolores kneeling before the large crucifix in the little sewing-room, and when she heard me she said, 'O! Mother, I would go to confession now *if I could only forgive.*' Never has she said as much before."

"Our Lord has accepted the sacrifice then," thought Lilian. "His holy will be done."

. . . . . .

The last week of Lent had come and Lilian, knowing that her aunt would be sadly disappointed if unable to attend the solemn services of its closing days, prepared to accompany her to the city. She would have preferred to remain and help deck the little church in its Easter glory, and quite envied her two friends who were to have that privilege. This thought was speedily banished as selfish, and promising that the flowers and smilax would be sent in good time she bade a smiling adieu to her friends.

On Good Friday she was scarcely surprised to see Dolores go forward with her little sister and fervently kiss the cross. And as she was leaving the church with her aunt, Dolores was still kneeling, but detained her a moment to whisper earnestly, "O! pray for me, Miss Lilian, I am trying to forgive."

On Holy Saturday they assisted at the sublime services of the day, then paid a visit to the dear Mother Clotilde, with whom our heroine had always been, of her three former pupils, the favorite, and assured themselves at the florist's that the order had been attended to. No doubt the floral beauties were at that very moment the object of enthusiastic admiration from those who were engaged at the church. Lilian stood silent and apart during an animated colloquy between her aunt and a friend whom they met there, but her thoughts were very busy.

Her life had been such a happy one, and the last few months had seemed especially rich in blessings. God had been so good to her, she had always longed to do something in return, and now it seemed the opportunity was nigh. The "Exultet" of the morning found an echo in her heart.

Finally they were whirling away in the train, chatting pleasantly, or watching the well known scenery through which they passed.

Lilian declared that she could scarcely wait for the morrow, and her aunt was equally anxious to welcome Easter day in the lovely little church. All was love and joy and peace in their hearts.

A few minutes later the discordant whistle announced that Eglantine was nigh, and they were soon in the midst of the usual bustle attendant upon the arrival of a train. Hilda and Bertha waved a joyous welcome, while Lilian carefully helped her aunt into the pretty phaeton and patted the pony, her own especial pride. A buggy with a fiery black horse was awaiting another occupant, and the driver was scarcely able to manage his charge. As the parting whistle sounded harshly out on the still evening air, this horse sprang forward, almost overturning the light phaeton. Miss Meredith was unhurt, but Lilian, who was in the act of taking her place, was thrown directly under the frantic animal's feet.

. . . . . .

Pitying hands lifted the unconscious girl and tenderly bore her to her home, whither her aunt followed in anguish too deep

for tears, sustained by the two horrified and grief-stricken girls. Priest and physician were hastily summoned, and the intensely anxious vigil by the side of the dearly loved one began.

On that same evening a girl left one of the confessionals in the church where Lilian had been in the morning, and, kneeling at the altar of the Sacred Heart, poured forth fervent prayers for her who had so changed the current of her life. The penitent as yet did not know that at some future day, as a Sister of Charity, she was to place the crown upon her "forgiveness" by unwearied attentions at the bedside of the one who had treated her so heartlessly, and eventually win her soul to God.

Just as the midnight chimes ushered in the Resurrection morn, Lilian opened her eyes and even could say a few words to her aunt. She knew them all, and hope began to banish despair, for there seemed to be no external wound, and the best medical aid from the city would soon be there.

. . . . . .

The longed for day dawned bright and beautiful; the lambent flame of the wax-lights surmounted the beautiful candlesticks; the flowers offered their fragrance to the divine Mother and St. Joseph; the red roses were laid at the shrine of the Sacred Heart, and the light deepened and brightened in its ruby setting. The altar was indeed quite the loveliest with its fragrant masses of hyacinths and lilies.

Yet a sadness clouded the Easter joy of many in the congregation. One Easter lily was not there, but had gone to bloom forever in the celestial garden of Paradise.

Lilian Meredith was dead.

TO A PICTURE IN MY STUDY.

By M. S.

HERE in my study, just beneath thy feet,
I love to sit and ponder o'er thy face,
The throne of every loveliness and grace,
The one chaste spot where earth and heaven meet.
Sure Thou dost hear the melodies that beat
Within my spirit, as I fondly trace
Each feature, curve and line—while from thy place
A smile seems breaking on thy lips to greet

My gaze. But most thine eyes, that Mother-wise
Haunt me and follow, turn where'er I will,
I love to fathom: for within them lies
Thy soul unfathomable, that doth still
Add deep to deep of glory from the sight
Of Him Who is thy Son, God Infinite.

SECOND PASCHAL COMMUNION.

DURING Eastertide, Associates of the Apostleship should endeavor to gain the Plenary Indulgence granted by our Holy Father, Leo XIII., April 20, 1882. To encourage Associates in the practice of the Communion of Reparation, the 3d Degree of the League, the Holy Father was graciously pleased to concede a special Plenary Indulgence to those Associates who, after they had performed their Easter duty, should, during the Paschal season, offer a second Holy Communion in reparation for all who neglect to approach the Sacraments of Penance and the Eucharist at this time. Promoters of the League should strive to spread this practice of Reparation so pleasing to the Heart of our Divine Lord.

THE DOLEFUL EVEN-SONG.

By Joseph H. Rockwell, S.J.

OF all the manifestations of power there is none comparable with the raising of the dead to life. Men stand in awe and reverence before him who revivifies the lifeless clay. They know full well that it is more than human power that performs such a miracle. When the Apostles and the Saints announced their divine commission, the raising of the dead stood for their credentials. When Jesus Christ declared that He was the Son of God, reasonable men had to admit His claim to this title, if for no other miracle, for the raising of the dead to life.

But it is a greater miracle yet, that He Who thus clearly shows His dominion over life and death in the raising of Lazarus, Jairus's daughter and the son of the widow of Naim, should Himself die and then triumph over death. *Whom God hath raised up, having loosed the sorrows of hell, as it was impossible that He should be holden by it.*[1]

This is the great mystery of faith, of hope, of the dawn of light after a long darkness. It is the foundation of our moral life; of our present fidelity and of our future glory. In this is centred everything; for we know that *He Who raised up Jesus, will raise up us also with Jesus.*[2] So interwoven is the mystery of Christ's Resurrection with our future happiness that, *If Christ be not risen again, then is our preaching vain and your faith is also vain.*[3] It is the consummation of hope: our Catholic instincts on "This day which the Lord hath made" brighten into cheerfulness, they raise our drooping, doubting spirits as if from death.

The other day I met a sad-browed man; he had deep furrows on his forehead, and hard, stiff lines on his face and lips, which seemed to have hardened into immobility from long years of sadness. There was not a ray of brightness in his eyes, but his face, his eyes, and all his features were overshadowed by a desolate,

[1] Acts, ii. 24. [2] II. Cor., iv. 14. [3] I. Cor., xv. 14.

hopeless, fireless, almost lifeless gloom. He was sad almost to madness, and, as if for comfort, he began to tell me of the bitterness of life: he had not a single hope in life, he dreaded to die, and yet he had nothing to live for; as for a future, he had no hope and scarcely a belief in a hereafter. I ventured to ask him whence all this sorrowfulness had come, and if he had been oppressed with sorrow even in childhood. "No," said he, "my childhood was merry and happy, but my father died, when I was very young, and then my mother, and I was entrusted to a guardian, whom they called my godfather. I loved him and esteemed him till one day he fell to a great depth of sin, and my childish heart was seared and hardened against humanity. In men I have no trust, and though I have heard men talk of a faithful God, I know Him not. My guardian never taught me anything of Him, and I never learned anything about such a God from my teachers in the city school."

We may pity this poor misanthrope, but we are not wholly free from the weakness which led him into his wretched state of soul. A little contradiction meets us, we grow weary of life; a friend has gone wrong, we are tempted to follow; a trusted guide gives bad example, we are scandalized and perplexed. It is an hour of darkness, and as we look only at to-day, we get no ray of hope from the future nor of comfort from the past.

But let us open any book of history, it is a great consoler, for it shows the dark and gloomy page, and then turns the leaf to another picture where the gloom has vanished like the morning mist on the hillside. When a calamity befalls the Church or a family or an individual, how quickly men see the dark side and forget all the bright days that have shone upon us, and all the wondrous deeds in which God has shown His power and truth. It is as though God had made a covenant with Catholics that they should never suffer, should never see scandal in the Church; for when such untoward events occur they cry out, God has abandoned us, what will happen to us? Anxiety and worry and distress possess their souls, they try this means and that, but every day is darker than the preceding. Why? Because the true

source of hope is overlooked; God our only hope, Who is not counted upon to interfere, is waiting until our distress verges upon despair; He will show that, after men have put their frail human hands to the work and failed, the preservation of the individual and of the Church is His work, a divine work.

In the days of persecution in England, three centuries ago, when to profess the Catholic faith meant confiscation of property, imprisonment or death; when the laity were driven to despair, and the priests were hunted to death like hares; when the faithful held their meetings in secret, and heard Mass in garrets and closets for fear of arrest; when the priests lived in disguise and when the practice of religion was a constant act of heroism; even then in the midst of terrible hardships and struggles God permitted new trials to their faith. On one Sunday afternoon about three hundred Catholics of all ages and sexes met in the house of the French ambassador to listen to the instruction of the Jesuit, Father Drury. During his discourse the floor collapsed, and one third of the fervent congregation perished, including two Jesuit priests. In the midst of the ruin a little girl exclaimed, "What a great scandal this will be to our religion!" One of the men also cried out, "Oh! what advantage will our adversaries take at this!" Naturally these thoughts thronged in upon those sorrowing souls, for they loved their faith, and were pained to see it in danger of contempt or of misunderstanding. But that was but half of the picture; the other half was to be finished in the future. Another of the poor victims, filled with the spirit of

EMBLEM OF HOPE.

trust and faith, answered his afflicted brother, "If it be God's will this should befall us, what can we say to it?" In very truth the heretics were scandalized, for they loaded with curses and pelted with mud and stones those who were brought forth from the ruins. They published an account of the calamity, calling it *The Doleful Even-Song*, they loudly proclaimed that it was a manifest judgment of God on our religion.

As Good-Friday's tragedy seemed the triumph of Christ's enemies, so this catastrophe was accounted a sign of God's abandonment of Catholicism. Through the ages the Church has been often crushed to blood and death. Oh! how often! These are but episodes in her life, little ripples on the surface of the water. It has been so from the first Christmas till to-day: enemies, and sometimes ill-advised friends, have plotted against the Church, insulted her, chained her in prison, buried her. Scandals have come, schisms, heresies; some of her children have dropped off like rotten branches, great men have forsaken her, whole nations have deserted her. But she lives in the divine life of her Spouse, Who raises up from stones children to Abraham.

Such is the lesson of history. It is a very serious mistake to learn our lessons of life from the talk of men, public opinion, which mirrors only the light or darkness of to-day. Our faith is founded on the unchanging light that blinded the Jewish guardians of Christ's sepulchre, the light of the Resurrection, the light that is too strong for carnal vision, the light that faith and hope alone can gaze upon. What is the use of history, if we do not profit by it?

We meet every day a great many with the gloomy countenances of the Sadducees, gloomy faces that indicate a sad heart; and sad hearts are the outcome of a sad religion. Those ancient Sadducees, the sons of night, taught men despair; for they denied Christ's Resurrection, and in consequence, our own resurrection and immortality. They had no ray of hope to light up the desert waste of their hearts. But it is strange, nay, a contradiction for Christ's follower to live days of gloom and nights of despair.

The Apostles thought that Jesus Christ was going the wrong way about founding His religion, they thought they could give Him some good suggestions. When He foretold His passion, one of the twelve remonstrated. "This shall not be," such a thing will never do, it would be madness; and so when the time came for His passion, the prophecy which He had made to them was but too true, *"You will all be scandalized in Me this night."*

So it is to-day also, because the Church does not develop as some would fain have it, because she rules not according to the views of certain short-sighted people, these become scandalized; they exclaim, what blindness, what a terrible mistake, what a fearful scandal! Ah! yes, if it depended on men, their reasoning would be correct, for men cannot bring glory out of death, but there is One Who can, He Who cannot be holden by human policy nor death nor hell. The one great fact, Christ has risen, makes all things sure. If the world crashes down in ruin, Christ still stands, and you stand with Him. It is true that *"All that will live godly in Christ Jesus, shall suffer persecution,"*[4] but it is also true that *"Not so much as one word, which He had promised to perform unto them, was made void, but all came to pass."*[5] Thus it was in the days of the first Josue, thus in the days of the second Josue, our Jesus, thus it is to-day, and thus for ever. There is evil in the world, true, but then there is so much good! Let us fight for that. "It is much better to fight for the good than to rail at the ill."

EMBLEM OF FORTITUDE.

[4] II. Tim. iii. 12. [5] Josue, xxi. 43.

Christ's spirit is surely one of peace and hope. It is the essence of hope to look for something that we have not. It adds very much to faith, for a man may believe in God and heaven, and yet not hope for them with confidence. The clouds that hover about him dull his vision and chill his heart. Hope is founded in God's Providence. He is watching over us and directing us even in those hours when all brightness seems to have fled out of our lives. He holds out His hand to us to help us up the steep and rough and narrow road of life. He even holds us in the palm of His hand and numbers the very hairs of our head. The brute and dumb creation is an object of care to Him. Not a sparrow shall fall to the ground without His permission. *"Look at the lilies of the field, see how they grow."* Your Father watches over these things and yet you are worth more than many sparrows and many lilies.

The great trouble with men is that they want Providence to act in their way. They do not reflect that it may be bad for them. They ought to remember the story of Tithonus. You know how Aurora asked for the gift of immortality for him, but forgot to ask at the same time for perpetual youth. You can imagine what a shrivelled-up, rattle-boned old man he became after a few centuries.

The trials and clouds of life are not inconsistent with that *"peace in which Christ has called us,"* for peace does not mean apathy and pusillanimity. If in time of peace men were to sit down in idleness and were to refuse to labor, where would the vaunted glories of civilization be? The land would be desolate as the barbarian warrior had left it. Christ's peace is the peace of the God of action, of the God Who destroys cities and sends the floods, the God Who has come to send fire upon the earth, and wills it to consume our hearts. His peace is not the gloomy calm nor the foreboding fear of night. It is the peace born of hope in Christ's Resurrection. This is the hope that fails not. "The deep-bolted stars still shift and change," but the Rock of Christ is rooted in divinity. And we can die no more, for we *"are equal to the angels and are the children of God, being the children of the Resurrection."*[6]

[6] Luc., xx. 36.

THE ICONOGRAPHY OF THE APOSTLES.

By Caryl Coleman.

XIV.

JUDAS ISCARIOT.

The Traitor, A.D. —.

Latin, Judas Iscariotes. *Greek*, Ioudas Iskariotes. *German*, Judas Ischarioth.
French, Judas Iscariote. *Italian*, Giuda Iscariota. *Spanish*, Judas Iscariote.

LIFE: In the whole range of historical characters, from the beginning of man's existence until to-day, there is not one to be found more perfidious than that of Judas Iscariot. We seek in vain to find a shadow of an excuse for his treacherous ingratitude. Although his sin opened the way to the Passion of the Redeemer by which the Precious Blood was brought to all mankind, still the signal benefit thus accruing to us does not palliate his crime; for it only shows the use God makes of the evil acts of men, or as Saint Augustin says: "He uses even the acts of those that are bad; whereas as regards themselves, the fruit of their own designs is rendered to them, and not that good which God brings out of them."[1] The more we meditate upon the subject the more appalled we are at the evil heart of this impious seller and betrayer of his best Friend; a Friend Who to the very last loved him with a tender and all forgiving love. Who was this unhappy man, this Judas Iscariot?

> "no one knoweth
> His history; but the rumor of him is
> He had an unclean spirit in his youth."[2]

It is believed that Judas was a native of Karioth, a town in the country of the tribe of Judah, the modern Kereitun, twelve miles south-east of Hebron; and that he was the son of a Jew named Simon.[3] Of the precise manner of his call to the Apostleship we are left in ignorance by the Evangelists, but we are told

[1] Sermons. Ben. Ed., li. § 11.
[2] Longfellow, The Divine Tragedy.
[3] St. John, vi. 72.

that he, the only Apostle from Judea, was made the treasurer of the twelve. For him it proved to be a fatal office, one that

THE JUDAS OF THE PASSION PLAY.

increased the evil of his covetous nature until he became a thief, one that ultimately led to his betrayal of the Master for the paltry thirty pieces of silver.

His grovelling appetite for gold caused him to murmur against the poor penitent, when she in her love poured the perfume upon the feet of Jesus, Who was about to shed His blood for her. He exclaimed: *Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence and given to the poor? Now he said this, not because he cared for the poor; but because he was a thief, and having the purse carried the things that were put therein.*[4] That is he wished the ointment sold, not in order to distribute the price amongst the poor, but that he might purloin it for his own use.

"Such depth he fell, that all device was short
Of his preserving, save that he should view
The children of perdition."[5]

The conscience of Judas was fast becoming the habitation of evil—a place of discord and confusion—the battle-ground between grace and sin—the home of a darkened will—he was blind to all the love Jesus was holding out to him to lead him back to virtue.

"May not some with shame
Recall the moments when some mighty chain
Of spiritual dependencies appear'd
Before the soul; but suddenly the shock
Of grovelling thoughts bedimm'd the glorious scene
Ere fully viewed, and lo! from memory's page
Vanish'd the record?"[6]

The death, corruption, and decay of the heart fallen from grace, from good to evil, the withering of the soul in the fire of sin, exemplified in the career of Judas, as we follow it through the pages of the Sacred Narrative, should fill our innermost being with awe, and teach us once again that our eternal well-being is within the compass of our wills, for every man is

"Arm'd with a conscience, which himself may wield
Or fling aside, thus having in himself
And in his grasp the issue of his being."

Judas' downward path of sin was consummated by his sacrilegious Communion at the Last Supper. In his hypocrisy he dared to partake of the Sacrament of Christ's Body and Blood, ignoring that he who "*eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and*

[4] John, xii. 5, 6. [5] Dante, Purg. 30. [6] Morris.

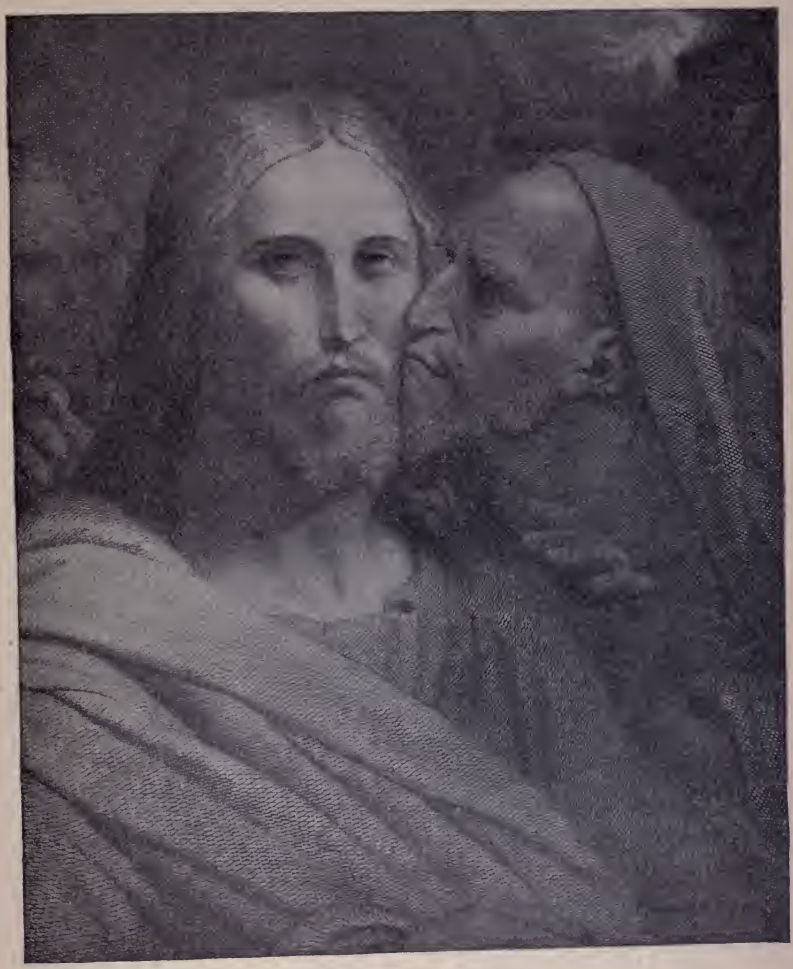
HAIL RABBI! AND HE KISSED HIM.

drinketh judgment to himself.[7] What avail was it to Judas that *he dwelleth in Christ and Christ in him?*[8] It only added to his sin. It was the seal to his apostasy. Whilst the twelve were eating this memorable repast, our Blessed Lord said: *Amen I say to you, that one of you is about to betray Me. And they being very much troubled, began every one to say: Is it I, Lord? But He answering said: He that dippeth his hand with Me in the dish, he shall betray Me. The Son of man indeed goeth as it is written of Him, but woe to that man, by whom the Son of man shall be betrayed: It were better for him, if that man had not been born. And Judas that betrayed Him answering said: Is it I, Rabbi? He said to him: Thou hast said it.*[9] Judas did not see the look of love in the Master's eyes, but only became embarrassed and indignant; he saw that the question and answer had made plain to the others the villainy that was in his heart, he feared to remain any longer among them, *Satan entered into him,* he left the table and *straightway went out* in order to complete the plot of the betrayal, for Judas had already been in negotiation, two days before,[10] with the High-priest Caiphas and the magistrates to place the Lord Jesus in their hands, and had agreed to bring this about for thirty pieces of silver.[11] Satan impelled Judas to hasten away from the supper room, "lest, by the virtue of the Eucharist which, though unworthily received, was pricking his conscience, he might repent and think better of his crime."

His conscience was already darkened, the mark of Cain was on his brow, the lust for gold in his heart, and knowing that the Lord would go at night with the eleven into a garden on the other side of the brook Cedron, he hastened to the High-priests, from whom he *received a band of men and officers,* and guided them thither that they might apprehend the Christ. He gave them a sign by which they might know Him, saying, *Whomsoever I shall kiss, that is He, hold Him fast.* Coming to the garden with his followers he found, as he expected, the Master. Stepping

[7] I. Corinthians, xi. 29.
[8] See St. John, vi. 57.
[9] Matthew, xxvi. 21–25.
[10] Maldonatus Com. Matthew, xxvi. 14.
[11] Matthew, xxvi.

up to Him he said, *Hail Rabbi; and he kissed Him. And Jesus said to him, Friend, whereto art thou come?*[12] *Dost thou betray*



THE KISS OF JUDAS.
(Ary Scheffer.)

the Son of man with a kiss?[13] Then they apprehended Jesus and led Him to the High-priest's house.

[12] St. Matthew, xxvi. 48–54. [13] St. Luke, xxii. 48–50.

"Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream;
And, when consummated, it is terror,
Madness, crime, remorse, abandoned hope
And self-contempt, bitterer to drink than blood."

When Judas found that Jesus was condemned, his soul was filled with remorse; he *brought back the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and ancients, saying: I have sinned in betraying innocent blood. And casting down the pieces of silver in the temple, he departed.* His hideous crime led him into the one sin that cannot be forgiven; the sin against the Holy Ghost; the sin of impenitence. After leaving the temple he took the road that led to the height which rises opposite Mount Sion; and coming to a clay field belonging to a potter, he was able to look upon the scene of his sin. "His eye could sweep the whole pathway along which he had last night dragged his Victim"—his mind altogether gave way under the burden of mad despair. *Then he went and hanged himself.*

"When he comes to be judged,
Let him go off condemned;
And let his prayer become his sin.
Let his days be shortened,
And let another take his ministry.
He loved malediction, and it will come upon him,
He rejected benediction, and it will not come near him
Like the shadow which declines, I pass away."[14]

APPEARANCE: A man with strongly marked Jewish features combined with red hair and beard.

COSTUME: As yellow is the symbolic color of Faith, Christian artists have therefore clothed Judas in a dress of dirty yellow, symbolizing faith polluted by sin, inconstancy, jealousy and deceit. As Judas was an Apostle he has a right to a nimbus in virtue of his office, but this is always black—the color of evil and death, the negative of white the symbol of truth. In Western art, how-

[14] The Psalms of David, translated by John Caryl, Paris, 1700. The thirty verses of this psalm (108) are opposed by Holy Church to the thirty pieces of silver, and are to be taken as prophetic denunciations of the evil that would befall the traitor and his accomplices.

ever, it is seldom used as the nimbus is more an attribute of sanctity than hierarchical distinction; hence he is justly destitute of the nimbus in pictures of the Last Supper, etc., etc.

EMBLEMS: The thirty pieces of silver; the money bag bearing upon it the characters XXX; the rope with which he hanged himself.

SYMBOLIC TYPES: The accursed son of David. Absalom, who conspired against his father [15] is the symbolic type of Judas the Traitor, who conspired with the Jews against the Christ. *They devised counsels against Me.*[16] *They consulted to take away My life,*[17] *so they weighed for My price thirty pieces of silver.*[18] The sons of Jacob who wickedly conspired against their brother, the boy Joseph, are also types of Judas, as well as Joab, who spoke deceitfully to Abner, and while speaking to him with crafty sweetness pierced him with a sword.[19] *Wo to the wicked unto evil: for the reward of his hands shall be given him.*[20]

REPRESENTATION: Separate representations of Judas Iscariot are very rare. He appears in company with the other Apostles and in Scriptural scenes in which he took an active part, such as the one on the Mount of Olives, when he betrayed the Master to the Jews by the kiss of Peace, using the sign of love as the instrument of his treachery.

L'ENVOI.

Dear reader, in these studies we have been making together concerning the Iconography of the Apostles, now brought to a close, we have learnt that art can be made a powerful instrument of truth. And I trust we have also learnt to love more and more the Sacred Heart, the very fountain of truth, the source of all that is ennobling in Christian art. And may I further hope that these most imperfect studies have brought in some way a useful message to the soul of every reader.

[15] II. Kings, xv.
[16] Jeremias, xi. 19.
[17] Psalm xxx. 13.
[18] Zacharias, xi. 12.
[19] II. Samuel, iii. 27.
[20] Isaias, iii. 11.

We feel and see with different hearts and eyes:
Ah Christ, if all our hearts could meet in Thee,
How well it were for them and well for me!
Our hearts Thy dear accepted sacrifice.
Thou, only Life of hearts and Light of eyes,
Our life, our light, if once we turn to Thee,
So be it, O Lord, to them and so to me;
Be all alike Thine own dear sacrifice.
Thou Who by death hast ransomed us from death,
Thyself God's sole well-pleasing Sacrifice,
Thine only sacred Self, I plead with Thee:
Make Thou it well for them and well for me
That Thou hast given us souls and wills and breath;
And hearts to love Thee; and to see Thee, eyes.[21]

RAISING THE DEAD TO LIFE.

THE reality of Catholic devotion is always strikingly manifested in the care with which it safeguards the graves and tombs of the faithful departed. For the enclosure, which is set apart as "God's acre" by the solemn blessing of the Church, pathetic names are chosen which show how sacred the cemetery, or resting place of the dust of the children of the Resurrection, has ever been in the eyes of those who look upon the tomb of this body of death as a place of waiting against the day of our rising. The choice of a pleasing site for our burial places, near the church, whenever it is possible, and the constant embellishment of the graves, are only the outcome and proof of the sincerity, or, if we take the term in its true sense, the poetry of this spirit of Catholic devotion.

Although the Jews did not bury their departed near the synagogues or within their cities, they always sought an attractive location for their common places of burial. Nor were attractive places hard to find near most of their towns and villages. The cemetery near Nain must have been very beautiful; for the hillside on which it was, like the city itself, was called by a name

[21] A Pageant and other Poems, by Christina G. Rossetti, page 161.

which means "the beautiful" or "pleasant pasture." Its own beauty was enhanced by the grandeur of the scenes in which it lay. Situated on the slope of the little Hermon, from the road

YOUNG MAN, I SAY TO THEE, ARISE!

which led out of the city gate might be seen Mount Thabor to the north, Endor to the west, while the fertile plain of Esdraelon lay to the south.

This city "beautiful" lay across our Savior's path as He began the third of His journeys from Capharnaum. Since it was the spring of the year 31 of His life, the city and its surroundings must have been most inviting to the wayfarer. Had Christ been looking only to the pleasantness of the place, how sadly His pleasure would have been arrested, as He drew near to the city gates, by the approach of the funeral party which met Him and His disciples and the great multitude, which had gathered about Him along the twenty-five miles journey from Capharnaum. That funeral train was drawn together by circumstances which had moved the whole city to pity. How then could Jesus fail to have compassion on the chief mourner, who was a widow, and who was now burying her only son!

No doubt He saw in the affliction of that bereaved mother a faint presage of the affliction which was to come upon His own Mother. The very act He was about to perform, the raising of the dead man to life, would naturally make Him think of His own Resurrection, and whenever He mentioned His own Resurrection, He always spoke of His own Passion and Death by the Cross. He could not separate from the vision of the Cross the thought of those who were to complete the picture of that vision, Mary His Mother, and the beloved disciple John, whom He was to give to Mary for a son, and so make her the Mother of us all, that she might have some recompense for His Death, until He would restore Himself to her, as He did, so many Doctors and holy writers tell us, after the Resurrection.

Of the "much people of the city" that followed the weeping mother that beautiful spring morning at Nain, many doubtless knew, that on the very hill-side they were descending, Eliseus had restored to life the child of the Sunamitess, after invoking God and stretching himself over the lifeless body of the boy until the *"child's flesh grew warm"* . . . *"and the child gaped seven times, and opened his eyes."*[1] Still no one of that great party could have hoped that Christ would bring life back to the corpse borne with so much sorrow in that open coffin or bier.

[1] IV. Kings, iv. 34, 35.

It was a great comfort to them that He a stranger should show any sympathy with their grief, and His mere words, *Weep not!* without further act on His part, would have brought more consolation to that widowed mother than all the condolences of the cityfull.

But Jesus *came near, and touched the bier, and they that carried it stood still. And He said: "Young man, I say to thee, arise;" and he that was dead sat up and began to speak. And He delivered him to his mother.*[2] Not a word more to describe the action of Christ, the Master of life and death. Simple as the gospel narrative is, it suffices to show beyond question that Christ raised this man from death by His own power, and without any intervention of human agency. The words which St. Luke adds about the great fear which came upon all that people, and their cry that *God hath visited His people*, prove conclusively how deeply they were all impressed by the miracle, and convinced that it could have been wrought only by a divine power.

It is remarkable that the gospels always tell about the raising of the dead to life in such a way as to direct our attention wholly to the action of Christ our Lord. Their silence about the experience, the sentiments or the conduct of those restored to life is so complete, that they seem purposely to avoid satisfying our natural curiosity to know what these souls might have to disclose about their separation from the body, or about their return again to the state of trial. Can we doubt that any disclosure they might have to make would emphasize the gratitude they naturally felt towards Him Who had called them back from the shadow of death? Their own experience in a state of separation they would deem a mere circumstance alongside the great manifestation of divine power which once more had made them live.

This grateful recognition of Christ's miraculous power is expressed very vividly in our frontispiece, and in our engravings of the resurrection of Lazarus. No less vividly do these engravings portray the majesty with which Christ exercises His dominion over life and death. When bringing back to life the

[2] St. Luke, vii. 14.

son of the widow of Nain, His motive would seem to have been divided between compassion for the mother and a testimony of His divinity to the vast multitudes about Him. When called upon to lay His hand upon the dying daughter of Jairus that she might be safe and live, His great motive is manifestly to show that He is Master of life and death. Although He rose up and went at once with Jairus, He permited the woman troubled with an issue of blood to detain Him in His course. He need not have permitted this. By the mere touch of His garment the woman had been healed, and was even trying to remain hidden; yet He stopped, and spent some time inquiring who had touched His garments, and waited until the woman fearing and trembling had declared for what cause she had touched Him, and then bade her: *Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole; go thy way in peace.*[3]

Our Lord always decided upon His actions and executed His designs most promptly. What might appear to have been delay in the case of the daughter of Jairus, when he loitered by the roadside to speak with the woman who had touched the hem of His garment, was really but a part of His original design in starting at once in answer to the request of the ruler of the synagogue: the ruler thought He meant to make her safe by curing her; Jesus meant to make her safe by restoring her from the dead.

Jairus was still with Him, impatient no doubt, to have this scene over, that He might reach His daughter before death. Poor father! So sure as the Master would lay His hand upon the sick child, she would live. And was not the Master actually on His way to do what was asked of Him? How long and seemingly untoward this delay with the woman already healed! How sudden and sad in the midst of all his hopes the news of that daughter's death! *While He was yet speaking,* some come from the ruler of the synagogue's house, saying: *Thy daughter is dead; why dost thou trouble the Master any farther?* Trouble, indeed! Why call it trouble, since Jesus wanted and waited for this death, that He might prove His divinity by

[3] St. Luke, viii. 48.

restoring the child to her father? Healing had become so common a sign of His power, that they simply looked upon it as an extraordinary gift, not necessarily as a divine or plainly miraculous power. Raising the dead to life!—oh, that was out of the question. Why *trouble* the Master? Bring Him no further. To what purpose? The child is dead. Had He come to her at

THE RESURRECTION OF LAZARUS.

once, while she was still alive, He could have saved her. But now she is dead and therefore beyond His power.

But Jesus, having heard the word that was spoken, saith to the ruler of the synagogue, the father of the maid: Fear not, believe only, and she shall be safe. Quick as His own grace were Jesus' words to forestall any downheartedness or discouragement that might shake the father's simple faith.

And rudely as that faith was shocked, it still remained true at Jesus' bidding. Even the doleful lamentations of the mourners, who had already assembled in the death room, and whose wailing could be heard as Christ and the bereaved father approached the house did not make Jairus lose confidence. Nor did he yield to the derision of the crowd about, who only laughed at Christ, when He declared: *the girl is not dead, but sleepeth.* How richly he was rewarded, when Christ, taking the damsel by the hand, cried out, saying: *Talitha cumi, which is, being interpreted: Damsel, I say to thee arise. And her spirit returned, and she arose immediately and walked.*

The Nain resurrection had been for the multitudes who were faithful to Jesus; the resurrection of the daughter of Jairus was witnessed only by the father and mother of the girl, and by the three chief witnesses to the prophecy of the Resurrection of Christ Himself, Peter, James and John; the resurrection of Lazarus was not only for the followers but also for the enemies of Christ, a last challenge to their demands for a sign, the concluding proof of the Redeemer's mission, of His divine origin, power and kingdom. Considered in this light every slightest detail in St. John's narrative of that miracle; every word of Christ, every action and word of Martha and Mary become of immense importance in the study of it. The apparent indifference of Jesus to the message of the two sisters and to the sickness of Lazarus; the knowledge of the death of Lazarus as shown in the words two days later: *Lazarus our friend sleepeth;* the complaint of Martha: *Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died;* and her amazing faith in the request, not defined, but implied in the sequel: *but now, also I know that whatsoever Thou*

wilt ask of God, God will give to Thee; not so amazing, though, when we hear her proclaim later on, like another Peter, *Yea,*

THE RESURRECTION OF LAZARUS.
(After old engraving by Wierex.)

Lord, I have believed that Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God, Who art come into this world; all is in such beautiful con-

trast with the old perfidy of the Jewish spies, who are bound to find fault with Jesus in any event. *Could not He that opened the eyes of the man born blind have caused that this man should not die?* How they had questioned that miracle on the eyes of the man born blind! How inconsistent now to admit it was a miracle, and how perfidious, just to call Jesus unkind to His friend? They were too blind to foresee that their very words would come against them. Like the words of the messengers from Jairus' house, they implied that death was beyond the dominion of Christ, no matter what powers He might exercise over blindness or sickness or diabolical possession.

They took therefore the stone away: and Jesus lifting up His eyes, said: Father, I give Thee thanks that Thou hast heard Me. And I knew that Thou hearest Me always, but because of the people who stand about I have said it: that they may believe that Thou hast sent Me. When He had said these things, He cried out with a loud voice: Lazarus come forth. And presently he that had been dead came forth, bound feet and hands with winding-bands, and his face was bound with a napkin. Jesus said to them: Loose him and let him go.

With the scene before our eyes, and with our faith as lively as we can make it, suppose we catch those words of Christ, *Lazarus, come forth*, and, as we are and hope to be the children of the Resurrection, let us put our names before the command to come forth, as we must some day, from the sleep of death in a resurrection, which shall be either a resurrection of life, or a resurrection of judgment. Shall our looks be looks of friendship like those of Lazarus as they took off the napkin that was bound about his face and loosed him from the winding bands? *I am the Resurrection and the life: he that believeth in Me, even though he be dead shall live*, Jesus had said to Martha, and we repeat the saying in our Masses for the dead. If we believe in Jesus Christ and act up to our belief, we share in His life even now, and of this life the death of the body cannot deprive us; of this life it will be the highest glory of the body to share, when raised by God from the tomb of its death.

NOTES FROM HEAD CENTRES.

POLAND—*Catholic Poland*, the General Intention of the Apostleship during the month of December, 1892, has aroused great interest among Polish Catholics. For the benefit of our readers, we translate a letter on this subject from the Polish Central Direction at Cracow.

"The close of the year 1892 brought us great spiritual consolation; the Holy Father commended Catholic Poland to the prayers of the 22,000,000 Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, and the 34 *Messengers of the Sacred Heart* strove to arouse the fervor of these millions, urging them to pray for our unhappy country. The *Universal Review*, published at Cracow by the Jesuit Fathers, gave a full account of this plebiscite of Christian nations in behalf of down-trodden Poland; it pointed out to us the only source whence we may expect moral support and fraternal sympathy. These prayers came in time to avert new miseries from us. Probably it was a knowledge of these threatened dangers that gained for us the prayers of the Catholic universe united in the Apostleship of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Russia knows the strength of these prayers, and while fearing no earthly power it dreads this crusade of prayers, for it has a presentiment of their victorious power.

It is difficult to realize what a vigilant watch is kept by the Russian press-censors and customs-officers to prevent any publication of the Apostleship of Prayer from being introduced into Russia.

The Russian government wages a relentless war against devotion to the Sacred Heart. Neither cholera nor any other pestilent disease was ever combatted with such zeal and such great precaution. And yet, despite all precautions, despite the vigilance of over-officious constables and police, the Apostleship of Prayer has a million Associates in Poland and its *Monthly Intentions* [the title of the Polish *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*] can laugh at customs-officials, at censors and revisors, and con-

tinue to spread afar the supreme consolation given by the Communion of Saints, by the religious union of all the children of the Holy Catholic Church.

So it is with profound gratitude that Catholic Poland accepts the aid of its brethren in the Faith and associates itself with them in their prayers. We are informed that the Polish *Messenger* has nearly two hundred thousand subscribers. Though small in form, it is well edited and beautifully illustrated, and its pages breathe the fervent spirit which always marks the works of faithful souls when suffering for their Church.

AFRICA—How the Apostleship of Prayer may be made to reach those who do not go to church as well as those who do, appears from a letter from the Central Direction in South Africa. Associates are divided into two classes, 1, those who can attend the League devotions in the church on the First Friday; and 2, those who are unable to attend. The first class we subdivide into bands of fifteen and assign each band a fixed place in the church with their Promoter and their banner. Those who cannot, on account of age, sickness, distance from the church, and the like, attend these public meetings, are visited in their homes by the Promoters and receive the monthly Rosary ticket, with instruction or advice, if needed. The Bishops of Cape Colony are much pleased with this division as it enables them to reach every member of their flock, even those who live in the most out-of-the-way places. The public meetings on the First Friday serve to keep alive the fervor of those Associates who can take part in them. Thanks be to God! the holy practice of the Nine First Fridays flourishes everywhere. At Port Elizabeth, where there are only two thousand Catholics, there are three hundred and twenty Communions every First Friday; at Cape Town, the number is the same although there are but seventeen hundred Catholics in the town. All the priests in the Colony, without exception, are deeply interested in the work of the League; they are doing everything in their power to advance its interests, which are the interests of the Heart of Jesus.

CANADA—The Central Director writes: We have had a

magnificent League celebration in the Church of St. Roch, Quebec. *Seven thousand men* filled the great edifice, about two thousand of whom were Associates of the League, and nearly three thousand men applied for enrolment in this new Centre. Mgr. Begin, Archbishop of Cyrène, Coadjutor to His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau, presided at the celebration and blessed the League Badges, which were distributed to the Associates. His Grace then gave the Papal Benediction.

The last General Communion of our Associates at Rigaud, was offered for the repose of the faithful departed; eight hundred men knelt at the Holy Table to receive the Bread of Life.

FRANCE—The Local Secretary of the Cathedral Centre, Montauban, writes that the League is doing wonders in the Cathedral parish. Communions are very numerous; the First Fridays are like solemn feasts. The Promoters arrange to spend successive half-hours in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament, which is exposed the whole day; the work of voluntary catechists, which depends entirely on the Apostleship of Prayer, is blessed with very good results.

The League Promoters in Toulouse, under the immediate charge of the Director General, have established parish libraries in the different Local Centres of the city, and have promoted the nightly adoration of the Blessed Sacrament by men, a work in which the Holy Father is deeply interested. *His Holiness would be happy to see the perpetual adoration introduced into those dioceses in which it does not already exist, under the form of the Forty Hours Prayer or by daily Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament;* these are the words in which Cardinal Rampolla writing to the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, expresses the mind of the Holy Father. The Toulouse Promoters have arranged for a Mass for men exclusively, which is celebrated in the Cathedral every Sunday and feast day and largely attended.

Six thousand men took part in the celebration of the tercentenary of the Forty Hours Prayer recently celebrated in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, Paris. It was on the occasion of this celebration that the letter quoted above was sent by Cardinal Rampolla to Cardinal Richard.

SWITZERLAND—The Central Director of the Apostleship, Father Peter Canisius Bovet has issued an appeal to all the friends of the Sacred Heart to unite more closely. He speaks of the League with its 20,000,000 Associates "in every country in Europe in which there are Catholics; in the United States, in Mexico, in South America, in China and Japan, in Australia and the islands of Oceanica, in Africa and throughout all Catholic missions. The League has given new life and success, especially in India, to missions that before its establishment were productive of little fruit. . . . Experience proves that the Apostleship causes the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin to flourish and helps other works of piety and zeal by uniting them and consecrating them to the Sacred Heart. The League is adapted to meet all the religious needs of every land."

SPAIN—Through the kindness of the Spanish Central Direction, we have received copies of the first three numbers of *Lo Missatjer del Sagrat Cor de Jesús*, the new Catalonian *Messenger*, the latest addition to the ranks of these heralds of the Sacred Heart. Our new brother has, as frontispiece, a standard-bearer, clad in medieval dress and holding aloft a Spanish flag, in the centre of which is the "Heart that has so loved men." We wish the new *Messenger* every blessing and, especially, an extensive circulation among a people every drop of whose blood is Catholic.

AT HOME—The French *Messenger* gives an extract from the annual Report of the Central Director of the League in the United States and calls special attention to the Promoters' Council-meetings which, in the majority of Local Centres, are held on the third or fourth Sunday of each month. The Director General is gratified to learn that Local Centres of the League have been established in every diocese of the United States, and that 21,054 Promoters in 2,000 Local Centres, have enrolled 255,000 new Associates during the past year. The flourishing condition of the League is due in great measure to the work of the Promoters. Here, in truth, "the good result is far-reaching, and the infinitely grateful Heart of God fails not to guard the interests of those who forget themselves for Him."

THE LEAGUE IN OUR INDIAN MISSIONS.

I.

St. Joseph's Indian Mission,
Umatilla Reservation, Oregon.

Dear Reverend Father, P. C.:

We have 130 Associates, 90 of whom practise the 2d and 3d Degrees. We have League devotions on the First Friday. The Apostleship of Study is established among the Indian children in our school. Especially noteworthy is the fervor of some 50 Indians, rather old folks, who since they became Associates of the League have been faithful in coming to the Mission Church every month for the General Communion of Reparation. All of them come from a great distance on the Saturday evening before the first Sunday. Their journey here and back again to their wigwams is always attended by suffering caused by their poverty and the bad weather. They are satisfied when on Sunday morning, wearing the League Badge and singing their hymns, they kneel at the Holy Table and receive the Sacred Heart.

J. G. Chianale, S.J.

Do not these poor children of the forest put to shame, by their fervor, some Associates of the League who live within sight of a church, and still consider it difficult to approach the Holy Table oftener than at Easter?

II.

Sacred Heart Mission,
Fort Berthold, North Dakota.

Dear Reverend Father:

Diplomas of Aggregation and for Local Director received. We are delighted to see the League at last established here, and feel quite proud that the Indian Sisters were the first to establish it in the diocese of Jamestown. If I fail to answer any communication of yours, kindly let me know, as you may be sure I did

not get it. I mention this because letters are often lost in the irregular mails in Indian Agencies.

On December 8th, feast of the Immaculate Conception, our Indian novices made their profession, and the officers of the Congregation of Indian Sisters were chosen. Prioress General, Rev. Mother M. Catharine, O.S.B. (Sacred-white-buffalo): Subprioress, Rev. Mother M. Liguori, O.S.B. (Sound-of-the-flying-lance): Treasurer, Rev. Mother M. Francis Regis, O.S.B. (White-eagle): Secretary, Rev. Sister M. Gertrude, O.S.B. (Brings-forth-holiness): Procuratrix, Rev. Sister M. Anthony, O.S.B. (Cloud-robe): Assistant Procuratrix, Rev. Sister M. Aloysia, O.S.B. (Black-eyes). So the Indians have at last, not only Indian clergy and Sisters, but even Indian dignitaries. Those who for the past year voiced the opinions and wishes of race-prejudice in prophecies that the Indian Congregation could not exist long enough to profess its novices or elect its officers, seem, not only to have overlooked the fact that God and His Holy Church could not have made a mistake in proclaiming the spiritual capacity and equality of all races within the fold of Christ, but also to have overlooked the no less important fact that the Sacred Heart of the Good Shepherd could not abandon His sheep, and that His twenty million Associates were praying for them. The battle was long and severe. Our first Assistant-Superioress, Rev. Mother M. Theresa, died under the hardship and suffering, but died a martyr to faith and vocation. Not one failed in the fight. If the heroic perseverance of these Indian Brides of the Sacred Heart, under trials, which their more favored white sisters would think unusually cruel and severe, be not a sufficient proof of the divine origin and stability of Indian vocations, I don't know what proof can be required. Race prejudice has gained nothing but the odium of unsuccessful persecution, and un-Catholic want of faith and narrowness of mind. The Indian Brides of the Sacred Heart have triumphantly vindicated, in life and in death, the Catholicity of their Church, and the spiritual capacity of their race. If Indians could do so much, not only without the helps thought necessary for any vocation, but even in spite of opposi-

tion calculated to destroy any vocation not sustained by miracle, how much might they accomplish with the same aid that more favored races receive? A well-known writer has truly said, "The Indians have never had, have not now, and, as I think, are likely never to have, what would be considered half a fair chance or just opportunity for any class of people."

Asking a remembrance in your prayers, I remain, dear Rev. Father, Yours sincerely in Corde Jesu,

FRANCIS M. J. CRAFT.

III.

ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL,
OSAGE NATION, OKLAHOMA.

REVEREND FATHER:

Our League Associates are all Indians, many of them, of course, half-breeds. During their stay of ten months at school, they are very exact in saying the decade of the Rosary, and making their Morning Offering; while at home in vacation, few neglected their promise. It was some time before they fully understood the "Treasury of Good Works," but now the actions and prayers they offer for the various intentions amount to thousands each month. It is really edifying to see how quickly they will give up some of their recreation-time to say a Rosary for the Poor Souls. We have obtained many spiritual and temporal favors during the past year through the Sacred Heart, and we hope to obtain the conversion of some who have fallen away from the Church. I think we shall be able to add many new members during this year. Begging your prayers and blessing on our labors among the poor Indians, I am

Your humble servant,

SR. M. PAUL, O.S.F.

IV.

HOLY FAMILY INDIAN MISSION,
MONTANA.

REVEREND FATHER, P. C.:

In this new Mission, on the feast of the Holy Name of

Jesus, I enrolled 30 of our children in the League of the Sacred Heart and all of them belong to the 3d Degree. We cannot carry on things as we should wish, but we will endeavor to do the best in our power to win these hearts to our Lord. And you, please, pray and let the Associates pray for these poor children, as they are the only hope we have of accomplishing any good among the old people who are yet *in tenebris et umbra mortis, in darkness and in the shadow of death*, and show no will to better their wretched condition. In union with your prayers and holy Sacrifices, I am yours in Corde Jesu,

J. DAMIANI, S.J.

V.

ST. PETER'S INDIAN MISSION,
CASCADE CO., MONTANA.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER, P.C.:

We have 230 Associates all of whom practise the 2d Degree and 216 have promised the monthly Communion of Reparation. We have League devotions on the First Friday of the month and have the General Communion of Reparation on the day set apart each month. We have five Promoters now in probation. The Apostleship of Study is established among the 200 children in our schools. Yours in Christ,

H. J. SCHULER, S.J.

VI.

ST. XAVIER'S MISSION,
CROW RESERVATION, MONTANA.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER, P.C.:

On the day appointed for the General Communion of Reparation, some 70 of the Associates here approach the Holy Table. The League devotions on the same day are well attended. We have not as yet been able to establish the Apostleship of Study among the 150 children who are in our school. Pray for the good work. Your brother in Christ,

J. M. BOSCHI, S.J.

VII.

St. Ignatius Mission,
Flathead Reservation, Montana.

Dear Reverend Father, P. C.:

We have 521 Associates of the League in this Local Centre. The First Friday is set apart as the day for the General Communion and for special devotion to the Sacred Heart. Our Indians come from a great distance on the Thursday before the First Friday and camp around the Mission church. They sing Indian hymns and receive Holy Communion at Mass on the First Friday. In our schools taught by the Fathers and Brothers of our Society and by the Sisters of Providence, the Apostleship of Study is established. The seventy-five Indian babies, who are cared for by the Ursulines in our Kindergarten, are too young yet to become Associates of the League.

The Treasury for February from our boys' school shows a total of 27,855 good-works, of these 1,118 were Beads, 384 Communions, 1,515 Masses heard, 384 acts of Self-conquest, and 20,893 prayers. We have at present 125 boys in the school.

The Indian girls have offered 21,667 good-works to the Treasury this month. 3,355 of these were Masses heard, 380 Stations of the Cross, 1,730 prayers and 9,340 Beads. 130 girls are now at school.

Messenger readers will recall the very interesting sketch of St. Ignatius' Mission published in the Messenger for July, 1892. The repeated tributes of praise for the work done by the Fathers and the Sisters, given by Senators on the floor of the United States Senate, will show that the material well-being of these "wards of the nation" keeps pace with the spiritual progress we have here noted.

There are 25 Indian Associates at Devil's Lake, North Dakota, under the care of the Benedictine Fathers and 255 at Standing Rock and Rosebud Agencies, South Dakota.

THE READER.

*

"WERE Saint Paul living now, he would be a journalist," are the expressive words of Mgr. Ketteler, when Archbishop of Mayence. Indeed, though the Apostle himself laid down the principle that *Faith cometh by hearing*,[1] he would seem to have lost no opportunity of writing his messages to the Churches, or to the individuals, whom he had begotten or at least fostered in the Faith of Christ.

* *

Nowadays most people *hear* or learn everything either from magazines or from books made by writers whose work is, equivalently, that of the journalist. Even those, who have the rare accomplishment of preaching the Word of God worthily, know that true zeal prompts them to have their sermons reach beyond the listening congregation to the scattered multitude of readers who never get the word of God "by hearing."

What an elevation of the character of the Press would a craft of journalists like Saint Paul produce! How safely we might then read our morning papers, or magazines! No dread of captions offensive to pure eyes; no slanders, no concocted statements, no pettiness, but *whatsoever things are true, whatsoever modest, whatsoever just, whatsoever holy, whatsoever lovely, whatsoever of good fame.*[2]

* * *

The newspaper and magazine suffer from organized "boycott," because the newspaper attacks and hurts trades-unions, or because the magazine opposes and injures some popular political movement. But who has yet heard of a paper or magazine being boycotted because it may have hurt good morals or religion? Injury to both they are daily working, and some of them would seem to be conducted without regard for either. It is admitted that a loss of readers would soon inspire both managers and writers with at least an affected regard for what is just and what

[1] Romans, x. 17. [2] Philippians, iv. 8.

is good; but then, it is pleaded that it is hopeless to diminish the number of readers to any extent by this motive; or, that since we must live in a community which is a mixture of good and bad, and therefore, in our striving for what is good, we must meet with evil of all sorts, the newspaper or unprincipled magazine is only another phase or presentment of this evil, which we cannot afford to reject, since, over and above the evil, it presents so much that is good.

This is plausibly enough said, so plausibly, that it almost makes us forget to rejoin that, just as we are bound to avoid even meeting with evil we can avoid, so we are bound to reject the print that records that evil; or, granting that we seek such prints for the good they contain, then we should choose only those, and fortunately there are some few of the sort, which present the evil doings of the world as briefly as possible and, as much as may be, in their odious, not in their attractive guise.

In looking over some of our exchanges, we observe that their occasional treatment of literary matters may be condensed into the sententious *Don't.* Under this caption they range sensational novels, immoral works, infidel writings, and literature which eliminates the supernatural. Such prohibition is quite reasonable; but we fear that it will do very little good, unless re-enforced by the more cheering monosyllable *Do.*

Why warn a child against the use of sweetmeats, if nothing else be presented to his eager young appetite?

It is good, then, to call attention, from time to time, to such writings as may prove healthy substitutes for works better left unread. Let us begin with the boy. His life is harassed by a continual litany of "Don't's." He will read; he must read: whereupon his friends come to his help with elaborate disquisitions on what he is not to read. Better for him a year's subscription to the charming magazine now before us, *Our Young People,* than a cycle of prohibitions.

* * * *

Our Young People is a first class boys' and girls' Catholic bi-weekly. In paper, presswork and illustration it is far superior to any Catholic magazine for the young ever published in America; and as for the quality of its literature,

a glance at the names of the contributors will show that its merits are of so high an order as to compare not unfavorably with the world-famous *St. Nicholas.* Among its writers we notice the names of Miss Eliza Allen Starr, Mrs. Eleanor Sherman Thackera, Rev. T. E. Sherman, S.J., Rev. Francis Cassilly, S.J., Mr. Maurice Francis Egan, and Mr. Francis J. Finn, S.J. The last two writers are regular contributors. *Our Young People* should find its way into every Catholic family in the land.

The new *Carmelite Review* is a neatly gotten up magazine of sixteen pages devoted to the lovely duty of honoring "Mary, the flower of Carmel." The proceeds of this magazine are to be devoted to the erection, on the banks of the Niagara, of a great Hospice of Mount Carmel, similar to the one in the Holy Land. May the *Carmelite Review,* associated as it is with most fragrant memories of our blessed Lady, win a wide circulation.

We have already mentioned Father Matthew Russell's exquisite booklet "*Moments before the Tabernacle.*" Would that it might reach the hands of every devout lover of the Sacred Heart. In it is to be found "What oft was thought before" but very, very seldom so charmingly expressed.

From St. Joseph's Seminary, Baltimore, we have received a little brochure entitled "The Heart-Watch," translated from the French of Father Rigoleuc, S.J. It inculcates constant guard over one's interior.

A seasonable quartet for mixed voices "*Hymn for the Golden Jubilee of the Episcopacy of Our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII*" reaches us from J. Fischer and Bros., New York. The music is by B. Hamma, the words by Eleanor C. Donnelly.

* * * * *

On the cover of the MESSENGER for March, 1893, an invitation was tendered the Promoters and Associates of the League of the Sacred Heart to co-operate with the Central Direction in distributing among poor families, hospitals, charitable institutions and prisons, a limited quantity of back numbers of the MESSENGER and *Pilgrim,* and a miscellaneous assortment of pamphlets, leaflets and exchanges (magazines and newspapers) which were not needed to complete volumes for binding.

Announcement was also made, that, upon direct application

of those in charge of any charitable institution, a box of reading matter would be sent free of all expense.

The result of our invitation and announcement was a revelation to us of the great dearth of Catholic reading-matter accessible to the inmates of charitable institutions. Every mail brings us fresh demands for Catholic reading matter. Already, boxes have gone out to the good Sisters of Charity and Mercy in all parts of the country, for distribution among young girls' homes, poor families, and inmates of hospitals and prisons; to parish priests of poor country districts and lowly city parishes; to chaplains of almshouses and corrective institutions; to consumptive homes, and to St. Vincent de Paul's Societies, etc.

We are gratified with the alacrity and good-heartedness displayed by our Promoters in response to the invitation. Many edifying letters expressive of cordial zeal for the greater glory of the Divine Heart have reached us from Promoters anxious to take part in the distribution.

* * * * * *

All this tells us there is a great field for permanent work in this direction; viz., the spreading of edifying and religious reading-matter among the poor and unfortunate. To bring this permanent work about, we are cheerfully willing to do our part, by giving subscriptions to the MESSENGER, when intended for charitable institutions, at greatly reduced rates.

Doubtless many Promoters will wish to take an active interest in the matter. Those Promoters whose means will not allow the donation of a personal subscription, may satisfy their zeal, and share in the good work: they can club together, each giving a small part, and subscribe for worthy institutions.

There may be yet other Promoters whose means will not allow of even a small money-contribution towards the furthering of the good cause; even these may find a way to satisfy their zeal; should any Promoter obtain four new subscribers to the MESSENGER, at $2.00 each, we shall send a free copy of the MESSENGER, for one year, to any institution such Promoter may wish to name as the recipient of his or her charity.

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We are particularly anxious that this *Apostleship of the*

Press should extend its benefits to the army and navy of the United States.

Marines and sailors are habitually exposed to many dangers and, with few exceptions, are far removed from opportunities of divine worship and the help of the Sacraments. The surroundings amid which they live, though of themselves fitted to awaken a feeling of awe and turn the thoughts towards the Creator, become so familiar that they scarcely arouse a sentiment of piety.

Why not pray with great earnestness and extend a helping hand to such men. Not long ago *Men of the Sea* was the intention specially designated by our Holy Father, Leo XIII., to the prayers of the Associates of the League of the Sacred Heart.

* * * * * * * *

The same may be said of those in the military service. Opportunities for regular religious instruction and the help of the Sacraments are scarce, and Catholic religious reading to train their minds and soften their hearts with its consolations is sadly wanting. We certainly owe it as a duty to those who offer their lives that the nation may enjoy peace, to diminish their privations as much as possible.

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In regard to soldiers and sailors we shall be glad to supply them *gratis* with as many of our League publications as circumstances will permit. Of course, the most feasible way to reach them would be through their regularly appointed Catholic chaplains. Those in the naval service who are quartered in barracks and navy-yards, and the soldiers stationed at military commands and posts could be reached (where there is no regularly appointed Catholic chaplain) by our Rev. Local Directors of the League who might feel inspired to help so good a cause.

It would be easy for some Local Centres, near marine barracks or military posts, to enrol in the League, Catholic sailors and soldiers, recording the names upon their own Local Register, and placing the marine and military Associates under efficient Promoters, to serve them with Rosary tickets and to collect their intentions every month, as has already been done in special cases by some few zealous Promoters. This indeed would be a glorious work, most pleasing to the Sacred Heart.

We shall be glad to have Rev. Local Directors, who may wish to engage in this noble work, correspond with the Rev. Central Director.

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A few extracts from letters received may be of interest to the MESSENGER reader, as showing the great needs of the *Apostleship of the Press.*

ST. FRANCIS' HOSPITAL,
SUPERIOR, WIS.

DEAR REV. FATHER:

As we have so little good reading here for our sick, I thought of your MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART and would be very much pleased if you would send it for our hospital, as there could be a great deal of good done by it.

Very respectfully, SUPERIOR.

We were fortunately enabled to comply with the above request which has received the following acknowledgment:

ST. FRANCIS' HOSPITAL,
SUPERIOR, WIS.

The MESSENGER and *Pilgrim* come every month and we have them bound, so that they may last longer and do all the good possible. I can say that they have helped many of our poor lost sheep back to their Good Shepherd.

Most respectfully yours in Christ, SUPERIOR.

ST. JOSEPH'S GUILD FOR COLORED GIRLS,
BALTIMORE, MD.

DEAR REV. FATHER:

Will you kindly send us some Reading Matter spoken of in the March MESSENGER. We visit ten hospitals and have hard work to find reading matter. We could also use good Catholic reading in our night schools.

Your humble servant in the Holy Spirit,
MISSION HELPERS.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

I write to ask you to send a box of reading matter to the "Helpers of the Holy Souls." They will be most gratefully

received and used to good advantage among the sick poor in tenement houses and charity hospitals.

Very sincerely, PROMOTER,
St. Francis Xavier's Centre.

LA CROSSE, WIS.

DEAR REV. FATHER:

Would be glad to get reading matter for hospital and orphan houses, but especially for my school. I spend nearly all I can get trying to form a taste for reading among the pupils. Must await the results.

REV. AMBROSE MURPHY, Local Director,
St. James' Church.

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

DEAR REV. CENTRAL DIRECTOR:

Your kind favor of a box of reading matter for distribution in the County Penitentiary has been received, for which on behalf of the inmates of said institution I return you sincere thanks.

Yours sincerely in St. Vincent de Paul,
PATRICK F. LEE.

SOUTH BOSTON, MASS.

Case of books for Consumptives' Home gratefully received. The ladies were all delighted to get the reading matter for patients. Sincerely and respectfully yours,

PROMOTER,
Sts. Peter and Paul's Centre.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

DEAR REV. CENTRAL DIRECTOR:

You would oblige me greatly by sending us some reading matter for the Mercy Hospital under our charge. We visit the jail here, too, and good Catholic reading would be very acceptable to bring there. Yours respectfully,

SISTERS OF MERCY.

GENERAL INTENTION

FOR APRIL, 1893.

Designated by His Holiness, Leo XIII., and recommended with his special blessing to the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.

A STEADFAST CHRISTIAN HOPE.

BY a happy coincidence our Holy Father Pope Leo the XIII. greets the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer with an Easter message, which bids us make our own the prayer of the first of his predecessors, Saint Peter. *Blessed be God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,* wrote the Vicar of Christ, fifteen years after the Ascension, *Who according to His great mercy hath regenerated us unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead.*[1] It is this same truly Christian hope which our Holy Father would have us strengthen by our prayers during a season when the Church presents to our attention the source and sustenance of all our hopes.

I.

There is a hope which is built upon Christ and a hope which is entirely of this world. Strong, enduring, sure, the Scriptures call the Christian's hope; weak, perishable, false, they pronounce the hope of the worldling. To cling to the things of this world which keep us or separate us from Christ, is the abomination, the withering frost, the death of the soul; to fix the heart upon Jesus Christ is the soul's great glory, sweetest comfort and its very life. Those who trust in this world will come to nought, fall away and perish; those who trust in the Son of God will flourish, grow strong, and reign forever. *Blessed is the man whose trust is in the name of the Lord, and who hath not regard to vanities and lying follies.*[2]

The Christian's hope, the hope which is built upon Christ,

[1] I. St. Peter, i. 21.

[2] Psalm xxxix. 5.

differs from the hope which we put in the goods of this life, not only in that it incites us to strive after higher and everlasting things, but in this also, that it is based upon such firm assurances of obtaining these things, that it already borrows a foretaste of the joys we are to have when we shall have come into their full possession. A Christian's hope is in a measure the possession of the object of his hopes. *I cried to the Lord, I said: Thou art my hope, my portion in the land of the living.*[3] Christ is surely the *portion*, even now, even though He be not seen face to face, of all who take His Words, receive the enlightenment and inspiration of His grace, submit to His action exercised in their souls through the instrumentality of His ministers, receive Him, actually eat His Flesh, and drink His Blood in the great Sacrament of the Eucharist. Even now our hope makes Christ our portion and our possession, for we share of His influence more than the branch shares of the influence of the vine; it makes us remain in Christ, and Christ remain in us. Our hope is actually one of the functions of the life of Christ in our souls.

Now into this life of hope in Christ Jesus God the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ has according to His great mercy regenerated us by the Resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead. From the gloom, the depression, the despair which death and even life, which is so quick a journey to death, produce in the soul which looks to nothing beyond the grave, we are lifted up and born anew by the Resurrection of Christ, because it brings the light and gladness and hope of heaven into our hearts. From the discouragements, the mistrust and hatred of our kind, which so often possess our souls because of the failure of human plans, the deceit of human promises and the evils growing about us apparently beyond redress, the Resurrection of Christ raises us to a life of courage, of trust in our fellow-man, of love for the souls, which by God's great mercy may at any moment share with us the life of Christ risen from the dead and dying now no more.

Now this life of hope is not a life which can last without

[3] Psalm cxli. 6.

a proper atmosphere, sustenance and exercise of its powers. An atmosphere of unbelief may wither a Christian's hope; worldly enjoyments relax its strength; inactivity enervates it. To keep the life of hope sound and robust we need to convince ourselves more than ever of the action of God's providence in this life and of our destiny to a life which is everlasting. More than ever we need this conviction now because, our age is one which recognizes no divine promise of a future reward, while it laughs at a divine threat of future punishment. Materialism is absorbing many souls with a love for things present; nihilism is cutting them off from the thought of any future reward; socialism is making even those who believe in a future life devote their energies to the quest of the fleeting things of this earth. *And the deceitfulness of riches, and the lust after other things entering in choke the word, and it is made fruitless.*[4]

Without losing our hope in a future life, we may still suffer the virtue of hope to grow weak by entertaining an error which is most insidious even amongst well meaning Catholics. The prevalence of disorders, of poverty, civil corruption, famine, disease, vice, so disheartens some weaker followers of Christ that they repeat inconsiderately the complaints which the enemies of God and of Christ's Church are the first to make, that Providence seems to be too far off, and the influence of the Church altogether inadequate to cope with the misery and crime which surround us on all sides. It is the sad refrain the words of the gloomy disciples going down to Emmaus the very night of the Resurrection: *We had hoped that it was He Who should have been the redemption of Israel.*[5] The providence of God is lost sight of, the interest Christ takes in His Church forgotten, that these evils must prevail is taken for granted, and the Christian hope of removing them is sadly impaired.

II.

Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, was the prayer St. Paul made for the Corinthians, *that you may abound in hope and in the powers of the Holy Ghost.*[6] In an

[4] St. Mark, iv. 19. [5] St. Luke, xxiv. 21. [6] Romans, xv. 13.

age of despair we need to abound in hope; we need to study more and more the number and the emphasis of God's promises; to watch in detail the workings of His divine providence; to remember that: *In Thee have our fathers hoped and Thou hast delivered them: they trusted in Thee, and were not confounded,* to listen to Christ's assurance, that He is to be with His Church all days even unto the consummation of the world, the gates of hell shall not prevail against her, to scrutinize closely the manifestations of His grace in the hearts of men, and to be as quick to detect what is good in men as we are to condemn what is evil.

In urging us to pray for a more steadfast Christian hope in the hearts of the faithful, our Holy Father but asks us to do what his own steadfast hope so well exemplifies. Who can know or who can feel as Pope Leo knows and feels the manifold motives which prompt us to discouragement or despair? And yet for every evil of our time he has a remedy to offer, and he can offer his remedies with all the more authority now that from the beginning of his pontificate he has been so successful, so blessed by heaven in applying them. His sovereign remedy has been prayer, the united prayer of his own heart with that of the lowliest in all Christendom; his hope is still in prayer, and knowing that the more steadfast our hope the more efficacious will be our prayer, he bids us pray for this virtue in ourselves and in others, with all the assurance with which he may well repeat, after the prophet David: *For Thou hast been my hope; a tower of strength against the face of the enemy. In Thy tabernacle I shall dwell forever. I shall be protected under the covert of Thy wings. For Thou my God hast heard my prayer.*[1]

Offering for the Intentions of the Month.

O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work, and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sin, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer: in particular for a steadfast Christian hope.

[1] Psalm lx. 4, 5, 6.

APOSTLESHIP NOTICES.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.—To the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus (from February 12 to March 12, 1893).

(Name of diocese in *italics*, before that of parish or community aggregated.)

Albany, New York: St. Mary's Church, Galway; St. Mary's School, Little Falls.

Belleville, Illinois: St. Mary's Church, Anna.

Boston, Massachusetts: St. Bridget's Church, Abington.

Brooklyn, New York: St. Mary's Hospital, Brooklyn.

Chicago, Illinois: St. Brendan's Church, Chicago; St. Patrick's Church, Amboy; St. James' Church, Belvidere.

Cleveland, Ohio: St. Philip's Church, Dungannon.

Dallas, Texas: Church, Henrietta; Church, Wichita Falls.

Dubuque, Iowa: St. Joseph's Church, New Hampton.

Erie, Pennsylvania: St. Stanislaus' Church, Erie.

Grand Rapids, Michigan: St. Francis Xavier's Church, Petoskey.

Green Bay, Wisconsin: St. Joseph's Indian Industrial School (Franciscan Sisters and Fathers), Keshena.

Hartford, Connecticut: St. Mary's Church, Mystic.

Kansas City, Missouri: Immaculate Conception Church, Montrose.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin: St. Isidore's Church, Osman.

Newark, New Jersey: St. Mary's Church, Elizabeth.

New Orleans, Louisiana: St. Henry's Church, New Orleans.

New York, New York: Immaculate Conception Church (East 14th St.), and La Salle Institute, New York; St. John's Parochial School (Dominican Sisters), Piermont.

Peoria, Illinois: Convent of Mercy, Lacon; Convent of Mercy, Mendota.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania: St. Elizabeth's Convent (Sisters of the Most Blessed Sacrament), Maud.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania: St. Bernard's Church, Indiana.

St. Louis, Missouri: St. Casimir's Church, St. Louis; Holy Rosary Church, Monroe City.

Sioux Falls, South Dakota: St. Otto's Church, St. Joseph's Convent, Watertown.

Trenton, New Jersey: Sts. Peter and Paul's Church, Camden; St. Joseph's Home for the Aged (Franciscan Sisters), Beverly.

(Thirty-three aggregations.)
The total number of aggregations is 50,883.

Religious Orders and Congregations

Which have given the Apostleship of Prayer a share in their merits and good works.

184. The Franciscan Religious of the Immaculate of Saint Claude.

(By letter of the Rev. Mother Mary of the Cross, Superior General.)

Treasury of Good Works.

Associates can gain 100 days' Indulgence for each action offered for the Intentions of the League.

Offerings for the Intentions of the Sacred Heart, received from February 12 to March 12, 1893.

	No. of Times.		No. of Times.
1. Acts of Charity	256,289	11. Masses Heard	158,050
2. Beads	673,028	12. Mortifications	202,632
3. Stations of the Cross .	43,053	13. Works of Charity . .	114,716
4. Holy Communions . .	62,273	14. Works of Zeal	144,125
5. Spiritual Communions .	169,687	15. Prayers	4,033,089
6. Examens of Conscience	218,096	16. Charitable Conversation	57,666
7. Hours of Labor	538,862	17. Sufferings or Afflictions	60,987
8. Hours of Silence . . .	251,191	18. Self-Conquest	161,792
9. Pious Reading	401,105	19. Visits to B. Sacrament	138,014
10. Masses Celebrated . .	3,133	20. Various Good Works .	695,463

Special Thanksgivings, 321.

Total 8,383,251

SOLEMN RECEPTION OF PROMOTERS

THY KINGDOM COME

Those who shall promote devotion to My Sacred Heart, shall have their names written in My Heart, never to be blotted out.—11th Promise of our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary.

Diplomas and Indulgenced Crosses for the solemn reception of Promoters, who have faithfully served the required probation,* have been sent to the following Local Centres of the League of the Sacred Heart (January 13 to February 12):

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Number of Diplomas and Crosses.
Albany	Kenwood, N. Y.	Sacred Heart Convent	5
Baltimore	Medley's Neck, Md.	Chapel of Our Lady	5
"	St. Mary's Co., Md.	St. George's Church	1
"	" "	Holy Face "	1
"	" "	St. John's "	1
"	" "	St. Nicholas' "	1
"	Leonardtown, Md.	St. Aloysius' "	5
"	Washington, D. C.	" "	1
Boston	Lowell, Mass.	St. Patrick's "	8
Brooklyn	Brooklyn, N. Y.	St. Francis de Sales' "	47
Buffalo	Buffalo, N. Y.	Annunciation School	18
Cheyenne	Cheyenne, Wyo.	Sacred Heart Convent	6
Chicago	Chicago, Ill.	Holy Name Cathedral	13
"	Galena, Ill.	St. Michael's Church	22
Cincinnati	Dayton, O.	St. Mary's Convent	1
Davenport	Council Bluffs, Ia.	St. Francis Xavier's Church	3
"	Mt. Pleasant, Ia.	St. Alphonsus' "	3
Detroit	Chelsea, Mich.	St. Mary's "	5
"	Grosse Pointe, Mich.	Sacred Heart Convent	2
Dubuque	Dubuque, Ia.	St. Joseph's "	5
"	" "	Mt. St. Joseph's Academy	6
Fort Wayne	Valparaiso, Ind.	St. Paul's Church	1
Hartford	Birmingham, Conn.	Immaculate Conception "	46
Mobile	Selma, Ala.	Assumption "	3
Newark	Englewood, N. J.	St. Cecilia's "	3
"	Newark, N. J.	St. James' "	4
New York	New York, N. Y.	St. Bridget's "	10
"	" "	St. Jerome's "	16
"	" "	St. Monica's "	2
"	" "	Sacred Heart "	1
"	" "	Mt. St. Vincent	1
"	" "	St. Paul's Academy	5
"	New Brighton	St. Peter's Church	35
Omaha	Spalding, Neb.	St. Michael's "	1
Philadelphia	Germantown, Pa.	St. Vincent's "	9
"	Philadelphia, Pa.	St. Joseph's "	2
Pittsburgh	Latrobe, Pa.	Holy Family "	5
St. Louis	St. Louis, Mo.	St. Rose's "	11
"	" "	Visitation Convent	2
St. Paul	Minneapolis, Minn.	Good Shepherd "	2
"	Red Wing, Minn.	St. Joseph's Church	1
San Antonio	Moulton, Tex.	" "	2
Scranton	Dunmore, Pa.	St. Mary's "	11
"	Plymouth, Pa.	St. Vincent's Convent	1
Sioux Falls	Lead City, S. Dak.	Holy Cross "	1
Springfield	Worcester, Mass.	" College	4
Vincennes	Columbus, Ind.	St. Bartholomew's Church	5
Wheeling	Weston, W. Va.	St. Patrick's "	4

Number of Receptions..... 48 Number of Promoters..... 347

* Local Directors appoint Lay Promoters who see to the admission of new Associates, and keep them in Bands: After *five or six months*, Promoters' names are sent to the Central Director, who confers a Diploma and Cross, entitling to 26 Plenary Indulgences, yearly.

PROVINCE OF CHICAGO.

ARCHDIOCESE OF CHICAGO.

STATE OF ILLINOIS.

General Approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop, February 4, 1886.

Place.	Local Centre.	Date of Aggregation.	Confirmed Promoters.	Rosary Sets.	Communion of Reparation
Chicago	Holy Name.....Cathedral	*June 9, 1890	74	200	...
"	St. Adalbert's (Polish) ..... Church	.....	...	...	...
"	St. Ann's..... "	*May 21, 1890	24	47	...
"	Annunciation ..... "	.....	...	...	...
"	St. Bernard's..... "	June 9, 1891	...	10	...
"	St. Brendan's..... "	Feb. 18, 1893	...	...	...
"	St. Columbkille's..... "	Dec. 19, 1888	122	185	...
"	Divine Maternity..... "	Jan. 4, 1893	...	6	...
"	St. Elizabeth's..... "	.....	2	22	...
"	St. Gabriel's..... "	*Sept. 4, 1889	...	...	...
"	Holy Angels'..... "	Mch. 25, 1891	...	...	...
"	Holy Family..... "	Oct. 4, 1886	361	600	3100
"	St. James'..... "	.....	...	...	...
"	St. Jarlath's..... "	.....	...	...	...
"	St. John's..... "	.....	...	...	...
"	St. John Baptist's..... "	.....	...	...	...
"	St. Josaphat's..... "	Nov. 26, 1892	...	...	...
"	St. Joseph's..... "	.....	...	...	...
"	St. Lawrence's..... "	Sept. 17, 1890	14	13	...
"	St. Malachy's..... "	May 21, 1890	8	10	...
"	St. Mark's..... "	July 12, 1892	...	...	...
"	St. Mary's..... "	Mch. 28, 1889	31	55	500
"	Nativity..... "	*Sept. 4, 1889	63	100	...
"	Notre Dame de Chicago... " (French)	Feb. 16, 1888	...	...	...
" (Cen'l P'k)	St. Philip's..... "	Jan. 19, 1887	22	30	...
"	St. Pius'..... "	.....	...	...	...
" (South).....	St. Patrick's..... "	*July 9, 1890	37	50	...
"	Sacred Heart..... "	.....	...	...	...
"	Seven Sorrows B. V. M..... " (Servite)	Nov. 1, 1888	22	45	...
"	St. Stanislaus'..... "	.....	...	...	...
"	St. Stephen's..... "	.....	...	20	...
"	St. Sylvester's..... "	.....	...	24	...
"	St. Vincent's..... "	Jan. 7, 1892	37	70	620
"	St. Agatha's (Srs. of Mercy) Convent	Sept. 5, 1890	...	...	...
"	St. Benedict's and St. Scholastica's..... "	Mch 4, 1891	16	...	...
"	Good Shepherd ..... "	Aug. 23, 1888	6	8	213
"	St. Joseph's (Srs. St. Joseph) "	.....	...	...	...
"	Servite Sisters' ..... "	Nov. 1, 1888	9	...	...
"	Sacred Heart (Taylor St.)... "	*Dec. 30, 1887	24	34	...
"	" " (State St.)..... "	Nov. 1, 1889	...	7	...
"	St. Ignatius'..... College	Sept. 17, 1887	29	20	...
"	St. Francis Xavier's.....Academy (Sisters of Mercy)	*Oct. 15, 1889	17	6	400
"	St. Patrick's (Srs. of Mercy) "	Feb. 21, 1886	3	5	...
"	" " (Christ'n Bros.) "	July 6, 1886	...	25	...
"	St. Aloysius'..... School (Holy Family Parish)	June 21, 1888	27	...	...
"	Holy Family..... " (Holy Family Parish)	June 21, 1888	...	...	...
"	Sacred Heart..... " (Holy Family Parish)	June 21, 1888	...	...	2000
"	St. Gabriel's (Srs. of Mercy) "	Nov. 5, 1889	14	...	...
"	Industrial ..... " (Srs. of Good Shepherd)	Oct. 15, 1889	...	...	...
"	Nativity ..... "	.....	...	1	...
"	St. Patrick's..... "	.....	...	...	...
"	St. Joseph's (Srs. Charity) .Hospital	.....	...	...	...
"	Mercy (Sisters of Mercy)... "	Oct. 15, 1889	20	15	...
"	St. Joseph's.....Orphan Asylum (Sisters of St. Joseph)	*Dec. 20, 1888	...	6	...
"	St. Joseph's (Srs. Imm. Heart). Home	June 9, 1890	...	...	...
Amboy	St. Patrick's ..... Church	Mch. 10, 1893	...	34	...
Apple Creek	Assumption B. V. M..... "	.....	...	...	...
Aurora	Sacred Heart..... "	.....	...	...	...

ARCHDIOCESE OF CHICAGO—CONTINUED.

Place.	Local Centre.	Date of Aggregation.	Confirmed Promoters.	Rosary Sets.	Communion of Reparation
Batavia	Holy Cross ..... Church	.....	...	...	...
Belvidere	St. James' ..... "	Mch. 10, 1893	...	10	...
Bourbonnais	Notre Dame.....Convent	.....	...	...	...
Bourbonnais Grove	St. Viateur's ..... College	Feb. 5, 1887	...	...	...
Dixon	St. Patrick's ..... Church	.....	...	...	...
Evanston	St. Mary's ..... "	Sept. 5, 1890	14	25	...
Freeport	St. Mary's ..... "	.....	...	...	...
Galena	St. Michael's ..... "	*July 12, 1892	...	25	100
Joliet	St. Mary's ..... "	Aug. 6, 1877	9	...	...
"	Sacred Heart..... "	Jan. 18, 1892	...	20	238
"	St. Francis' (Srs. of Loretto)Convent	Nov. 19, 1890	...	16	180
"	St. Mary's (Srs. of Loretto)Academy	Dec. 4, 1889	2	7	167
Kankakee	Immaculate Conception ... Church	.....	...	...	...
La Grange	St. Francis Xavier's..... "	Apr. 12, 1892	...	10	...
Lake Forest	St. Mary's..... "	.....	...	...	...
" "	St. Patrick's ..... "	.....	...	...	...
Lemont	" " ..... "	Aug. 15, 1890	7	10	...
Lockport	St. Denis' ..... "	.....	...	...	...
Manteno	St. Joseph's ..... "	.....	...	...	...
Morris	Immaculate Conception ... "	June 9, 1891	...	...	...
"	St. Angela's.....Academy (Sisters of Holy Cross)	Oct. 1, 1889	...	3	60
Naperville	St. Peter's ..... Church	.....	...	...	...
New Strasburg	St. Joseph's ..... "	.....	...	...	...
Ottawa	Sisters of Mercy.....Convent	.....	...	...	...
Rochelle	St. Patrick's..... Church	.....	...	...	...
Rockford	St. James' (Church).....Sodality	.....	...	...	...
Rock Island	Immaculate Conception ... Church	.....	...	...	...
St. Charles	St. Patrick's..... "	*June 1, 1891	...	...	...
Savanna	St. John's (Srs. Providence)Convent	Dec. 7, 1889	...	3	...
Waukegan	Immaculate Conception... Church	.....	...	...	...
Woodstock	St. Mary's..... "	July 22, 1887	...	6	...

DIOCESE OF ALTON.

STATE OF ILLINOIS.

General Approbation of the Rt. Rev. Bishop, July 7, 1888.

Place.	Local Centre.	Date of Aggregation.	Confirmed Promoters.	Rosary Sets.	Communion of Reparation
Alton	Sts. Peter and Paul's .....Cathedral	*Nov. 28, 1891	...	27	...
"	St. Patrick's..... Church	May 25, 1889	6	15	...
"	St. Paul's..... "	.....	...	...	...
Ashland	St. Augustine's..... "	Sept. 5, 1890	6	10	...
Auburn	St. Benedict's..... "	Apr. 12, 1892	...	2	...
Beardstown	St. Alexius' ..... "	June 10, 1890	...	8	...
Brownstown	St. Isidore's..... "	Jan. 19, 1887	16	20	...
Bluff City	St. Patrick's ..... "	Aug. 23, 1888	...	...	...
Brussels	Sisters of St. Joseph .....Convent	... .	...	...	...
Bunker Hill	Annunciation B. V. M ..... Church	.....	...	...	...
Carlinville	Immaculate Conception... "	.....	...	10	...
Collinsville	Sts. Peter and Paul's..... "	June 29, 1887	3	4	...
Dalton City	Sacred Heart..... "	Jan. 11, 1893	...	...	...
Decatur	Ursuline.....Convent	June 1, 1891	5	10	...
Edwardsville	St. Boniface's..... Church	.....	...	...	...
"	St. Mary's..... "	Oct. 7, 1892	...	...	...
Effingham	Sacred Heart..... "	Oct. 7, 1892	...	15	...
Glenarm	St. Bernard's..... "	May 18, 1892	...	...	...
Green Creek	St. Mary's, Help of Christians ..... "	.....	...	...	...
Highland	St. Paul's..... "	.....	...	...	...
Jacksonville	St. Rose's(Dominican Srs.).Convent	Feb. 21, 1889	...	4	...
Litchfield	Assumption B. V. M ..... Church	.....	...	...	...

DIOCESE OF ALTON—CONTINUED.

Place.	Local Centre.	Date of Aggregation.	Confirmed Promoters.	Rosary Sets.	Communion of Reparation
Marine	St. Elizabeth's..... Church	.....	...	...	...
Mattoon	Immaculate Conception.... "	Sept. 17, 1892	...	40	...
Mt. Sterling	St. Joseph's..... "	.....	...	1	...
Newton	St. Thomas Aquinas'..... "	.....	...	...	...
Pana	St. Patrick's..... "	July 23, 1891	9	11	...
Quincy	St. Boniface's..... "	.....	...	...	...
"	St. Francis Solanus'..... "	.....	...	...	...
"	St. Mary's..... "	.....	...	...	...
"	" .....Hospital	Nov. 26, 1892	...	22	294
St. Augustine	" ..... Church	Aug. 6, 1887	...	...	...
Shelbyville	Immaculate Conception ... "	Mch. 13, 1891	5	6	...
Springfield	St. Agnes' ..... "	May 21, 1890	22	26	...
"	Immaculate Conception ... "	*Jan. 19, 1887	56	54	...
"	St. Joseph's..... "	Feb. 4, 1890	...	10	...
"	Sts. Peter and Paul's ..... "	.....	...	...	...
"	St. Joseph's (Ursuline Srs.).Convent	*Oct. 10, 1888	...	...	...
Teutopolis	St. Francis'..... Church	.....	...	...	...
"	St. Joseph's..... "	.....	...	...	...
Vandalia	Our Lady of Seven Sorrows. "	Mch. 16, 1889	...	3	...
Virden	St. Catharine's ..... "	.....	...	...	...
Winchester	St. Mark's ..... "	Aug. 23, 1888	6	20	...

DIOCESE OF BELLEVILLE.

STATE OF ILLINOIS.

General Approbation of the Rt. Rev. Bishop.

Place.	Local Centre.	Date of Aggregation.	Confirmed Promoters.	Rosary Sets.	Communion of Reparation
Belleville	St. Peter's .....Cathedral	.....	...	...	...
"	St. Luke's..... Church	May 1, 1892	...	21	100
"	Immaculate Conception..Academy	.....	...	...	...
Anna	St. Mary's..... Church	Feb. 28, 1893	...	7	...
Aviston	St. Francis'..... "	.....	...	...	...
Breese	St. Dominic's..... "	.....	...	...	...
Bridgeport	Sisters of St. Joseph.....Convent	.....	...	...	...
Cahokia	Holy Family ..... Church	.....	...	...	...
Cairo	St. Patrick's..... "	Sept. 5, 1890	...	15	...
"	Sisters of Loretto.....Convent	*Mch. 10, 1887	...	1	...
"	" " " .....Academy	*Mch. 10, 1887	...	...	...
Carlyle	St. Mary's..... Church	.....	...	...	...
Centralia	Assumption ..... "	Feb. 12, 1893	...	4	...
Chester	St. Mary's of Help..... "	.....	...	...	...
Du Quoin	Sacred Heart..... "	.....	...	...	...
East St. Louis	St. Patrick's..... "	.....	...	...	64
" "	" " (Srs.of Loretto)Convent	Jan. 6, 1892	...	5	...
Fairfield	St. Edward's..... Church	Mch. 15, 1887	...	...	...
Fayetteville	St. Pancratius' ..... "	.....	...	...	...
Freeburgh	St. Joseph's..... "	.....	...	...	...
Lively Grove	St. Anthony's..... "	.....	...	...	...
Mascoutah	Holy Childhood of Jesus... "	.....	...	...	...
Millstadt	St. James'..... "	.....	...	...	...
Mound City	St. Mary's..... "	.....	...	...	...
Murphysboro	St. Andrew's..... "	.....	...	...	...
Olney	St. Joseph's..... "	Nov. 28, 1890	...	10	...
Prairie du Rocher	St. Joseph's..... "	.....	...	8	...
Red Bud	St. John's..... "	May 6, 1892	...	8	33
Ruma	Srs. of the Precious Blood. Mother-House	.....	...	...	...
Sandoval	St. Lawrence's..... Church	Dec. 8, 1892	...	4	...

DIOCESE OF BELLEVILLE—CONTINUED.

Place.	Local Centre.	Date of Aggregation.	Confirmed Promoters.	Rosary Sets.	Communion of Reparation
Shawneetown	Immaculate Conception.... Church	.....	...	...	...
Trenton	Purification B. V. M..... "	.....	...	1	...
Waterloo	Sts. Peter and Paul's ..... "	.....	...	...	...
"	Sisters of St. Joseph.....Academy	.....	...	...	...

DIOCESE OF PEORIA.

STATE OF ILLINOIS.

General Approbation of the Rt. Rev. Bishop, October 12, 1886.

Place.	Local Centre.	Date of Aggregation.	Confirmed Promoters.	Rosary Sets.	Communion of Reparation
Peoria	St. Mary's.....Cathedral	.....	...	...	...
"	St. Patrick's..... Church	*May 21, 1890	...	...	...
"	Our Lady's(Srs.St.Joseph)Academy	Oct. 10, 1888	...	1	...
"	Sisters of St. Joseph..... "	.....	...	...	...
"	" " " ..... School	.....	...	...	...
Benson	St. John the Evangelist's... Church	.....	...	...	...
Bloomington	Holy Trinity ..... "	.....	...	...	...
"	Sisters of St. Joseph.....Convent	.....	...	...	...
"	" " " .....Academy	.....	...	...	...
Bradford	St. John's..... Church	Aug. 8, 1891	...	10	...
Campus	Sacred Heart..... "	Sept. 17, 1892	...	15	...
Chatsworth	St. Patrick's.....Academy (Sisters of Providence)	Dec. 18, 1890	...	...	...
Dwight	St. Patrick's ..... Church	Sept. 11, 1890	...	13	...
Galesburg	" " ..... "	May 17, 1890	...	...	...
"	St. Joseph's .....Academy (Sisters of Providence)	May 16, 1890	...	...	...
Henry	St. Mary's..... Church	.....	...	...	...
Kickapoo	" ..... "	.....	...	...	...
Lacon	Mercy.....Convent	Mch. 10, 1893	...	17	80
Lincoln	St. Patrick's..... Church	May 17, 1890	30	25	...
Loda	St. Joseph's..... "	June 9, 1891	...	4	9
Macomb	St. Paul's..... "	.....	...	...	...
Mendota	Mercy.....Convent	Mch. 10, 1893	...	2	...
Metamora	Annunciation B. V. M..... Church	.....	...	...	...
Minonk	St. Patrick's..... "	.....	...	...	...
Moline	St. Mary's ..... "	Sept. 3, 1889	7	8	...
Nauvoo	Sts. Peter and Paul's ..... "	Oct. 10, 1888	...	...	...
"	St. Mary's .....Academy (Sisters of St. Benedict)	.....	...	8	15
Odell	..... Church	.....	...	...	...
Ottawa	St. Joseph's (Srs.of Mercy).Convent	Mch. 7, 1890	17	21	100
Peru	St. Mary's (Srs. of St.Joseph).School	Jan. 20, 1891	...	5	...
Rutland	Sacred Heart..... Church	.....	...	...	...
St. Marie	Sisters of St. Joseph.....Academy	.....	...	...	...
"	" " " .....School	.....	...	...	...
Sunbury	St. Bernard's..... Church	Sept. 11, 1890	...	...	...
Tolono	St. Patrick's..... "	.....	...	...	...
Wenona	Assumption B. V. M..... "	Jan. 7, 1892	6	15	33

PROVINCE OF CHICAGO—RECAPITULATION:

Total Number of Local Centres	202
" " " Active "	108
" " " Confirmed Promoters	1208
" " " Rosary Sets distributed monthly	2329
" " " League Associates practising the 2d Degree	34935
" " " Monthly Communions of Reparation (according to census reports received up to March 6	8163

PROVINCE OF MILWAUKEE.

ARCHDIOCESE OF MILWAUKEE.

STATE OF WISCONSIN.

General Approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop, December 31, 1885.

Place.	Local Centre.	Date of Aggregation.	Confirmed Promoters.	Rosary Sets.	Communion of Reparation
Milwaukee	St. John's.....Cathedral	.....	...	15	...
"	St. Gall's..... Church	*Dec. 1886	46	43	...
"	Holy Name..... "	*Dec. 17, 1887	36	100	...
"	Holy Trinity..... "	.....	...	...	...
"	St. Joseph's..... "	.....	...	...	...
"	St. Peter's..... "	.....	...	...	...
"	Good Shepherd.....Convent	Mch. 19, 1889	...	7	...
Addison	Sts. Peter and Paul's..... Church	.....	...	...	...
Armstrong	Our Lady of Angels'..... "	Feb. 12, 1893	...	16	...
Ashford	St. Martin's..... "	.....	...	...	...
Beaver Dam	St. Patrick's..... "	June 17, 1891	11	16	73
Brighton	St. Francis Xavier's..... "	Dec. 28, 1892	...	14	...
Byron	St. John's..... "	Mch. 13, 1891	10	55	59
Caledonia	St. Louis'..... "	.....	...	...	...
Cassville	St. Charles'..... "	.....	...	...	...
Darlington	Holy Rosary..... "	.....	...	...	...
Dover	St. Mary's..... "	.....	...	...	...
Elba	St. Columbkille's..... "	.....	...	...	...
Elm Grove	Visitation B. V. M..... "	.....	...	...	...
"	St. Mary's.....Orphan Asylum (School Sisters S. N. D.)	.....	...	...	...
Erin	St. Patricks ..... Church	.....	...	...	...
Fond du Lac	St. Mary's..... "	.....	...	...	...
Fort Atkinson	St. Joseph's..... "	Dec. 10, 1892	...	...	...
Fussville	St. Anthony's..... "	.....	...	...	...
Germantown	St. Boniface's..... "	.....	...	...	...
Greenfield	St. Mary's..... "	.....	...	...	...
Hartford	St. Kilian's..... "	.....	...	...	...
Jefferson	St. John the Baptist's..... "	.....	...	...	...
"	St. Lawrence's ..... "	.....	...	...	...
Kendaltown	St. Pius' ..... "	.....	...	...	...
Kenosha	St. George's ..... "	.....	...	...	...
Kewaskum	Holy Trinity..... "	.....	...	...	...
Madison	Holy Redeemer..... "	.....	...	...	...
"	St. Regina's.....Academy (Dominican Nuns)	Dec. 18, 1891	...	4	75
Manitowoc	St. Boniface's..... Church	.....	...	...	...
Mapleton	St. Catharine's ..... "	.....	...	...	...
Milton Junction	Immaculate Conception ... "	Dec. 10, 1892	...	...	...
Neosho	St. Matthew's..... "	.....	...	...	...
Newburg	Holy Trinity..... "	.....	...	...	...
New Cassel	St. Matthew's..... "	.....	...	...	...
Oconomowoc	St. James' ..... "	Sept. 17, 1892	9	10	15
Oshkosh	St. Vincent de Paul's..... "	.....	...	...	...
Osman	St. Isidore's..... "	Feb. 18, 1893	...	15	...
Pewaukee	St. Mary's..... "	Oct. 25, 1889	4	6	...
Pine Bluff	" ..... "	.....	...	...	...
Racine	" ..... "	.....	...	...	83
"	St. Rose's..... "	Jan. 10, 1891	16	18	...
Richwood	St. Joseph's..... "	June 9, 1892	...	12	...
St. Francis	Sacred Heart..... "	.....	...	...	...
"	St. Aemilianus'.....Orphan Asylum (Sisters St. Francis)	June 18, 1889	...	6	...
St. Lawrence	St. Lawrence's..... Church	.....	...	...	...
Saukville	Immaculate Conception.... "	.....	...	...	...
Seymour	Our Lady of Hope..... "	.....	...	...	...
Sinsinawa	St. Clara's.....Academy (Dominican Srs., 3d Order)	Sept. 5, 1891	...	5	...
Springfield	St. Martin's..... Church	.....	...	...	...
Theresa	St. Teresa's..... "	.....	...	...	...
Viola	St. Philomena's..... "	.....	...	...	...
Waterford	St. Thomas Aquinas'..... "	.....	...	...	...
Watertown	St. Bernard's ..... "	Jan. 9, 1892	21	34	251
"	Our Lady of the Sacred Heart..... College	Oct. 7, 1892	...	14	40
West Bend	Holy Angels'..... Church	.....	...	...	...

DIOCESE OF GREEN BAY.

STATE OF WISCONSIN.

General Approbation of the Rt. Rev. Bishop, December 7, 1888; January 9, 1892.

Place.	Local Centre.	Date of Aggregation.	Confirmed Promoters.	Rosary Sets.	Communion of Reparation
Appleton	St. Mary's of the Seven Dolors ..... Church	*Aug. 14, 1889	14	27	...
Briggsville	St. Pius' ..... "	.....	...	...	...
Buffalo	St. Andrews' ..... "	.....	...	...	...
Clark's Mills	Immaculate Conception.... "	.....	...	...	...
Clintonville	St. Rose's ..... "	Sept. 8, 1890	5	3	...
Cooperstown	St. James' ..... " (Special Approbation)	July 22, 1887	...	7	5
Greenville	Immaculate Conception.... "	.....	...	8	...
Kaukauna	Holy Cross ..... "	Nov. 10, 1891	20	15	4
" (South)	St. Mary's ..... "	Nov. 10, 1891	48	40	...
Keshena	St. Joseph's.....Industrial School (Franciscan Srs. & Fathers)	Dec. 4, 1889	...	1	15
Menasha	St. John's..... Church	Jan. 11, 1893	...	...	...
Merrill	St. Francis' ..... "	Oct. 19, 1892	7	10	23
Montello	St. John the Baptists' ..... "	May 18, 1892	...	25	...
Neshkoro	St. James' ..... "	May 17, 1890	...	...	...
Oconto	St. Joseph's..... "	June 23, 1892	...	22	55
"	" " .....Convent	Dec. 21, 1888	...	...	...
Oshkosh	St. Peter's..... Church	June 9, 1892	...	52	300
Peshtigo	St. Mary's.....Convent	Oct. 1, 1889	...	5	...
Polonia	Sacred Heart..... "	.....	...	...	...
"	St. Clara's..... "	.....	...	...	...
Rhinelander	Immaculate Conception.... Church	Sept. 17, 1892	...	17	...
Sagole	St. Nicholas' ..... "	Oct. 8, 1891	10	12	...
Sevastopol	Sts. Peter and Paul's..... "	Feb. 12, 1893	...	...	...
Steven's Point	St. Casimir's..... "	Jan. 10, 1891	16	...	...
" "	St. Stephen's..... "	Feb. 9, 1891	38	50	50
Tomahawk	St. Mary's..... "	Oct. 19, 1892	...	4	53
Wausau	" ..... "	Aug. 6, 1892	...	5	...

DIOCESE OF LA CROSSE.

STATE OF WISCONSIN.

General Approbation of the Rt. Rev. Bishop, July 27, 1886.

Place.	Local Centre.	Date of Aggregation.	Confirmed Promoters.	Rosary Sets.	Communion of Reparation
La Crosse	St. Joseph's .....Cathedral	.....	...	...	...
"	St. James'..... Church	June 9, 1892	7	20	...
"	St. Mary's..... "	.....	...	...	...
Baraboo	St. Joseph's..... "	.....	...	...	...
Bayfield	Christ (Franciscan)..... "	July 2, 1892	...	10	61
Cazenovia	St. Anthony's ..... "	.....	...	...	...
Clayfield	Our Lady of Perpetual Help "	July 23, 1891	...	...	26
Clayton	St. Philip's..... "	.....	...	...	...
Clinton	St. Patrick's ..... "	.....	...	...	...
East Farmington	Assumption..... "	May 25, 1889	6	6	...
Fountain City	Immaculate Conception.... "	.....	...	...	...
Glencoe	St. Joseph's ..... "	.....	...	...	...
Lyndina	St. Michael's,..... "	.....	...	...	...
Lyndon	St. Mary's..... "	.....	...	...	...
Menomonie	Immaculate Conception.... "	.....	...	...	...
Neillsville	St. Mary's ..... "	July 9, 1890	8	15	...
New Lisbon	St. Paul's..... "	.....	...	...	...
Odanah	Seven Sorrows B. V. M..... "	Feb. 5, 1889	...	4	...
Prairie du Chien	St. Gabriel's ..... "	Oct. 15, 1889	...	5	...
" "	St. Mary's..... "	.....	...	...	...
" "	" .....Institute	.....	...	...	...
" "	Sacred Heart (S. J.).....Novitiate	Oct. 15, 1889	3	...	...
Rising Sun	St. James'..... Church	.....	...	...	...
St. Mary's Ridge	Nativity B. V. M ..... "	.....	...	...	...
Seneca	St. Patrick' ..... "	.....	...	...	...

DIOCESE OF LA CROSSE—CONTINUED.

Place.	Local Centre.	Date of Aggregation.	Confirmed Promoters.	Rosary Sets.	Communion of Reparation
Superior City.....	St. Joseph's (Srs.St.Joseph) Convent	Sept. 25, 1890	...	...	...
Union Centre.....	St. Theresa's..... Church	.....	...	...	...
Washburn.....	St. Louis'..... "	Feb. 13, 1891	15	10	...
Waumandee.....	St. Boniface's..... ..... "	.....	...	...	...

DIOCESE OF MARQUETTE.

STATE OF MICHIGAN.

General Approbation of the Rt. Rev. Bishop, February 14, 1887.

Place.	Local Centre.	Date of Aggregation.	Confirmed Promoters.	Rosary Sets.	Communion of Reparation
Marquette.....	St. Peter's.....Cathedral	Feb. 2, 1892	38	150	336
"	Sisters of St. Joseph .....Convent	.....	...	...	...
Champion	Sacred Heart..... Church	Feb. 4, 1890	...	...	...
Hancock.....	St. Patrick's..... School (Sisters of St. Joseph)	Oct. 6, 1892	...	12	21
Houghton.....	St. Ignatius'..... Church	Aug. 23, 1892	...	6	...
Iron Mountain.....	St. Joseph's..... "	Feb. 16, 1888	...	...	...
Ironwood.....	St. Ambrose's..... "	Nov. 6, 1889	...	15	...
L'Anse.....	Sisters of St. Joseph..... School	.....	...	...	...
Mackinac Island ...	St. Ann's..... Church	Mch. 13, 1891	3	11	65
Menominee.....	" ..... "	Jan. 23, 1891	...	10	...
Norway	St. Mary's..... "	Sept. 5, 1891	3	5	...
Republic	St. Augustine's..... "	Apr. 19, 1887	...	...	...
St. Ignace.....	St. Ignatius'..... "	May 22, 1889	16	15	...
Sault-Sainte-Marie.	St. Mary's..... "	July 12, 1892	...	20	75
" " "	Sisters of St. Joseph..... School	.....	...	...	...

PROVINCE OF MILWAUKEE—RECAPITULATION:

Total Number of	Local Centres	.....	132
" " "	Active "	.....	62
" " "	Confirmed Promoters	.....	410
" " "	Rosary Sets distributed monthly	.....	1007
" " "	League Associates practicing the 2d Degree	.....	15105
" " "	Monthly Communions of Reparation (according to census reports received up to March 6)	.....	1685

The little book, *Catholic Evening Services*, announced in our new list of publications, will be found to be of great service to Directors of the League, the Sodality and the *Bona Mors* Association. The services are arranged mainly for congregational use, and have become extremely popular wherever they have been introduced. In flexible cloth covers it is sold for 15 cents, in stiff covers, for 25 cents. It contains a Vesper and a beautiful Rosary service.

IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 90,822.

——*I will praise Thee, O Lord, with my whole heart: for Thou hast heard the words of my mouth.* (Psalm cxxxvii. 1.)——

OMAHA, NEBR., FEB. 12.—Thanksgiving is offered, in fulfilment of promise, for instant relief granted when in a distressing situation, and for employment speedily obtained.

FREDONIA, N. Y., FEB. 12.—Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart by a Promoter, who, suffering from diphtheria, instituted a novena that a number of children exposed to the contagion might not contract the sickness.

——, OHIO, FEB. 14.—A Promoter, after eight failures, succeeded at last in finishing the Novena of First Fridays after promising to publish the favor. Thanks for two conversions, the cure of two persons by means of water from Lourdes, and the reconciliation of two families.

NASHVILLE, TENN., FEB. 15.—Thanks are returned for the recovery of a lady given up by the doctors. We visited her, gave her some Lourdes water and the Badge. On the following morning while Mass was being said in honor of the Sacred Heart, a decided change came, she has now recovered. Also for the recovery of a child suffering intensely from congestion of the brain; shortly after the Badge was placed upon his breast, he recovered consciousness, and is now quite well.

WHEELING, W. VA., FEB. 17.—A Promoter returns thanks to the Sacred Heart for saving all in this city from a threatened flood.

MORRIS, ILL., FEB. 17.—We return thanks for many signal favors granted us since the establishment of the League in our school; in particular for the conversion of five pupils, and the almost miraculous recovery of two children.

BROOKLYN, FEB. 19.—A Promoter returns thanks for a great spiritual favor granted her mother; also for the reform, on the First Friday, of a man who had been away from the Sacraments for *ten* years. For the conversion of the father of a family, absent from the Sacraments for years, and for preservation of reason and eyesight.

ST. CHARLES, MO., FEB. 20.—For ten months I have had prayers offered to the Sacred Heart to bring back my husband to the practice of his religion. He had not willingly gone to church for eight years. He now attends church, and shows a willingness to approach the Sacraments.

CANTON, OHIO, FEB. 20.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for the extinction of the debt on our church, for success in business and restoration to health.

JONESBORO, ARK., FEB. 21.—An Associate returns thanks to the Sacred Heart for the conversion of her husband, after three months' prayer and a promise to have the favor published in the MESSENGER.

PHILADELPHIA, FEB. 21.—Being reduced to extremity, a Promoter's family made a novena to the Sacred Heart. In answer to our prayers, two members of the family found employment of a kind beyond their highest hopes.

HOLYOKE, MASS., FEB. 22.—I wish to thank the Sacred Heart for restoring my dying father to consciousness; he received the last Sacraments.

KENWOOD, N. Y., FEB. 23.—For the conversion of a Protestant girl, who received the grace of Faith on her death-bed, we return sincere thanks.

MANCHESTER, N. H., FEB. 23.—An Associate subscribed

for the MESSENGER to the end that, through the prayers of the League, her son might obtain the grace of conversion. God has granted the petition.

BROOKLYN, FEB. 27.—An Associate thanks the Sacred Heart for saving his business from utter failure, and granting him prosperity, when everything combined against him. He sent in his intention early in February, and his request was at once heard.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN., FEB. 29.—A Promoter returns thanks for the conversion of an almost hopeless inebriate. In answer to our long continued prayers, he has stopped drinking, and has again approached the Sacraments.

BURLINGTON, IOWA.—Thanksgiving is offered for success granted us in our endeavor to build a new church.

NORFOLK, VA.—In fulfilment of promise, I desire to give public thanks in the MESSENGER for the reconciliation of persons who had been six years estranged.

FREMONT, O.—We are most grateful to the Sacred Heart for granting our father the recovery of his limb, of which he had lost the use three years ago. One month after offering our intention, he began to mend, and is now able to work.

SHREVEPORT, LA.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for bringing to the Sacraments a young man absent from them for ten years. His case had been recommended to the League for four years.

STAFFORD SPRINGS, CONN.—I wish to fulfil my promise by giving thanks in the MESSENGER for employment obtained by my brother. A Promoter gives thanks for the preservation of a friend engaged in an undertaking perilous to life.

CINCINNATI.—Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for employment obtained by two persons, for preservation of our convent and church in danger from the overflow of the river and for a conversion to the Faith.

PAWHUSKA, OKLA.—In June last, the prayers of the League were asked for a favor upon which depended the salvation of many of our Indian children; thanks to the Sacred Heart, the favor has been granted.

ELMHURST, R. I.—Please thank the Sacred Heart for grace given to know and follow a religious vocation, and for a recovery from illness; both of these favors were commended to the League last month.

VARIOUS CENTRES.—Thanksgiving is offered the Sacred Heart for the deliverance of many persons from the influence of anti-Catholic secret societies.—For the grace of perseverance.—For peace in families and between neighbors.—For the recovery of six persons who were seriously ill.—For the success of a law-suit.—For means to furnish a priest's house.—For preservation of a convent-school from scarlet fever prevalent in the neighborhood.—For improvement in the health of three persons.—For the reformation of two young men addicted to drink.—For many Communions in a Local Centre, on a recent feast-day.—For the cure of serious illness of eyes and throat.—For preservation from acute bronchitis by applying the League Badge.—For a favor obtained by means of a novena of Stations of the Cross offered to the Sacred Heart for the Holy Souls.—For the return of absent relatives.—For employment given five persons.—For many special intentions, spiritual and temporal.—For the return of persons to the Sacraments, one after an absence of sixteen years, another of eight, and another of three years.—For preservation, on five different occasions, from a conflagration.—For the recovery of one at the point of death when the prayers of the League were asked; and the recovery of twenty-three others from serious illness.—For saving a young man from a mixed marriage which would probably have entailed his loss of Faith.—For the deathbed conversion of a Protestant husband.—For means to meet urgent debts.—For ascertaining the whereabouts of a sister.—For employment for thirteen persons.—For a temporal favor, granted at time of urgent need, after a year's petitioning.—For complete payment of a debt on church property.—For success in business.—For news of an absent brother.—For the restoration to health of three persons through the application of the Badge.—For success in two examinations, reformation of life, and the gaining of a law-suit.—For settlement of serious financial difficulties immediately after intention had been recommended.

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The Messenger.

AIP-2703 (mcab)

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